THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 51. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible] Benj. Franklin

JUNE 18, 1921

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, and at Chicago, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 18, 1921 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 51

Port Economy is a Good Port

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE ship of state is no ocean greyhound with turbine engines and oil-burning boilers. It is a ponderous, clumsy, slow-moving old galleon, a hulk that has been patched and repatched until little of the original fabric remains. It has motive power of all sorts, oppositely applied, from archaic sweeps to triple screws. It must operate under rules and regulations that are, some of them, as old and unsuitable as the sweeps and some of them as new as electrical transmission. It is a staggering, yawing, heeling composite of the structural, motive, navigation and regulatory ideas of the politicians who have been captains, mates and crews of it for the past hundred and fifty years.

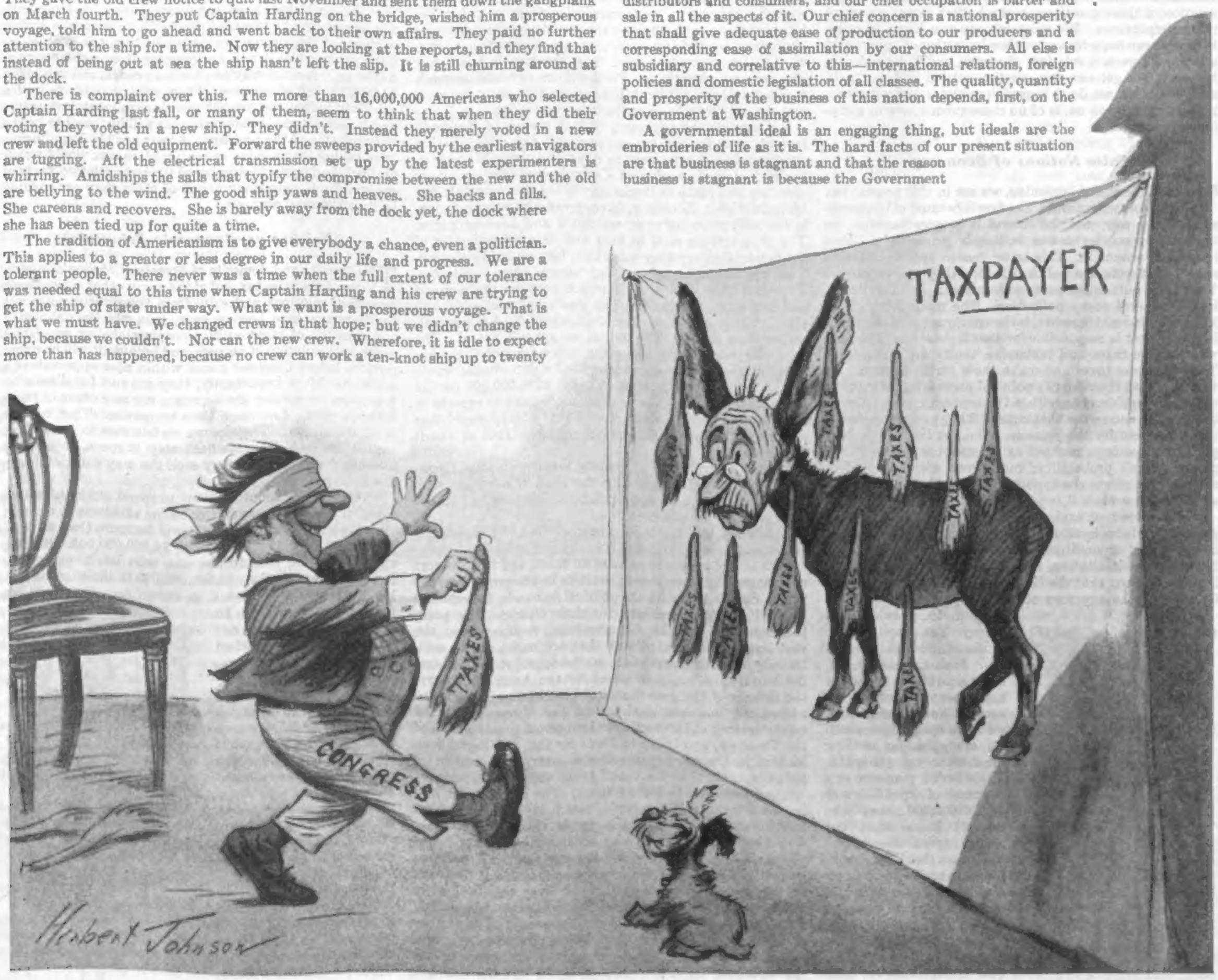
As is the periodic custom, the owners of the ship, the people, changed crews recently. They gave the old crew notice to quit last November and sent them down the gangplank on March fourth. They put Captain Harding on the bridge, wished him a prosperous voyage, told him to go ahead and went back to their own affairs. They paid no further attention to the ship for a time. Now they are looking at the reports, and they find that instead of being out at sea the ship hasn't left the slip. It is still churning around at the dock.

There is complaint over this. The more than 16,000,000 Americans who selected Captain Harding last fall, or many of them, seem to think that when they did their voting they voted in a new ship. They didn't. Instead they merely voted in a new crew and left the old equipment. Forward the sweeps provided by the earliest navigators are tugging. Aft the electrical transmission set up by the latest experimenters is whirring. Amidships the sails that typify the compromise between the new and the old are bellying to the wind. The good ship yaws and heaves. She backs and fills. She careens and recovers. She is barely away from the dock yet, the dock where she has been tied up for quite a time.

The tradition of Americanism is to give everybody a chance, even a politician. This applies to a greater or less degree in our daily life and progress. We are a tolerant people. There never was a time when the full extent of our tolerance was needed equal to this time when Captain Harding and his crew are trying to get the ship of state under way. What we want is a prosperous voyage. That is what we must have. We changed crews in that hope; but we didn't change the ship, because we couldn't. Nor can the new crew. Wherefore, it is idle to expect more than has happened, because no crew can work a ten-knot ship up to twenty knots an hour—at the start anyhow. The point is whether the new crew takes hold handily; whether the new crew shows a willing disposition to do the best that can be done with the equipment at command. The angle of consideration is not whether, three months after the new captain went on the bridge, the ship is under full speed ahead, but whether the work of getting under way is evident. Have they hoisted the anchor, and are the sailors and the engineers standing by? If the ship is not out in the channel by fall it will be time to inquire into the capabilities of the captain and the crew. At present the intent of them is the main affair—the intent and the first port of call.

The most important phase of government as it applies to the average and individual American citizen is business. This is a business country. We are a nation of producers, distributors and consumers, and our chief occupation is barter and sale in all the aspects of it. Our chief concern is a national prosperity that shall give adequate ease of production to our producers and a corresponding ease of assimilation by our consumers. All else is subsidiary and correlative to this—international relations, foreign policies and domestic legislation of all classes. The quality, quantity and prosperity of the business of this nation depends, first, on the Government at Washington.

A governmental ideal is an engaging thing, but ideals are the embroideries of life as it is. The hard facts of our present situation are that business is stagnant and that the reason business is stagnant is because the Government



How the Wartime Revenue Act Pins it on Him

at Washington stagnated it. We are no doubt interested in our internationalisms and in our other diversions of similar character; but the only way to make this country a going concern again is to consider those diversions and interests as subsidiary and subordinate to the real needs of the country, which are business needs, and may be divided into two main classes: First, a business administration of the Government; and, second, a business regard for business.

We find President Harding indorsing this view in his speech before the Bankers' Association of the District of Columbia when he said: "The Government should cease to be a competitor of business where that business belongs rightfully in the hands of private enterprise. On the other hand, there should be applied to the greatest business in the world, the Government, the same business principles existing in the business world."

Not forty-eight hours later Chairman Good, of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, said in a public address: "The Government must get out of business, and we must put better business in the Government."

These assertions from the captain of the ship and from one of the chief officers may for the time being at least be taken as indicating the intention of the Administration and its recognition of the pressing need of the country, and they lead to a consideration of what the situation demands. They seem to predicate a plan for getting under way, and in all fairness the people must wait to see whether that plan works out, taking into consideration the difficulties that the crew of the ship must contend with as pointed out hereinbefore.

The two most important questions before the Washington Government are taxes and the tariff, which are closely interlocked with business, both governmental and private. These transcend all others. The amelioration of the present business situation depends on the proper consideration and solution of these questions, and all other questions are of minor importance. We must set our own house in order before we can hope for any success in participation in world affairs. There is a relation, of course, and a dependence; but until we get our tax question settled and our tariff adjusted, what we do as regards mandates, delimitations, reparations, and so on, is of no consequence save in a diplomatic sense.

False Notions of Economy

TO BEGIN at the beginning, we are in this present tax morass for two reasons: The first is because of the necessities of the war, and the second is because taxation, as imposed by our legislative bodies, is primarily political instead of economic. This latter reason applies to tariffs also. All tariffs are political before they are economic. That is the outcome of party government. It is inevitable, in the view of party politicians. The mainspring of all legislation, no matter what, is the continuance of the party in power that is responsible for that legislation. The men who lay the taxes and make the tariffs are politicians. They lay those taxes and make those tariffs according to their own and their party's political necessities before they take into consideration either the economic necessities or the popular necessities that entail. They protest against a budget system for this reason. A budget law will be proposed and perhaps enacted at Washington before this is printed, in all probability; but if you are interested in the matter analyze the opposition that will appear and examine the law when it is passed—if it is passed.

We are fond of saying that this Government is the greatest business institution in the world, and it probably is in point of expenditure; but it is the most unbusinesslike business institution in the world also. We deal in billions. We say that the Government will require $4,000,000,000 for the expenses of a given year. We scrabble around to provide this money. Yet, despite all our intricate and highly organized financial machinery, there is no day in any given fiscal year when any person can tell how much money we have spent, how much we are spending or how much we are going to spend. There isn't a man who sets the mark of expenditure at $4,000,000,000, say, who doesn't know that the actual expenditure will be more than that. There isn't a man who does not know that in 1922, for example, our expenditures will be nearer to $5,000,000,000 than to $4,000,000,000, nor is there any way of telling how much those expenditures actually are until long after they are made. Through our medium of revolving funds, reimbursable appropriations, sums for continuing contracts, and so on, a situation exists that is so unbusinesslike as to be chaotic.

Taking this as a basic condition, there comes the increased, insistent and political demand for greater appropriations with the tremendous obligations that have been incurred through governmental participation in business outside legitimate governmental enterprise. No national business situation, no evident decrease of prosperity, no condition whatsoever forestalls the special interests that appeal for money for their own projects and bring political influences to bear on the politicians in Congress to secure that money. Economy means nothing to the man who wants an appropriation, nor to the department. It is well enough, perhaps, to be economical with others; but the fate of the nation depends on the securing of the particular appropriation that any particular person or persons or arm of the Government desires. The pressure is enormous. The demand is insatiable. Furthermore, previous demands acceded to have incurred obligations that must be met, and the only way to meet them is by taxation.

We hear, at the beginning of each session of Congress, fervent vows by the tax makers and the appropriation givers pledging themselves to strict economy. We hear at the end of each session of Congress self-congratulatory speeches and partisan laudations of the economy that has been practiced. Economy, in congressional interpretation, is the difference between estimates and appropriations. The departments send in long and detailed estimates of the money they say they must have for proper functioning. The appropriation givers cut down these estimates. Therefore they save the difference between the demand and the supply, between what was asked and what was given, which is a conclusion that would hold if the estimates were actual. The estimates are not actual. The men who make them know the procedures of Congress. The thing is simple—elementary. If a department wants $120,000,000 for its work it asks for $200,000,000 on the same theory a rug dealer asks for more than he expects to get. Long experience has shown that the appropriation makers, when practicing economy, make cuts of about 40 per cent.

"I am sorry," said a leading member of the House Appropriations Committee to the head of a bureau who had asked for a large appropriation, "that we had to cut your estimate 40 per cent."

"It's all right," the bureau head replied. "I expected a cut of 50 per cent."

This sort of economy reduces no taxes, and it is the sort of economy that has been in practice in Congress for many years. Couple that with the political demands, the schemes of the individual members for their districts, the pork, the expansion of the departmental requirements, the vast improvements exploited that are based on the continued political support of those who appropriate for them, the hundreds of millions asked for the Army and Navy, the deficits of the governmental business operations, the antiquated business methods of the Government, the extravagances of the war and the interest requirements of the Treasury, and it is small wonder that the Republican leaders in Congress groan louder over the problem of reducing taxes than the taxed groan over paying taxes.

They promised to reduce taxes. The burden was, and is, insufferable. The people voted in the Republican Party primarily because the people thought that taxes would be reduced. There were other reasons, but that was the main reason. Taxes always are the main political incentive. Taxes are the fundamental political problem. In the last election they towered over the League of Nations and every other issue. This leaves the Republican Party with the dilemma of an insistent and voracious demand for increased appropriations on the one hand and the necessity of reducing taxes on the other. In its lowest terms, the financial necessity of this Government for the taxable year now being considered by Congress is $4,000,000,000. In reality it is more than that. In reality, with all the ins and outs of governmental finance, it is much more than that; but it is likely it can be made to appear as about $4,000,000,000.

In order to do something to make good on tax promises the tax makers must appear to reduce taxes—at least to shift them to some extent. They cannot reduce them, because as at present constituted they do not meet the demand. However, they must readjust them, juggle them, do something, and the way they are setting about it is through the process of shifting. They will take off a tax here, but they will put another tax there. The result will be new taxes, not less taxes, unless they do get down to an economical basis and really take some constructive measures.

Secretary Mellon, in his letter concerning taxation written to Chairman Fordney of the House Committee on Ways and Means, set the expenditures for 1921 at fully $5,000,000,000, and said that the expenditures for 1922, as predicated on the estimates and requirements in sight at the time of his writing, which was the last day of April, would be more than $4,000,000,000. He suggested various tax readjustments, such as the repeal of the excess-profits tax and the substitution of a modified tax on corporation profits, or a flat income tax on corporations, with various provisions attached; the readjustment of income-tax rates as regards the surtaxes; retention of the miscellaneous specific-sales and excise taxes, but repeal of what are called nuisance taxes and the imposition of sufficient new or additional taxes of wide application, such as increased stamp taxes or an automobile-license tax, and so on.

As opposed to these suggestions by Secretary Mellon there is a strong advocacy of a sales tax that shall place a small levy on every completed business transaction. This species of tax, in its several features, has been discussed for a long time; but its political disabilities are so great that the tax makers have backed away from it. Now, with the excess-profits taxes eliminated and with the higher surtaxes of the income tax nonproductive, the tax makers have returned to it and are pressing it in some quarters as the only feasible way to obtain a needed and vanishing $1,000,000,000 of revenue. There will be much talk of a sales tax before the present tax readjustments are made, and it is conceivable that such a tax will be found to be the only solution of the problem. A year ago the Republicans were saying that a sales, or consumption, tax would wreck any political party that imposed it; but with two years of congressional supremacy ahead of them they are turning to it as the only way out.

Politics vs. Economic Principles

THE merits and demerits of Secretary Mellon's suggestions of the sales tax and of the many other suggestions, remedies, solutions and exits from the difficulty are not for discussion here, because every man who has dabbled in the question of taxation in a congressional or legislative sense has a solution of his own, and because it will be many months before Congress comes within near approach of a decision. More importantly, they are not for discussion here, because neither the secretary nor any other of those with tax plans does more than temporize. That is what it all amounts to. They have a certain sum to meet. If it cannot be met one expedient way it must be met by another expediency, so they seek the way sufficient unto the fiscal year.

"The nation cannot continue to spend at this shocking rate," the secretary says, after calling attention to the fact that the expenditures for 1921 will be more than $5,000,000,000 and for 1922 more than $4,000,000,000. Passing the observation that to the man who has to pay these heavy taxes more than $4,000,000,000 is almost as shocking as $5,000,000,000 and in either case too great an impost, it comes down to this: The taxes will not be appreciably lower than at present until the appropriations of Congress are appreciably lower. Financial policy that cuts estimates and calls that economy isn't a financial policy that will relieve the tax burdens of the people in any marked manner. Chairman Good put the necessities of the situation in a sentence: "The Government must get out of business, and we must put better business in the Government."

That is a large order, but it can be executed if the will is there. It entails the substitution of economic principles for political policies,

(Continued on Page 96)

SILVER HEELS

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"I WANT to get a divorce." The younger Mr. Hurley, of that legal firm which bore the eminently Gilbertian title of Higgins, Hurley, Higgins & Hurley, turned his square face—already a little rock-bound and seamy like his father's—permitting keen eyes to dwell upon orbs of pansy blue and the plaintively generous mouth which uttered so candid a request.

Dan Hurley had already gained credit in his father's firm as a lawyer who thought twice before he spoke, so he took his time and considered her. He was no colorist, but he had an impression of a strip of soft blue across her little hat; a something to match those appealing eyes.

He knew she'd be breaking with Brad sooner or later, and who but Molly May Adams would use those words and that tone in putting the request? He remembered how he had seen her, less than a month before, cavorting, hot-cheeked and reckless, among the dancers at the Fountain Oaks Club; how his heart had turned bitter and rejoiced that she had spoiled Brad Adams' life, not his.

That was his first thought. His second was: "Silver Heels! She always seems to come clacking in on those foolish things. She'll give anything for a dance. How could she know what marriage means?"

He glanced at her pointed brown shoes, which were worn at the toes, then a glint of satire was in his clever eyes as he said, "I suppose you'll be asking next, 'What sort of divorces have you?'"

"Dan Hurley, if you're not going to take me seriously I'll go right over to Jeff Pendleton ——"

"You threaten me with ruin," he began, but when he saw the pansy eyes would harden with resentment he laid a broad hand on her wispy elbow.

"Sit down, Molly May. I'm sorry."

"What's wrong with my question?" she asked; and no Southern drawl could hold more plaintive accents.

"Nothing," he grinned. "Only it gave me a shock to have you asking straight for what you want. You wouldn't act like that if you were out shopping—for a pair of dancing slippers, let's say."

"How would I act, for instance?" she challenged.

In the interval he noticed that a sleeve of her jacket was a trifle shiny at the elbow.

"Oh, you'd tell the weary clerk that you were looking for something with French toes and hitching straps around the ankles, and that you didn't like the pair you'd got there before and you could do better up the street and wouldn't he let you take 'em home on approval. And after you'd made him pull down everything in stock from galoshes to riding boots ——"

"Dan Hurley!" she broke in, and sat down decisively. "Is that the way you talk to everybody who comes here asking for a divorce?"

"They don't," he explained. "We're corporation lawyers." But his tone softened as he asked, "Molly May, why did you come to me about this business?"

Her eyes widened. They were undoubtedly angel's eyes, for from their pupils brilliant rays shot forth like the glory of a star in heaven's ether. Only a shadow under the black fringe of her lower lashes gave her a faintly haggard look, and Dan, considering her, wondered at the emotions she had stirred in him three years ago. She had grown a shade too thin for his taste.

"Why, I wouldn't think of going to a stranger," she declared with a look that was almost childish in its helplessness. "I knew you'd understand better than anybody else—we've known each other so long."

Her embarrassed silence said plainly, "Lots of people thought we were engaged."

"Get Off Those Silver Heels and Put Your Feet Solidly on the Ground"

Indeed, they had let lots of people think so. He had gone to war with a question half formed on his lips and a resolve that he would leave no tender little widow stranded and penniless. He had stayed in France to gain his majority and his wound stripe, and to come back with the realization that Molly May Pierce had fallen, silver heels over silken head, in love with the embroidered wings on an aviator's tunic. He found her married and a mother upon his return.

"Butterflies!" grunted Dan, glaring across his desk at the pretty applicant.

"Who's calling names now?" The question was quite without rancor.

"See here, Molly May. If we take up this case for you ——"

"We? Dan Hurley, what are you talking about? Please understand I don't want the whole firm meddling in my affairs."

"Well," he modified, "if I take up this case for you—and I don't promise I will—I've got to learn what it's about. Are you living with Brad?"

"Mercy, no!" And again with a faint wrying of her generous mouth—"Mercy, no! Not after the scene he made at the Fountain Oaks Club, right before Cressy Chanler's whole party. Oh, Dan, it was dreadful! And I thought I'd married a gen—a gentleman."

He had a nervous feeling that she was going to cry. "I know it's hard," he said sympathetically, though not too sympathetically. Then with a brutal yielding to an inquisitive imp—"I never understood what you saw in him anyhow."

"Why, Dan!" Her eyes were wide now. "He danced so beautifully. He was so handsome too—until he got out of uniform. Then, you know, everybody was getting married about that time. We never quarreled over anything until ——"

It was just for an instant that her face was tense with pain, her lips drawn tight.

"Why did you quarrel?" asked her confessor.

"He couldn't—stand—the baby."

She shed no tears even then, but her eyes looked up at him like stars through rain. At that instant Dan pitied her with a great admiration; Molly May, with all her fluff and chatter, was not the crying sort.

He settled back into a more lawyerly attitude.

"Brad Adams danced well, and you danced well," he mused. "That's the way flying things ought to come together. Too bad such affairs never last. Not that Brad was much of a flyer, at that. Rotten pilot. He'd have been shoved out of the service for keeps if the armistice hadn't saved him. But I'm not blaming Brad. Shucks!"

She gazed contritely like a chidden child.

"What does your Aunt Victoria say to all this?" he asked out of the silence.

"Aunt Vic?" she drawled. "Oh, she's given me up long ago."

"Given you up?"

"Uh-huh. When the Reverend Mr. Shott came back from France in his Y. M. C. A. uniform—well, you know how women feel about uniforms."

"I haven't noticed it," disagreed Hurley.

"Oh, you!" Molly May Adams rolled her eyes almost but not quite imperceptibly.

"Hold on!" was Hurley's savage caution. "You're not going to flirt with me!"

But in the back of his head he was thinking "Too bad about Aunt Victoria!" She had taken the orphaned Molly May under her wing just long enough to spoil her.

"They've gone to Florida to live," explained Molly May; "raising pineapples or something canned. After she married Mr. Shott she couldn't think of me and Brad, the way we behaved—poker parties and dances at the Fountain Oaks Club, and all."

"And where's Brad all this time?"

"Oh, he went to New York last March to get something in the automobile business."

"Has he asked you to come on?"

"I wouldn't think of it!" She pursed her wistful mouth.

"Does he send you any money?"

"He did up to June. It wasn't much." Then in a voice of tolerance—"You couldn't expect him to do very well. I shouldn't have taken a cent if it hadn't been for the baby."

"How old is the baby?"

"Sixteen months."

Hurley stroked his chin. Pity, thought he, that he had always liked her so well. And now she had come to him like a deserted kitten, thin and wide-eyed, to claim protection after the damage was done. That craze for uncouth capers to disharmonious music, that fetish rite which the negroes had named jazz had done its worst for Bradley Adams and his pretty little wife.

"Outside of desertion and failure to provide," he asked, quite without sarcasm, "what can you bring against Brad in a divorce court?"

"Well, in the first place, he drinks entirely too much."

"Now, Molly May, you mustn't get mad at anything I say; because you're talking to your lawyer."

"I'm not getting mad," she defended plaintively.

"Then tell me. In the set you go with, does anybody ever pass up a cocktail—you, for instance?"

"That's different from what I mean," she said, and the star flowers flamed a little.

"What else does he do?" persisted the cross-examiner.

"He gambles." Molly May's little chin grew almost intolerant.

"That's a vice," agreed Hurley. "How much are you behind in the poker game at the Fountain Oaks?"

"We play for a ten-cent limit," she flared. "That isn't like ——"

"Ruled out!" proclaimed her counselor. "I suppose he smokes to excess too?"

"I know what you're going to say," she objected, and a dimple appeared to save the hostility in her eyes. "I think women have just as much right to cigarettes as ——"

"Sure," agreed Hurley. "And what else?"

"If you're bound and determined to make fun of everything I say, Dan Hurley, I ——"

"Please don't think that," he supplicated. "But in a case like this even women have to be fair. He's been flirting round a lot, too, hasn't he? Hovering in the lounge with married women, carrying on a little sentimental correspondence, forgetting maybe that he's married and has a baby to look after?"

"Are you his lawyer or mine?" inquired Molly May, innocence glowing in her wonderful eyes.

"I'm considering that question," replied Hurley.

But she looked so like a delicately molded, wounded forest thing as she sat there, her gloved hands working convulsively in her lap, that the big man's heart was moved again.

"Molly May," he said, "I've gone at this roughshod, and I hope you'll forgive me. But I have my theories. If there's got to be a feminism I think there ought to be a masculinism too. Equity in the sauce—goose and gander, share and share alike. Now listen a minute. There's only one thing that sticks in my craw. Marriage is a partnership, and when you and Brad drew up the papers you went in for the same line of goods—jazz. Brad took his like a man, you like a woman. And for that you kick him out of the firm."

The protesting partner sat, her hands folded, her slim body slightly bent. She had grown a little paler than before, and the silvery hue brought out scattered freckles, golden and indistinct, across her frivolous nose. Somehow the slight blemish made her more appealing. Slowly her lashes raised, and below them her eyes were like clear blue moons.

"In the second place," he resumed, "I think you're in poor business, getting a divorce. Nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand could be avoided if people went at marriage with their heads instead of their heels."

"You don't blame me for wanting to dance?" she asked almost humbly.

"I don't blame anybody—out of court," said he. "If I've been severe it's merely my attempt to get at the justice of the case."

"And you're going to help me?" she pleaded, new eagerness flushing her soft cheeks.

"Do you think," he countered, "that you fully realize the seriousness of this step?"

"My word!" she cried in a tone that was something between a giggle and a sigh. "That's what they ask when you're getting married."

"This is a lot more serious than marriage," he grumbled. "You'll be a lone woman, on your own, with a baby to take care of. You can't dance and fluff your way through this—not if you're a good mother. You'll have pretty poor picking on any alimony you'll get out of Brad. That leaves you the alternatives—go to work or get married again. And who knows that you won't make the same mistake all over again?"

"But you will help me?" she urged pitifully.

"I suppose so," he replied after thinking twice. "If you're through with Brad Adams—and you seem to have good reasons for that ——"

He paused and looked over his calendar; merely a habit.

"Do you mind coming to me in a week, Molly May?"

"Oh, I'll come!" she assured him, beaming gratitude as she arose and gave him her hand.

He held her fingers just an instant, then the memory of candid childhood came flooding in on him. They had played together in Regis Park; she had been a dancing wisp and he a gawky boy, years older, who had teased her to tears. Once he had helped her down from a tall elm when she had climbed aloft and clung in a crotch like a scared kitten.

Dan released the fingers he had been pressing and something inspired him to blurt out, "I'm mighty sorry for you, Molly May."

"For me?" She gave a plucky little laugh. "We haven't any time for that foolish stuff—being sorry."

And this was the first step in the case of Adams versus Adams, managed quietly in an obscure Virginia town in the summer and autumn of 1920.

II

IN LEWISBURG society they dance their tribal dances and conduct their sacrificial rites on much the same system as prevails in Paris, Pittsburgh and Patagonia. The people of Patagonia, being savages—hence conservative—follow the rules more strictly than do their civilized brethren, whose barbarism has grown enfeebled through latter-day contact with Freud, Einstein and Gaugin.

So in Lewisburg the elders, who had worshiped local gods in the days when good President Arthur ruled his Knights of the Square Table, grieved to learn that Molly May Adams had gone to Virginia in quest of a divorce. Members of the modern set, feminine, shrugged their slinky shoulders and took a little time to be glad that Molly May and Brad had decided to call it quits. The news caused no sensation. During the hectic year 1920 a great number of youngish married couples had danced themselves out of one domestic circle and into another.

Alarming perhaps; but few showed alarm. The condition had become fairly universal. Paris, Pittsburgh—Patagonia no doubt—had felt the same postwar shock, a scourge of African music to accompany overexcitement and underdressing. Dan Hurley himself was fond of saying that he had gone to war in the Age of Skirts and returned in the Age of Tunics. But men like Dan count for little in the orgy of youth which has swept the world. In Lewisburg they called him the Old Man of the Mountain, a title which caused him chuckles, for Dan was an individualist quite without vanity.

Outside the time it had cost him Dan had small regret for the case of Adams versus Adams. Secretly he thought of it as Adams versus a State of Society, but he arranged it all so modestly and well that Lewisburg almost forgot that she had been away when Molly May and her child returned to engage a room and bath—the bath was two doors around the L on the floor above—at Mrs. Pryce's economical establishment.

The Southern boarding house—what a study for the antiquarian architecturally inclined! Relics of an *ancien régime*, of a time when American grandees built with elegance—as gentlemen should, seh!—they were allowed to grow old disgracefully in a period when a noisier commercial generation crowded uptown to erect violent pagodas of tortured granite with staring bay windows and towers like German helmets. Distinguished greenstone mansions, their faërie balconies hung above lacy grilles of wrought iron, and long hinged windows of the Louis Philippe period, now stand neglected and shabby on wry streets. Sometimes the fine old drawing-rooms make convenient offices for negro clothes pressers, who hang out shingles lettered and spelled as only an Afro-American can letter and spell. Oftener, and more respectably, these houses are given over to the watchful ladies who deal in bed and board.

Mrs. Pryce's stood in a blighted yard between a sheet-iron garage and a little brick shop whose side was labeled "Notions" in letters as big as itself. There was a blighted maple tree in the blighted yard, and under this, one of those creaky greenish patent swings whose graceless lines and metallic angles never fail to add a touch of desolation to the scene.

Molly May Adams occupied this creaky apparatus one sultry afternoon at the time of year when summer, like a slipshod coquette, falls sulkily into autumn's unwilling arms. But Molly May and the patent swing and the sterile lawn seemed to have met together on excellent terms. Dan Hurley as he came up the street smiled in his quiet soul at the picture. Here was contentment, slatternly and simple! She had cajoled Mrs. Pryce's second waitress, a stout black woman with a wen, into amusing the baby while Molly May swung on the rusty hinges and gave her entire attention to a frowzy novel with a torn back.

It was a scene of archaic peace: the mother deep in romance, the philosophical negress a-squat against the coping, Molly May's baby, golden-haired, blue-eyed and lumbering as a mechanical doll, trotting back and forth on errands of importance to herself alone.

Molly May was quite unaware of Dan as he swung through the rusty gate. He was irritated, in his moment of observation, to see how easily she had given herself over to the sloth and demoralization of Mrs. Pryce's. There were yellowish spots on her skirt, which was shabby, and a loose lock of her soft hair was blowing in the slow breeze.

When she saw him she dropped her book, came to a prim posture, tugged at her skirts and smiled.

"I just knew you would come or something," drawled she, "because if I'd stayed here alone an hour longer I should have yawned myself to death. And I'm not meant to die young. Please don't look at me. I'm a fright."

"I'm not looking for that reason," he grinned.

He hated untidy women, but there was to her appearance a sort of Cinderella charm. Where most women would have been hideous she seemed quaintly more alluring. Yet he had no approval for her spotty gown.

"Not bored with Mrs. Pryce's already!" he laughed, taking a seat beside her.

"I rather like it," she explained, regarding him drowsily. "If I were sentimental, though, I think I should scream. Mrs. Pryce has put an oil stove in the center of the drawing-room. Summer or winter she keeps it there. It's a sort of shrine, I reckon. Do come and look at it."

"No, thanks. It's cooler out here," said Dan, who had studiously avoided Mrs. Pryce's since Molly May's return a week before.

"She's a marvelous interior desecrater," the recent grass widow drawled on. "You know the historic room where Thomas Jefferson or Joseph Jefferson or somebody famous used to dance minuets. It's very sad. Have you got a cigarette?"

"It wouldn't do you any good out here," he objected, peering round. Then, to pursue the historic theme—"These old places smell of death."

"They smell a lot more of onions," she informed him, and pansy eyes drooped toward saucy toes.

Dan followed her gaze and was somewhat disappointed that her feet were not incased in silver slippers but in sensible brogans with flat heels, six inches of woolen stocking revealed above.

The little girl came running toward him and held out her arms to be taken up.

"Sugar!" grunted Dan, crushing her clumsily. "What a young lady you've grown to be in a year."

He sat studying the small face, whose blue eyes, pure with childhood's shallow innocence, gazed steadily up at him. Molly May, whatever her shortcomings as a wife, had always kept her baby sweet and dainty.

"I never had much room for kids," confessed Dan rather awkwardly, "but I don't believe I'd mind having one of these frilly things round the house."

"Darling, stop biting off Uncle Dan's buttons!" commanded the young mother languidly.

"Let her enjoy 'em," gurgled Dan. "We only cut our baby teeth once."

"Only once?" Molly May's voice was sharp and a little hard as she put the question.

He glanced up in time to catch the feeling that rippled her face like a breeze over still water. Only once!

"You'd better hand her over to Naomi," she said wearily.

"Little Betty's kisses are so damp when she's teething. Then you'll be losing the button, and I'll have to sew it on. Naomi!"

The black woman came waddling to bear Betty away, kicking and protesting in the argot of fairyland.

"You are bored here," he insisted. "And that's something we'll have to look out for."

"Yo-hum!" She yawned like a sleepy cat. "I'm not. Only I'm right tired to-day because we sat up nearly all night."

"We?" he questioned.

"Oh, you know—the crowd. Teena Brigg and Jo Menifee and Charley and Clara—the regular Fountain Oaks bunch. We danced. I reckon Mrs. Pryce is mad with me this mornin'. But Clara knows the old girl like a book. She's going to loan her the second best phonograph ——"

"Good Lord!" prayed Dan.

"Don't you want me to have a good time?" she asked, and pouted ever so little.

"I imagine you'd start a dance and a poker game in the tomb of Cheops," he declared, his good-natured grin returning. "You'll probably turn Mrs. Pryce's into a social center before the winter's over. Of course she'd have to get a new set of boarders, but that wouldn't do any harm."

"Don't forget I haven't seen a man for a thousand years, except you and the judge and Cousin Wakefield."

"I'm not blaming you," he declared.

"Oh, yes, you are," she disagreed, her pansy-blue eyes slanting at him under their thicket. "But what do you want me to do, Dan?"

"Well"—he thought twice—"you've had time to think things over. I don't mean to say that Brad wasn't to blame ——"

"Please don't start that again!" she interrupted with a sigh.

"And here's a chance for you to begin right," he went on doggedly. "I've squeezed a hundred and twenty-five a month out of him and I've bluffed your aunt into sending seventy-five more. That means Mrs. Pryce's for you until ——"

On the hesitation her lovely eyes swam toward him and she asked in a voice that was curiously constrained, "Until what?"

"Until you find something to do."

"That means I stick here indefinitely, world without end!" There was recklessness in her laugh. "I'll stay till I grow false teeth and a false front. I'll become one of those old ladies who knit their way twice around the moon—sort of boarding-house spider. The sort of old lady

who knows something mean about everybody and sits at second table and doesn't dare ask for another helping of ham."

Dan Hurley was grinning from ear to ear.

"When you look like that," she struck out, "you remind me of a great ugly cat."

This had a straightening effect upon his features and he said quite solemnly, "I can't see that picture you've been painting of yourself."

"You think I'm going to marry again?"

Her impertinent little nose leveled that at him, and over the faint alluring freckles across its bridge her eyes were curiously excited.

"I suppose so," he admitted; "and it's a rotten shame too."

"How do you mean—a rotten shame?" The question came in the gentlest possible drawl.

"You'll be picking out another such parlor snake as Brad was, and go jazzing along just where you left off."

"Sure of that?"

"I'm not sure of anything in your case."

"You just hate dancin', don't you?" she asked, her expression faintly amused. "I wonder what you'd think if you really knew how?"

"You know what I mean!" he snapped out, rage getting the better of him. "This craze for the noise they call music, the contortion they call dancing—I thought you'd learned your lesson. It's done you harm enough, Molly May. It's broken up your home ——"

"If Brad had liked the baby," she insisted gently, and her mouth drooped, "I'd never have let him go; not in a million years."

"If you had shown him a good example—well, of quiet living and domestic tastes ——"

"Dan Hurley!" Suddenly her voice tinkled like ice in a pitcher. "What a rich example of Southern chivalry you are!"

"I rubbed that foolishness off at Yale," he grunted, and relented to say, "I'm not talking like this because I want to. It's only because you're on my mind.

"I told you, when you came to me, that you were facing a serious responsibility. You've got to meet life alone, handicapped by the baby. Get off those silver heels and put your feet solidly on the ground."

By way of reply she lifted the little brogans, which on other feet might have looked sensible, and twirled them thoughtfully.

"Fudge!" said Dan. "What's the use of lecturing you? I'm off your case."

"But I don't want you off my case!"

It came in a far-away tone which brought Dan's eyes full upon her. Dense male! Never before had he caught that self-revealing softness on the face he had hitherto regarded as little more than complexion deep. He arose.

"Don't go," she besought; and when he had resumed his place in the swing beside her—"Dan, we've been together an awful lot lately. We've got sort of used to each other. And ——"

Her look was sphinxlike as her eyes traveled down to the lazy toe which kicked the earth, giving propulsion to their swing. Then suddenly she held his glance.

"How much do you like me by now?" she asked.

Calm as he would appear, the question shook Dan Hurley to his foundations.

"Too much," he answered thickly.

"Then why is it you've never proposed to me?"

Hurley gasped, then regarded her studiously as he sat nursing his knee.

"You astonishing child!" he said at last.

"Most men would, under the circumstances," she explained naïvely. "I know you like me well enough to marry me.

"Of course you disapprove of me awfully, and you're crazy to turn me into something I'm not—but you're in love with me just the same. I sometimes think you're too selfish and bachelor minded to marry any woman—but it can't be that. You've been too kind and generous for that."

Unshed tears curtained her eyes like a sunshower before heaven's blue, but she dashed them away to add, "I'd marry you this very minute, Dan. But I suppose you'd prefer to pass me on to some parlor snake to get rid of me so that you could go back to your old law and your mighty thoughts."

"Molly May," he growled, dizzy with the realization that he was being proposed to by an all too lovely lady, "you're crazy, and I'll be crazy too ——"

She came down hard on her little brogans and stood facing him, her cheeks crimson.

"Go away from me, Dan Hurley!" she commanded. "And don't you ever come back."

Her words lashed him across the face. Stung and sorry he reached for his hat.

"I've been rotten rude," he said.

"You've been rotten honest," she objected, and her eyes lost their fire to become very plaintive as she touched his sleeve. "What is it about me that you despise so?"

"Don't think me such a conceited ass as that, Molly May," he implored. "If you only knew how crazy I am to spoil both our lives."

"What is it you want me to do?"

She was looking up at him and it was only after a struggle that he found courage to reply, "I want you to prove that you can be a regular person."

"How?"

"Get yourself an apartment, do your own work, take care of your baby, live inside your means."

"That's being a regular person?"

"Isn't it?"

Her blue eyes held him tight, but Dan fortified himself against them and persisted, "You haven't been bred in the lap of luxury exactly, but you've had too much, in my opinion. And you've learned half about the equality of sexes—the easy half. You're strong for women's rights to share in the vices of men. All right. I'm not arguing the point. But when the landslide comes it's up to the man—the real man—to dig out. Can you?"

"Dig out, you mean?" she asked, and he was surprised at her earnestness.

"Well, yes."

"I suppose," said she, and the ice tinkled again, "that you're putting me on probation. I must prove myself worthy of your hand."

She curtsied, an old-fashioned gesture which brought the hem of her rather short skirt close to the surface of Mrs. Pryce's blighted lawn. "I didn't intend to be satirical," he said clumsily. "If I were a little weaker I'd ask you to marry me, and if you refused I'd bully you into it."

"You couldn't," she challenged, and her cheeks were bright. She resumed her seat in the swing.

"But there's only one answer to marriage, and that's responsibility. You'll never get anywhere living in Mrs. Pryce's slipshod grandeur ——"

"Slipshod grandeur!" she mocked. "You always were the loveliest talker, Dan Hurley!"

"Well then, shoddy gentility, if you like that better," he corrected, flushing. "You're soft—that's what's the matter with you—intellectually and physically soft. I don't say it's your fault; it's the sort of life that's been wished on you. You've never got your feet on the ground ——"

Involuntarily he glanced down at those impertinent little brogues, their toes scuffing Mrs. Pryce's blighted lawn with the gentle movement of the patent swing.

"I might get a job in the movies." She twisted her feet pigeon-toed and studied the contortion.

"Oh, damn!" proclaimed Hurley, gritting his teeth, but he took his place beside her.

"Swearing at me?" she asked, perking her bright head a little to one side.

"At the movies!" he grunted. "I suppose every foolish girl in the country wants to go to Hollywood to get rich and avoid work."

"Isn't that just a splendid idea?" she insisted.

"I've been to Hollywood," said Dan. "And the rules there are just like the rules anywhere else. The screen star works for every cent she makes. She's put into her business the same energy she might have devoted to becoming a success anywhere else. In the home for instance."

"The home!" She sighed. "That brings us back to the cozy little flat. Two hundred dollars a month. I awake at six, bright and happy, to pull up the ice in the dumbwaiter. That'll be stimulating—especially in winter. Then there will be breakfast at seven; and I suppose I

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She Spoke a Little Nervously, "You Need Teaching." "I Need You!"

WHITE BIRCHES

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

A WOMAN who, under sentence of death, could plan immediately for a trip to the circus might seem at first thought incredibly light-minded. You had, however, to know Anne Dunbar and the ten years of her married life to understand. Her husband was fifteen years her senior, and he had few illusions. He had fallen in love with Anne because of a certain gay youth in her which had endured throughout the days of a dreadful operation and a slow convalescence. He had been her surgeon, and, propped up in bed, Anne's gray eyes had shone upon him. The red-gold curls of her cropped hair had given her a look of almost boyish beauty, and this note of boyishness had been emphasized by the straight slenderness of the figure outlined beneath the white covers.

Anne had married Ridgeley Dunbar because she loved him, and love to Anne had been all fire and flame and spirit. It did not take her long to learn that her husband looked upon love and life as matters of flesh and blood—and bones. By degrees his materialism imposed itself upon Anne. She admired Ridgeley immensely. She worshiped, in fact, the wonder of his day's work. He healed the sick, he cured the halt and blind, and he scoffed at Anne's superstitions.

"I can match every one of your Bible miracles. There's nothing to it, my dear. Death is death and life is life, so make the most of it."

Anne tried to make the most of it, but she found it difficult. In the first place, her husband was a very busy man. He seemed to be perfectly happy with his cutting people up and his medical books and the articles which he wrote about the intricate clockwork inside of us which ticks off the hours from birth to death. Now and then he went out to the theater with his wife or to dine with friends, but as a rule she went alone. She had a limousine, a chauffeur, a low-swung touring car and an electric. Her red hair was still wonderful, and she dressed herself quite understandingly in grays and whites and greens. If she did not wear habitually her air of gay youth, it was revived in her now and then when something pleased or excited her, and her eyes would shine as they had shone in the hospital when Ridgeley Dunbar had first bent over her bed.

They shone on Christopher Carr when he came home from the war. He was a friend of her husband; or rather, as a student in the medical school, he had listened to the lectures of the older man and had made up his mind to know him personally, and had thus by sheer persistence linked their lives together.

Anne had never met him. He had been in India when she had married Ridgeley, and then there had been a few years in Egypt, where he had studied some strange germ of which she could never remember the name. He had plenty of money, hence he was not tied to a practice. But when the war began he had offered his services and had made a great record.

"He is one of the big men of the future," Ridgeley Dunbar had said.

But when Christopher came back with an infected arm, which might give him trouble, it was not the time to talk of futures. He was invited to spend July at the Dunbars' country home in Connecticut, and Ridgeley brought him out at the week-end.

The Connecticut estate consisted of a rambling stone house, an old-fashioned garden and, beyond the garden, a grove of white birches.

"What a heavenly place!" Christopher said toward the end of dinner. "How did you happen to find it?"

"Oh, Anne did it. She motored for weeks, and she bought it because of the birches."

Anne's eyes were shining.

"I'll show them to you after dinner."

She had decided at once that she liked Christopher. He still wore his uniform and had the look of a soldier. But it wasn't that—it was the things he had been saying ever since the soup was served. No one had talked of the war as he talked of it. There had been other doctors whose minds had been on arms and legs—amputated; on wounds and shell shock. There had been a few who had sentimentalized. But Christopher had seemed neither to resent the frightfulness nor to care about the moral or spiritual consequences. He had found in it all a certain beauty of which he spoke with enthusiasm—"A silver dawn and a patch of Blue Devils like smoke against it." "A blood-red sunset and a lot of airmen streaming across ——"

He painted pictures so that Anne saw battles as if a great brush had splashed them on an invisible canvas. There were just four at the table—the two men, Anne and her second cousin, Jeanette Ware, who lived the year round in the Connecticut house and was sixty and slightly deaf, but who wore modern clothes and had a modern mind.

"But Afterwards, Christopher, Afterwards?"

It was not yet dark, and the light of the candles in sconces and on the table met the amethyst light that came through the wide-flung lattice. Anne's summer gown was something very thin in gray, and she wore an Indian necklace of pierced silver beads. Christopher had sent it to her as a wedding present, and she had always liked it.

When they rose from the table Christopher said, "Now for the birches."

Somewhere in the distance the telephone rang, and a maid came in to say that Doctor Dunbar was wanted.

"Don't wait for me," he said. "I'll follow you."

Jeanette Ware hated the night air, and took her book to the lamp on the screened porch; and so it happened that Anne and Christopher came alone to the grove where the white bodies of the birches shone like slender nymphs through the dusk.

A little wind shook their leaves.

"No wonder," said Christopher, looking down at Anne, "that you wanted this. But tell me precisely why."

She tried to tell him, but found it difficult.

"I seem to find something here that I thought I had lost."

"What things?"

"Well, guardian angels. Do you believe in them?"

She spoke lightly, as if it were not in the least serious; but he felt that it was serious.

"I believe in all beautiful things."

"I used to think when I was a little girl that they were around me when I was asleep. 'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—bless the bed that I lie on.'" Her laugh was a bit breathless. "But I don't believe in them any more. Ridgeley doesn't, you know. And it does seem silly."

"Oh, no, it isn't!"

"Ridgeley feels that it is morbid, and perhaps he is right. He says that we must eat and drink and be merry"—she flung out her hands with a little gesture of protest—"but he really isn't merry."

"I see. He just eats and drinks." He smiled at her.

"And works, and his work is wonderful."

They sat down on a stone bench which had been hewed out of solid gray rock.

"I wish Ridgeley had time to play," Anne said. "It would be nice for both of us."

The amethyst light had gone and the dusk descended. Anne's gray dress was merged into the gray of the rock. She seemed just voice, phantom outline and faint rose fragrance. Christopher recognized the scent. He had sent her a precious vial in a sandalwood box. Nothing had seemed to him too good for the wife of his old friend Dunbar.

"Life for you and Ridgeley," he told her, "should be something more than work or play—it should be infinite adventure."

"Yes. But Ridgeley hasn't time for adventure."

"Oh, he thinks he hasn't."

As Christopher talked after that Anne was not sure that he was in earnest. He complained that romance had fallen into disrepute.

"With all the modern stories—you know the formula—an ounce of sordidness, a flavor of sensationalism, a dash of sex ——" One had to look back for the real thing—Aucassin and Nicolette and all the rest. "That's why I haven't married."

"Well, I have often wondered."

"If I loved a woman I should want to make her life all glow and color, and mine—with her ——"

Anne's eyes were shining. What a big, pleasant boy he was! He seemed so young. He had a way of running his fingers up through his hair. She was aware of the gesture in the dark. Yes, she liked him; and she felt suddenly gay and light-hearted.

They talked until the stars shone in the tips of the birch trees. Ridgeley did not come, and when they went back

to the house they found that he had been called to New York on an urgent case. He would not return until the following Friday

Anne and Christopher were thus left together for a week to get acquainted, with only old Jeanette Ware to play propriety.

"

IT DID not take Christopher long to decide that Ridgeley was no longer in love with his wife. "Of course he would call it love. But he could live just as well without her. He has made a machine of himself."

He spoke to Dunbar one night about Anne.

"Do you think she is perfectly well?"

"Why not?"

"There's a touch of breathlessness when we walk. Are you sure about her heart?"

"She has never been strong," and that had seemed to be the end of it.

But it was not the end of it for Christopher. He watched Anne closely, and once when they climbed a hill together and she gave out he carried her to the top. He managed to get his ear against her heart, and what he heard drained the blood from his face. As for Anne, she thought how strong he was, and how fair his hair was with the sun upon it, for he had tucked his cap in his pocket.

That night Christopher again spoke to Ridgeley.

"Anne's in a bad way."

He told of the walk to the top of the hill. Ridgeley listened this time, and the next day he took Anne down into his office and did things to her.

"But I don't see why you are doing all this," she complained as he stuck queer instruments in his ears and made her draw long breaths while he listened.

"Christopher says you get tired when you walk."

"Well, I do. But there's nothing really the matter, is there?"

There was a great deal the matter, but there was no hint of it in his manner. If she had not been his wife he would probably have told her the truth—that she had a few months, perhaps a few years ahead of her. He was apt to be frank with his patients, but he was not frank with Anne. He had intended to tell Christopher at once, but Christopher was away for a week.

In the week that he was separated from her Christopher learned that he loved Anne; that he had been in love with her from the moment that she had stood among the birches—like one of them in her white slenderness—and had talked to him of guardian angels—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. He did not believe in saints, or in the angels whose wings seemed to infold Anne; but he believed in beauty, and Anne's was lighted from within, like an alabaster lamp.

Yet she was very human, and the girl in her and the boy in him had met in the weeks that he had spent with her. They had played tennis and golf; they had fished in shallow brown streams; they had ridden through miles of lovely country; they had gone forth in search of adventure and they had found it—in cherries on a tree by the road, and he had climbed the tree and had dropped them down to her and she had hung them over her ears. He had milked a cow in a pasture as they passed, and they had drunk the milk with their sandwiches, and had tied up a bill in Anne's fine handkerchief and had knotted it to the halter of the gentle, golden-eared Guernsey.

But they had found more than adventure. They had found romance—shining upon them everywhere.

"If I were a gypsy to follow the road, and she could follow it with me!" Christopher meditated as he sat in the train on his way back to Anne.

But there was Anne's husband and Christopher's friend; and more than all, there were the specters of modern life, the hideous wheels which must turn if Anne were ever to be his -treachery to Ridgeley, the divorce court, and then himself and Anne living the aftermath, facing perhaps disillusion.

"Oh, not that!" Christopher told himself. "She'd never grow less, never anything less than she is, if she could once—care."

For he did not know whether Anne cared or not. He might guess as he pleased, but there had not been a word between them.

Once more the thought flashed, "If I were a gypsy to follow the road ——"

As his train sped through the countryside he became aware of flaming billboards. A circus was showing in the towns. The fences fairly blazed with golden chariots, wild beasts, cheap gods and goddesses, clowns in frilled collars and peaked hats. He remembered a glorious day that he had spent as a boy.

"I'll take Anne," was his sudden decision.

He laughed to himself and spent the rest of the way in seeing her at it.

They would drink pink lemonade and there would be pop-corn balls, the entrancing smell of sawdust, the beat of the band. He hoped there would be a tom-tom and some of the dark people from the Far East.

He reached his destination at seven o'clock. Dunbar met him at the station. Anne sat with her husband, and Jeanette was in the back seat. Christopher had, therefore, a side view of Anne as she turned a little that she might talk to him, the glint of her bright hair under her gray sport hat, the light of welcome in her eyes.

"I am going to take you to the circus to-morrow. Ridgeley, you'll go too?"

Dunbar shook his head.

"I've got to get back to town in the morning, and I am not sure that the excitement will be good for Anne."

"Why not?" quickly. "Aren't you well, Anne?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ridgeley seems to think I'm not. But the circus can't hurt me."

Nothing more was said about it. Christopher decided to ask Ridgeley later. But the opportunity did not come until Anne had gone upstairs and Dunbar and Christopher were smoking a final cigar on the porch

"What's the matter with her?" Christopher asked.

Dunbar told him, "She can't get well."

"'

ANNE, getting ready for bed on the evening of Christopher's arrival, felt unaccountably tired. His presence had been perhaps a bit overstimulating. It was good to have him back. She scarcely dared admit to herself how good. After dinner she and Ridgeley and Christopher had walked down to the grove of birches. There had been a new moon, and she and Ridgeley had sat on the stone bench with Christopher at their feet. She had leaned her head against her husband's shoulder, and he had put his arm about her in the dark and had drawn her to him. He was rarely demonstrative, and his tenderness to-night had for some reason hurt her. She had learned to do without it.

She had talked very little, but Christopher had talked a great deal. She had been content to listen. He really told such wonderful things. He gave her to-night the full story of her silver beads—how they had been filched from an ancient temple—and how he had bought them from the thief.

"Until I saw you wear them I always had a feeling that they ought to go back to the temple—to the god who had perhaps worn them for a thousand years. If I had known which god I might have carried them back, but the thief wouldn't tell me."

"It would have done no good to carry them back," Ridgeley had said, "and they are nice for Anne." His big hand had patted his wife's shoulder.

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"Being Sorry Doesn't Help Any, Does It, Ridgeley?"

AND THE WEST IS WEST

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"AND Spokane is a friendly city," declares the bulletin of the chamber of commerce, describing Spokane outdoors. The official oracle adds: "It has not reached the stage of metropolitan development in which large population dulls the promptings of hospitality. The stranger within its gates is assured of a hearty reception and cordial treatment."

Among other things, the stranger finds, if his fame is good enough for a half-column notice in the Spokane Review, that his money is counterfeit. It is the same money that passes in New York, in Chicago, even in Seattle. Yet Dr. Curtis Alden discovered that it would not pass current when he tried to pay for anything at the Spokane restaurants, at the gay little summer camps that lined the borders of the innumerable lakes of the region, at the round of the country clubs, on fishing trips or hunting.

Wherever he offered his money the bill was already paid, and it was the local joke for the cashier to look sharply at the strange dollar bill which the doctor tendered in payment for any service and say solemnly: "No good. Eastern money. Don't go here!"

The doctor thought for the first few days that Cousin Robert was responsible for the refusal of his money, though it was unlike a Higginson to squander money in any form. Certainly he did not learn that at Harvard. Mrs. Alden suspected Cousin Martha. She was Western—from Buffalo, in fact—and they knew that it was Cousin Martha who gave the doctor's picture to the Review and told the reporter the day before they came of the doctor's world-famous work at Neuilly—heaven forgive her pronunciation—with what the reporter called the gangrene cases, largely because the scientific language was hard to spell. And it was more or less Cousin Martha's work which turned the doctor's money sour every place in Spokane. But only incidentally was Cousin Martha to blame. Given the article in the Review, a picture of Mrs. Alden in the Press as the niece of a President, and Spokane did the rest through the gay group that constantly surrounded the Aldens. For Spokane is a friendly city—remember that.

Someway the Big Line Didn't Loom So Large on the Horizon as It Loomed in Spokane

But the doctor must not be too severely blamed for forgetting just that when he went home to New York. He remembered many other important things about Spokane. To him it was always the capital of the inland empire, and he knew about that inland empire. For they took him up on a high mountain—Mount Spokane, "the only mountain in the world owned by a municipality," again to quote the handbook of the chamber of commerce—and showed him the kingdoms of the earth that compose that inland empire: Eastern Washington, Northern Idaho and Northeastern Oregon, stretching illimitably, with rich fields upon soft foothills, over jagged peaks full of minerals and across wide green forest ranges spangled by a thousand lakes.

Mrs. Alden, being niece of a President, was disappointed not to find the state lines topographically visible; but the doctor was impressed. Cousin Robert explained that it was for just such Park Avenue boys as the doctor—fellows whose only glimpse of the big out-of-doors was a seventy-five-foot parkway in the street—that the municipality bought the only mountain. It was on the trip to the grassy top of the only mountain that the Aldens met the Shanley's—at Cousin Martha's picnic. Cousin Robert, at the wheel of a modest car, brought six men; but the Shanleys disported a gold-plated battleship with a colored chauffeur in livery. Mrs. Alden rode in the battleship under furs worth a king's ransom, and with her rode Mrs. Shanley and the women of the party, a snug comfy carful—rather squealy.

On the day of Cousin Martha's picnic the party had ridden for two hours through the parks of Spokane, which—again to fall into the vernacular of the handbook—"in proportion to population has the greatest park area of any city in the United States, an acre of landscaped out-of-doors for every fifty-eight people," and the day before they had eaten picnic lunch beside the highest spillway dam in the world. The doctor looked over the inland empire, with the phrase "the land of a thousand orchards" drifting through his mind, and he wondered if he would find himself prescribing out of that chamber of commerce handbook when he got home. He had turned away from the orchards and was considering whether or not the handbook was pulling a whopper when it proclaimed that the "land of a thousand orchards produced by 100 per cent more apples than the state of New York," while his gaze rested upon the glistening silver of the lakes lying to the north and east of the only mountain. It was then that Shanley, wagging his head at the distant prospect, spoke: "The magic touch of water!"

The doctor turned quickly for a second look at Shanley, bull-jawed, curly-haired, black-visaged Irishman in his mid-forties—the mine foreman type. "The magic touch of water" was no decent phrase to come from Shanley's kippered lips. The doctor caught Shanley's eyes and repeated monotonously as he winked, "The magic touch of water!" And Shanley grunted, "Yes, I know the damn thing by heart!"

"So do I," retorted the doctor. "Robert and Mrs. Higginson all but sing it."

"It's the national hymn of Spokane. Mamma, come here. Mamma," he repeated as his wife, rather slim, rather young, stepped across the grassy top of the only mountain, "tell Doctor Alden about our irrigation plans." And before the doctor could protest, though he waved impotent hands, she was saying almost archly, as one consciously luring a victim:

"No engineering obstacles present themselves, and one day in the near future this great semi-arid area will blossom like a veritable garden as the result of operations contemplated under this irrigation project—the greatest in the annals of history."

The doctor kept waving his hands until he began to clap them. Then turning to his cousin he commanded: "Martha, now the one about climate and health, beginning 'There has never been a death from heat prostration in Spokane.' And you, Robert, line out 'Location—geographically Spokane's location is of great strategic value, situated as it is,' while I take the tenor with 'Among the vast wheat fields,' and we'll sing the hallelujah chorus."

It was then that Shanley took the doctor resolutely by the arm, led him west to a knoll, pointed to a flickering white spot in the green forest carpet of the landscape and said: "Doctor, that's Loon Lake—my place. You're going there Friday—for a week." He grinned, knocking his high undented soft black hat over his eyes as he added: "No chamber of commerce, no literature, nothin'! Somethin' to fish, somethin' to shoot, somethin' to eat! And the sleepin's fine!"

"But ——" the doctor interjected.

"But—and be damned! It's all arranged." Shanley nodded to their host. "Bob and me's blocked it all out."

"Well, Mrs. Alden, of course, may have plans," the doctor explained.

But Shanley again bowled him over with: "Ah, we'll take care of the women. Mamma's goin' to have somethin' doin' every night. Our private car on the Great Northern will bring a bunch up from town for dinner. It's easy—only thirty-five miles—and we'll go down to Deer Park one or two nights for a dance. It's no trouble. You're signed." And so it was.

Twelve hours later, during the first five minutes that the Aldens had alone, Abigail Alden suddenly stopped blinking her eyes as she was counting her calories for the day and cried: "Well, Curtis Alden, what would Aunt Priscilla say? How would she ever understand it?"

"What? The dinner on a ship's deck two hundred feet in the air, five hundred miles from salt water? Curious idea, eh?"

"No, no, not the dinner, not the cooking—though wasn't it good?—and way out here among the red Indians—but the Shanleys, Curtis, the Shanleys, inviting us for a house party two hours after we were introduced; and, Curtis, how would Aunt Priscilla understand it?—our acceptance—our acceptance right away, and glad of it!"

"Well, I don't know," the doctor answered, collar in hand. "At least I let you decide. And by the way, who are the Shanleys, since we're going to live a week with them?"

"Yes, Curtis, that's it! Who are the Shanleys? I supposed you knew. They're mines; Cousin Martha told me."

"Yes, mines. He owns the Big Lizz, whatever that is. He was mine foreman before he struck it, and he was born in Boston. He told me that his father was a longshoreman, and he says that he has a brother there who is a magistrate, and Robert says he has another there who is in jail. Shanley also told me that he has a cousin in Congress. Aunt Priscilla would certainly be confused. When you write"—the husband smiled—"perhaps it may be well to call the mine the Grand Elizabeth. Big Lizz is no proper phrase for Aunt Priscilla. Is she nice?"

"Yes," returned the wife. "She taught school in the Cœur d'Alêne, whatever that may be, and during the labor riots twenty years ago she sided with the miners—and got into jail. They call it the bull pen—poor Aunt Priscilla! He was a guard there; they fell in love; he got her out and they were married. She ran the miners' boarding house before they struck it. That was six years ago. The Cœur d'Alêne sloughed off then and they came here—here to the bright lights of their metropolis, though they have been to Seattle and to San Francisco. They are going to spend next winter in San Diego—at the Coronado. Her dream of splendor!"

"Is that all?" asked the doctor ironically. "And where did you acquire this useful information?" he added.

"The fact that she took sides with the miners, from Martha. That's her shady past. But the fact that she was in jail, from her—and everything else from her. What she will tell me when I have known her a week—I shudder to contemplate! But still she's nice."

Doctor Alden grinned cynically. The wife fell into a silence. At the end of a minute he looked at her sharply and asked: "Well, how many? And what did you count the crawfish?"

"The crawfish?" she asked wildly.

"Did you think it was lobster? Well, it wasn't, and your book does list crawfish." At her amazed look he continued, "Just as well if you weigh. You may have put on a pound." Then to appease her he added: "So she's nice—jail or no jail—our lady of the pie foundry?"

And then the niece of a President, the Daughter of the Revolution, the Colonial Dame four times inbred, sitting in her bedroom apart from the tinsel of a vain world, counting her calories to restore a vanishing waistline, spoke words that showed how far she had traveled from Aunt Priscilla's apron strings. For she answered:

"Yes, and she's a dear; and you may as well know this before she tells you—her father was county commissioner in the Cœur d'Alênes before that labor trouble, and everyone said he ran the straightest faro game in the hills, and he lives in Kellogg now; and though Mike would give papa all the money he wanted to come down to Spokane and start in business, he stays up there and runs his little game, and every Sunday he dresses up and goes out to Bald Mountain and sits by mamma's grave an hour, and money won't tempt him. And so I say she's a dear. But Aunt Priscilla—oh, Curtis, what would she do with the moral government of the universe out here?"

That was Monday night, late Monday night, in the spare bedroom at Cousin Robert's. And in the four intervening days the friendly city, enterprising and broad-gauged in pioneer days, certainly did display that gratifying sentiment of good will advertised by the chamber.

It was a new world to the Aldens. Some sort of social charm seemed to be working upon them, a new kind of social phenomenon, strange and undreamed of in their New England breeding and city environment; but if new and strange, at least pleasurable in its effect upon them. Cousin Robert and Cousin Martha, living in what was advertised as a typical Spokane home, eight rooms, seventy-five-foot lot, four shade trees, low sloping bungalow roof, vines on the porch pillars, geraniums down the front walk, hydrangeas around the front steps, one servant and a dining-room capacity for ten, had given a dinner the first night of the Aldens' arrival. Present, the Wilsons and the Toevses. All right—the Toevses take the Wilsons and the Aldens and the Higginsons and three other couples to lunch at Long Lake Dam, and one of the three couples invites the party and four others to dinner that night at the Davenport. And after a luncheon on the steamship deck on the roof of the Hotel Cœur d'Alêne the day following, dinners and luncheons and even breakfasts followed thick and fast out on Cannon Hill, out in the Rockwood district, where people lived in wide spaces covered with trees from the original forest, housed in modern suburban homes of the most gorgeous and comfortable American type; lived beautifully with two house servants and a chauffeur, and considered the consumption of rubber and gas as the chief end of man.

She Hissed: "Did They Pay for Anything To-Night?"

Automobiles flowered everywhere. No house was too tiny to have a garage back of it. Clerks, workmen, magnates, storekeepers, delivery boys—everyone rode on rubber, and always, wherever the Aldens stopped for a meal or an hour, someone's automobile appeared magically and they were informed that the car was ready when they were. Between luncheons and dinners and after breakfasts, excursions burst out of the idle moment to amuse them; trips to lakes, trips to mountains, trips through lovely soft purple hills to places with enchanted names—as, for instance, the Steptoe Butte; and they heard legends of Indian fighting that must have gone on while the Aldens were children in the seventies; hoary legends developed after the Centennial. And good will flourished everywhere—excepting perhaps toward Walla Walla. Those who were not rich didn't mind it. They were going to be or had been, and it was of only momentary interest that they were poor. If Cousin Robert and Cousin Martha drove a four-cylinder car the big car would be theirs next year, and the man in the big car explained that four years before he was driving a wheelbarrow. They ate dinner with a man at the Davenport Hotel who had laid brick on the building, and was now president of a power company which extracted sunshine from rainbows or something of the sort—they were not quite sure.

They were dazed—breathless but delighted in the social whirl which gripped them like a cyclone. It was not exclusive. All sorts and conditions of men and women gamboled about them. A Harvard man, like Cousin Robert, was as good as a graduate of a business school if he made good. And in the swish of the cyclone the Aldens were the guests of Swedes, Italians, Irish and Kansans, whose ancestors the Aldens' Aunt Priscilla could have located in no town records of New England. But these people spoke English,

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"No Chamber of Commerce, No Literature, Nothin'! Somethin' to Fish, Somethin' to Shoot, Somethin' to Eat!"

CALL IT A DAY!

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

AT ELEVEN o'clock of a hot Sunday morning Peachy, known formally and professionally as Miss Margot Merriman, stepped from a jitney to the curb in front of the Hotel Ynglaterra, gave the driver the exact and just fare—a peseta and a ten-cent piece—received from him a withering stare, and walked slowly on under the coolness of the colonnades. It was Havana, the sun reflecting pitilessly from the white stucco of the buildings along the Prado, a white dust settling over the motionless palm trees of the Parque Central, over the blue-denim traffic policemen, over the parked jitneys and the waiters standing dreamily in the open-front restaurants.

Peachy was quite parched with thirst, but she walked on past the cool shadowed depths and the little white tables of the Telegrafo with merely one wistful glance. It was very necessary that she should remain stationary long enough in one place to decide what she was going to do next, for Peachy had come to another of the many crises in her career. But it was also necessary that she should find a free place to think in. For yesterday she had played, to win, a perfectly beautiful bay horse with long efficient-looking hind legs when she should have followed her tip and played him to show. The result was that she had in her silver mesh bag three exceedingly dirty one-dollar bills and a queer little piece of Cuban money whose value she suspected to be one cent.

"I wish I was back in New York!" thought Peachy passionately. "What a town! Where the men look at you like hungry sharks and pie costs forty cents a cut, and there isn't a manager in the place to advance me a week's salary!"

Like a weary desert traveler making for a water hole, Peachy crossed the street to the green oblong of the Parque Central. There were benches there. But, alas, in Havana no lady may sit on a bench undisturbed. It simply isn't done. Peachy read the hungry eyes of the nearest six men, and she hastily rose.

"Sharks!" she thought. "Mangy cuttlefish!"

She had been stranded before many a time and oft, but never on foreign soil until to-day, and she had an inclination to look nervously over her shoulder. Back home she could have met the situation blithely. Something always turned up for Peachy. For though she was no genius she could fit in almost anywhere in the profession at a moment's notice. She could sing without crinkling your scalp, she could dance like a fairy, she had played leads in stock from coast to coast—six times she had come as near to a Broadway opening as Stamford is from the Grand Central. She was very pretty. She could speak with the most delightfully clipped accent ever heard in a Piccadilly tea shop, or in her good natural New Hampshirese.

But somehow she had always just missed seeing her name blooming in that monstrous hanging garden whose flowers are electric bulbs above Broadway, and so on an ill-fated day she had gone into the pictures.

It had been discovered by someone that Peachy was a quite remarkable double for Cecily Moore. Cecily Moore, bitten by the desire to own her own company, had broken away from her old producer and was launching a new production in Havana. There were fame and fortune in it for everyone concerned, if you believed the agent who was signing up types. To Peachy, impecunious at the moment, it had seemed like the turning of her luck.

As she had leaned on the rail of the steamer coming into Havana harbor three or four weeks before this morning her hopes were high. She allowed a bemused young man whose polo ponies were being shipped across from Key West to point out to her the president's palace and where the Maine was sunk, and her happy thoughts ran on.

They Were Evidently Doing Themselves Very Well and Combining Breakfast With Luncheon

"Something tells me this is my lucky month. What a romantic town! Anything may happen in such a town. Of course, I don't wish her any ill luck; but Cecily Moore may get ptomaine poisoning or something. I heard about a girl that won over a thousand dollars on one horse race down here. Of course, I'm not going to spend my money that way, but ——"

Over the low white town, the shuttered windows and flat roof tops, had hung a romantic glamour. But that was before she had stepped foot on the soil of Cuba. This morning, less than a month later, she knew that not only anything might happen in Havana, but it also might be the very worst. The Cecily Moore company had exploded that morning. The manager had paid the last salary the day before. The company had been operating on a shoe string. The exhibitors had turned down their thumbs on the advance films sent North for their approval. Cecily Moore's backer's money had given out—and everybody was quite free to go speedily back to New York.

Unfortunately everybody, including Peachy, had allowed Havana to go to their heads. They had frisked about like the historical grasshopper, and when they stormed the manager's office for assistance back to the home base they were reminded bitterly of their improvidence. There was no clause in their contracts, the manager pointed out, that obliged him to play nurse to them back to Broadway. Would they go out and close the door behind them, as this was the busiest morning of his life?

"And he was quite right," Peachy reflected, melancholy but just. "I've been an absolute fool. What shall I do about it?"

No use appealing to Cecily Moore. In a month she had come to know Cecily too well. Also it was rumored that Cecily had planed over to Key West early that morning.

At this moment she passed for the second time the Telegrafo restaurant. She recalled that Dorothy and Maizie, whom she had once known in a roof revue, were patrons of the Telegrafo. They were evidently having a run of luck. She had once done Dorothy a good turn. If they were in there now, possibly ——

She turned and walked back to the wide-open doors of the restaurant. Sure enough, in the shadowy depths of the place, there they were. The gorgeous pink-and-black shells of two *morro* crabs were in front of them, flanked by the cool pale gold of a fruit salad, frosty glasses and silver coffeepots. They were evidently doing themselves very well and combining breakfast with luncheon. Peachy's parched tongue quivered. It wouldn't be so hard to sink into a chair beside them, to tell them that the Cecily Moore company had gone blooey and left her flat on her back, and would they lend her a hundred to pay her hotel bill and get back to New York?

But as she slowly wound her way in and out among the tables the thing happened that so many times before had stood between Peachy and fortune. As she looked at Dorothy and Maizie, at the paradise plumes that sprouted from them wherever a paradise plume could sprout, at the hard pink enamel of their unlined faces, at their eyes that were as friendly as the eyes of hunting leopards, she knew that she could not do it.

She was not finicky; she knew her world. But she had always played the hard game straight, and she was a lone-hander. She had learned that the less you lean the stronger you grow; the less you borrow the less you have to pay back. She was an adventurer, not an adventuress.

Spinning on her heel, she went out into the heated air of the Prado. A fattish young man in a wrinkled pongee suit, who had followed her to the door from the bench in the Parque, moved after her.

"Ah, mees!" he breathed in her ear. "You take a leetle walk with me. I give you a bird of paradise."

Peachy gave him one glance of scorn so unmistakable that he fell behind and oozed away.

"Back home it's a lobster, and down here a bird of paradise," thought Peachy bitterly.

She stepped along lightly and gallantly, but within her a sense of fright, strange to her, was growing. All at once the oppression of the foreign, the unknown, was upon her. Her knees trembled a little. How had she ever thought this place romantic and alluring? It was strange; it was hot; there was a flea in her left stocking.

Passing El Centro restaurant toward the shaded walks of the Paseo del Prado, she saw the unwiped marble-topped tables, the crumby tiled floor, a fat Cuban and his wife having breakfast after mass. This place had looked so gay the night before when she was driving past on her way to dine at the Almendares. The whole Paseo had looked different, the lights coming out under the velvety blue sky, the diamond necklace of the Malecón a flashing curve at the end of the Prado, the long fronds of the palms waving like the fan of a gracious lady.

Now all the shutters of the little white palaces along the Prado were closed. The arc lights that last night had glowed like so many soft moons under the trees now exhibited advertisements of tooth paste and perfumes. In front of the Spanish Club, where last night romantic and handsome young men had stood, an extremely dreadful beggar huddled and slept. From a lamp-post hung a garland of faded serpentine paper left over from last Sunday's carnival.

There is something singularly depressing about stale serpentine paper draped on a lamp-post. Peachy shivered

and averted her eyes. She knew that in another second she was going to cry, so she hastily pinched the bridge of her nose and kicked her left ankle with her right slipper, a remedy that had never failed her. Then she went on.

She came to the end of the Prado where it widens toward the sea wall and becomes the Malecón. There is a bit of the old city wall here, hoary, mossy, with a medieval bastion. Peachy looked at it and shuddered. She wondered what they did to Americans in Havana who could not pay their hotel bills. She went around behind the band stand and sat down on a dusty bench. In three seconds a caretaker who looked like the Pied Piper had discovered her, and she paid five cents for the privilege of sitting there to think.

Peachy opened the mesh bag, counted its contents and closed it again. Fortunately her hotel bill was not large. She had had one saving moment of common sense and had chosen the Reguladora instead of the Sevilla. But the Reguladora was Cuban to the backbone. It presented its statement each week. One had been in her box that morning, and three dollars was the merest fraction of what she owed the Reguladora.

At this point her hand made an instinctive gesture toward her breast, where, pinned to a bit of pink silk lingerie, was a ten-dollar bill, creased and with many pinholes in it. This was the life raft. But in her calculations she had scarcely thought of it, for superstition forbade that the life raft should ever be lowered until the waves were fairly breaking over her head. Three times in her stormy voyaging she had known retribution to follow swift on the heels of a careless spending of the life raft. Besides, what was ten dollars in the thirsty desert of Havana?

"The merest little raindrop," sighed Peachy.

For a silent half hour she sat there, her active mind circling around and about the situation. From somewhere over on the Calle Zulueta came the reedy flute call of a scissors grinder, infinitely outlandish, the melancholy intervals, the queer rise at the end of it, as un-American as the smells and the barred windows of the narrow streets of the old city. In front of her was the deep tropical sapphire of the Gulf Stream. Gulls were wheeling with their creaking cries toward the rocks below Morro Castle.

Peachy suddenly stood up and walked away from there. She must get where there was the sound of the American accent or her nerves would go to pieces. She hailed a jitney and drove back to the Reguladora. As she unlocked the door to her room the first faint beginnings of a plan stirred in her brain.

Quickly but carefully she made the very most skillful toilet she knew how to make. When she once more stepped out into the sunshine she looked like an exquisitely groomed little daughter of the rich. She was simple and slender in a straight gown of cream-white English flannel, bound at the square neck in narrow black silk braid, a narrow braided black sash about her waist, white pumps and stockings, her bobbed hair raying out under the fleeciest of white knitted Angora hats, with two black cherries hanging saucily over one ear.

A few minutes later she stepped carelessly across the lobby of the Sevilla, swinging the mesh bag in one hand, her white gloves in the other. She looked as if she had just come in from the country club after a morning of tennis. Many a masculine eye followed her wistfully as she went into the dining room after a glance around the lobby.

The band was crashing gayly through a Sousa march as she was led to a table. She felt her spirits rise at once. She selected the seat that gave her the best view of the room, ordered pompano and fresh asparagus, and leaning back sized up the room.

She knew all the types—the two couples from Detroit spending money for the first time, rather constrained, but missing nothing; the two couples who complained about the prices; the gray marcelled war horse entertaining a party that had aëroplaned over from Palm Beach that morning; the sleek brown young men who had brought their polo ponies and catamarans with them; the peppery little man in talkative tweeds who hadn't missed a racing season in eighteen years; the two leathery men with hard-boiled eyes and soft-boiled collars; the affable mother with two daughters whose table always had room for one more man; the two girls in black lace hats who were Dorothy and Maizie on a higher rung of the ladder.

Peachy sighed, and then her eyes fell on a table near her own at which sat two persons whose types were not so familiar. Facing her was a boy of about seventeen, a good-looking and well-dressed boy, but somehow rather unhappy in expression. With his profile to her was an older man, a stiff, handsome man with iron-gray hair and a faint air of defending himself against the general laxness of Havana and the gayety of the Sevilla in particular.

"Father and son," thought Peachy, amusing herself at a favorite game. "Father rather reserved and aristocratic. Has plenty of money—watch the head waiter. But he isn't having a particularly good time—afraid to let go. Doesn't know how, poor dear! And the boy isn't having a good time either—sulky. How funny, to come to Havana! Wonder why? Father is awfully cautious. I'll bet he deposited his traveler's checks in the office safe the day he arrived, and he draws 'em out fifty dollars at a time—and he's shy. He hasn't looked around the room once. He hasn't even seen me!"

At this conceit Peachy giggled to herself. But suddenly she looked demurely away, for if father hadn't seen her the boy had. She saw him start and stare, his nice gray eyes widening, incredulous delight in his naïve face.

"Son likes me, anyway," said Peachy to herself.

After luncheon Peachy strolled through the lobby slowly. In the patio the sun was filtering down through palm fronds, and the little potted trees made a most becoming setting. Peachy sank into one of the chintz-cushioned wicker chairs and ordered coffee. She looked indifferent and idle, but she missed no detail of the stir and movement in the lobby. Thus she saw the boy at once when he stepped out of the elevator and came hurrying into the lobby, looking about him eagerly.

"Ah, he's escorted father upstairs for his nap and now he's looking for me!"

Peachy always knew when they were looking for her She was therefore not watching him when the boy caught sight of her, and she apparently was unaware of his elaborately casual circling to a table just behind her. She heard him order coffee in a gruff embarrassed voice. Time was short and immediate action was indicated. Suddenly she made a nestling movement back into her chair, the silver mesh bag fell from the arm of the chair to the floor, she heard the hurried scrape of the boy's chair, and his voice said, "I—I beg your pardon. Your bag."

She looked around and up at him, smiling.

"Thank you so much! A bad thing to lose in Havana, isn't it?"

The boy did not reply quite as she had expected him to. He stood as if tongue-tied in adoration for a second or two before he blurted out: "Look here, I know you're—you're Cecily Moore. I've seen you dozens of times on the screen. I—I love your work. I never expected really to see you—see you like this, you know. But yesterday I heard you were stopping here, and I—I've hung around ——"

He choked in embarrassment, reddening and happily wretched.

One of the nicest things about Peachy was her real smile—not her stage smile or her smile for managers, but the little half smile which came when she liked a person and felt amused and friendly. This expression was upon her face now, having followed swiftly upon the heels of the first flash of astonishment.

"That was nice of you," she said. "I never mind being recognized by a person like you, who really likes my work, and who isn't just—you know."

The chummy way she waved her hand made the boy an equal in age and wisdom. It seemed to warm him to the marrow of his bones. His flush subsided and his eyes looked happy.

"I suppose you're waiting for someone, but could I—could I ——"

"Surely! Bring your coffee over," she helped him out. "That's right. Is that chair comfortable? Do you like Havana?"

Instantly they were off. The boy chattered as if let out of school, and Peachy smilingly listened. She gathered that the gentleman she had taken for the boy's father was

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She Was on Her Feet Instantly, Lassoing the Girl's Brother

A FRAME-UP

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I SUPPOSE you could call it a frame. But it wasn't like no frame that was ever pulled before. They's been plenty where one guy was paid to lay down. This is the first I heard of where a guy had to be bribed to win. And it's the first where a bird was bribed and didn't know it.

You know they've postponed the match with Britton. Nate said at first that his boy wasn't ready yet, but the papers all kidded him. Because anybody that seen Burke in the Kemp fight knows he's ready. So Nate had to change his story and say Burke had hurt one of his hands on Kemp's egg, and he wasn't going to take no chance boxing again till he was O. K., which mightn't be for a couple of months. Say, Kemp's head may be hard, but it ain't hard enough to hurt one of them hands of Burkey's. He could play catch with Big Bertha.

No, they's another reason why Nate ast for a postponement of the Britton date. It's got to be another frame-up that may take a long w'ile to fix, and he ain't got no plans made yet. And till he's all set, he'd be a dumbbell to send Burke against a man as good as Jack Britton.

The papers has printed a lot of stuff about Burke—how he ain't only been boxing a little over a year, and won't be twenty-one till next July, and five or six bouts is all he's been in, and now look at him, offered a match for the welterweight championship and $10,000 win, lose or draw! But if they knew Burke like some of us knows him, they could write a book. Because he certainly is Duke of the Cuckoos and the world's greatest sap. How they got him ready for the Kemp bout is a story in itself, but it won't come out till he's through with the game. So what I tell you is between you and I.

It was one afternoon about a year ago. Bill Brennan was in Kid Howard's gymnasium in Chi, working out, and they was a gang looking on. Howard seen one boy in the crowd that you couldn't help from noticing. He was made up for one of the hicks in Way Down East. He'd bought his collar in Akron and his coat sleeves died just south of his elbow. From his pants to his vest was a toll call. He hadn't never shaved and his w'iskers was just the right number and len'th to string a violin. Thinks Howard to himself: "If you seen a stage rube dressed like that, you'd say it was overdone."

Well, it got late and the gang thinned out till finally they wasn't nobody left but Howard and this sap. So Howard ast him if he wanted to see somebody.

"Yes," said the kid. "I want to see a man that can learn me to fight."

So Howard ast him if he meant box.

"Box or fight, I don't care which, just so's I can learn the rules," said the hick.

"Did you ever box?" says Howard.

"No," says the kid, "but I can learn quick and I'm willing to pay for it. I got plenty of money. I got pretty close to $700."

Howard ast him what was his name and where he come from and his business.

He Smiled Right in Her Face and She Smiled Back. I Guess It Was All She Could Do to Keep From Laughing

"My name's Burke and I work on my old man's farm," he says. "It's acrost the Lake, outside of Benton Harbor. We raise peaches."

"Has your old man got money?" ast Howard.

"Plenty," says the kid.

"Well," said Howard, "if you work on a farm, you're getting plenty of exercise. And if your old man's rich, you ain't after the sugar. So what's the idear of going into this game?"

"I don't want to go in no game," he says. "I just want to learn good enough so's I can win this one match and then I'm through."

"What one match?" says Howard.

"With Charley Porter," says Burke.

Well, of course you've heard of Charley Porter. He's a Benton Harbor boy too. He'd fought Lewis twice and Britton once and he'd give them both a sweet battle. He was considered about fourth or fifth best amongst the welters. So it struck Howard funny that this green rube, that hadn't never boxed, should think he could take a few lessons and then be good enough to beat a boy like Porter.

"You're an ambitious kid," he says to him, "but if I was you I'd take my seven hundred men and invest it some other way. Porter's had forty fights, and that's what counts. You could take all the lessons in the world, and he'd make a monkey out of you. Unless you're a boy wonder or something. But even if you are, you couldn't get no match with Porter till you'd proved it. And that means you'd have to beat some other good boys first."

So Burke said: "All I come to Chicago for is to take some boxing lessons. They told me you was the man to come and see. If I'm willing to pay the money, it shouldn't ought to make no difference to you if I get a match with Porter or not. Or if I lick him or not."

"That's right," said Howard. "Only I ain't no burglar or no con man. I'm in this business for money, but I don't want to take nobody's money without they get what they think they're paying for. And if you had seven million smackers I couldn't guarantee to make you a good boxer, not good enough to land you a match with Porter."

"I ain't asking you to land no match," says Burke. "I'll tend to that part. He'll fight me as soon as I think I'm ready. If he don't, I'll run him out of Michigan. He wouldn't dast stay round there if everybody was saying I had him scared. And that's what they'd say if he wouldn't fight me."

"Why would they?" says Howard. "He's in the game for money, too, and he couldn't get no money for a bout with a guy like you that nobody ever heard of. They wouldn't no club match you up."

"I won't have no trouble getting matched up," says Burke. "Fitzsimmons will put us on right there in Benton Harbor. The town's nuts over Porter and they'll pay to see him any time. And whatever purse they offer is all his. I'll fight him for nothing."

"Oh!" says Howard. "That makes it different! You're sore at him!"

"No," says the hick, "I'm not sore at him."

"You just don't like him," says Howard.

"I don't know if I like him or not," said Burke. "I don't even know him."

"But for some reason you want to give him a trimming," says Howard. "Well, listen, boy: I understand they's no capital punishment in your state, so it looks to me like you'd run less risk of getting killed if you'd sneak in Porter's house some night w'ile he's asleep and kiss him on the brow with a meat ax."

Burke didn't crack a smile.

"That wouldn't get me nowheres," he said. "They's a reason I got to box him. If you can learn me, all right. If not, I'll go somewheres else."

So Howard made a date for him to come back the next day.

II

WELL, when the kid stripped for action, Howard's eyes popped out. With them comic clothes on, he'd looked awkward; he was a picture with them off. Howard says he felt like inviting the best sculptures in Chi to come and take a look.

"I was going to box with him myself," says Howard, "but not after I seen them shoulder muscles. I figured I didn't have enough insurance to justify me putting on the gloves with this bird. So I made Joe Rivers take him."

Well, they could see in a minute that the rube was a born boxer. He was fast as a streak and in one lesson he learnt more than most boys picks up in a month. They just showed him how to stand and the rest seemed to come natural. In a little w'ile Joe, with all his experience, was having trouble to land, whereas Burkey was hitting Joe as often as he felt like. Only he didn't put no zip in his punches. He pulled them all.

"Cut loose once!" says Howard. "Let's see if you can knock him down!"

"Oh, no," said Burkey. "This ain't in earnest."

Rivers looked just as well satisfied, but Howard says:

"You got to be in earnest, even when you're just working out. They's lots of boys as strong as you that don't know how to get their stren'th into their punch. That's a thing that's got to be learnt, and I can't learn you if I can't see you wallop."

"No," says Burke. "I ain't going to hurt nobody for nothing."

And all Howard's coaxing done no good. He wouldn't cut loose.

But at the end of the six weeks he stuck round Howard's he was one of the sweetest boxers you ever seen and Howard thought so well of him that he tried to sign him up.

"Let me handle you, Burkey," he says. "I'll get you on in Milwaukee and I'll take you down east and make you some money. If you're handled right, they's no reason why you shouldn't be welterweight champion some day."

"I don't want to be welterweight champion," said Burke. "I just want to be champion of Charley Porter. And when I've beat him, I'm through."

"All right," says Howard. "You know what you want. But let me tell you one thing—you won't beat Porter or no one else if you just pet them. You've got to hit!"

The kid smiled.

"I'll hit when it's time," he says.

So that was the last Howard heard of him till pretty near a month later, when he picked up a paper and read where Young Burke, a farmer boy living outside of Benton Harbor, had stopped Charley Porter, an aspirant for the welterweight title, in one round.

III

ABOUT a month more went by before Burke showed up in Chi again and called on Nate. As soon as he mentioned his name and where he was from, Nate was interested. Because Howard had told him about his experience with the kid. But Burkey wasn't made up no more like Howard had described him. He was wearing the best suit of clothes twenty dollars could buy.

"I went to see Howard," he says, "but he's out of town. So I come to you. I want to go in the fight game."

"I understood from Howard," says Nate, "that you was going to quit after that one bout."

"I thought I was," says Burkey. "But it's different now. You see, I and my old man has busted up. So I got to make a living."

"What was the bust-up over?" ast Nate. "Didn't he like you boxing?"

"He didn't care nothing about that," says the kid. "But they was a gal he wanted I should marry. And I give her the air. So he done the same to me."

"Why did you quit the gal?" ast Nate.

"I figured I could do better," he says. "She's just a gal round home there, and why should I marry her? I can pretty near pick who I want to marry."

"Everybody can pick who they want to marry," said Nate.

"Yes, but who I pick, I can pretty near have," says the kid. "I thought I was stuck on this gal, but I found I wasn't. I hadn't seen hardly any other gals, and she was always round. So I thought she was about the only gal in the world. I know better now. But I did like her and my old man liked her and kept after me to ask her. So I ast her and she told me she was stuck on somebody else. So I ast her who was it and she said Charley Porter. She didn't know him, but she'd seen him on the street a lot of times, and he'd smiled at her. She thought he was handsome and made a hero out of him. He was the best fighter in the world, to her mind. So I said I could beat him and she laughed at me. She says, 'You might beat him plowing.' So I said, 'I can beat him boxing.' So she says, 'All right. You do it and I'll like you better than him.' So I come up here and took a few lessons and knocked him cock-eyed.

"When she seen me afterwards, she throwed her arms round my neck and said I was the best man in the world, and we got engaged. But during the time I was up here in Chi learning to box, I learnt to dance too. And I bought me these good clothes. So after I trimmed Porter I got to going over to St. Joe, to the pavilion, nights, and I seen all the gals was nuts over me. So I said to myself, 'What's the idear of tying up to this rube gal when you can marry somebody that is somebody—maybe one of these rich Chicago society dames.' So I give this hick the air and my old man throwed me out of the house."

Well, Nate's handled a lot of boxers and never seen one yet that despised himself, but after he'd listened to this bird a w'ile, he begin to think that all the rest of them was lilies of the valley.

"Which Chicago society gal have you picked out?" he says, to lead him on.

"I don't know yet," says Burkey. "Some of them at the dances in St. Joe looked good, but I want to see them all before I tie myself up."

If you ever been to St. Joe, you know the Chicago society gals that attends them dances. If you want to see one of them in the middle of the week, go up to the Draperies and ask for Min.

"You got the right dope," Nate says. "You'd be a sucker to make a choice till you'd looked over the whole field. And in the meanw'ile, I'll try and get you fixed up with a couple of matches so as you can grab some spending money."

But Burke was still thinking of the dames.

"I read a great story the other day," he says. "It was a young fella that was a boxer and one night he was walking along the street and he heard a gal scream. She was up on the porch of a big house and they was a dude there, trying to make love to her. So she didn't like him and that's why she screamed. So this young fella went in and grabbed the dude and knocked him for a long trip. So the gal got stuck on this young fella, the boxer, and married him and she turned out to be a millionaire."

"A great story!" said Nate. "I certainly wished I could of read it. But suppose he'd married her and then found out that her old man made automobiles and owed everybody. A young fella can't be too careful who he lets marry him. And if I was you I'd go slow. In the first place, most of the gals with the real class and the big money lives in New York. So why not wait till you've win a couple of bouts in Milwaukee or somewheres so's I can get you dated up in the Big Town? Then you can walk up and down Eighth Avenue and help yourself to the cream."

This was to stall him along so's he'd forget the skirts for a w'ile and tend to business.

Nate made him work out every day and box with some of the boys. But he was just as shy of a punch as when Howard had him.

"Cut loose and slug!" Nate told him.

"What for?" he says.

"To show me if you've got a haymaker," says Nate.

"Ask Porter if I have," said the kid.

Finally Nate got him matched with Red Harris in a semi-wind-up at Milwaukee. Harris can wallop, but he's slow. Well, Burkey made him look like he was handcuffed.

(Continued on Page 65)

"I'm Not Interested in Who You are," She Said. "I Don't Know You and I Don't Believe I Want To"

MILE HIGH

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VII

AN EAST wind had been blowing over the Mile High City and it made the people there a little restless. There seems to be something in an east wind the world over to disturb the human temperament. Topographical conditions do not appear to exert much influence on this. Even in England, where one might expect a strong draft from the east to bring a rush of dry air across the North Sea from the mainland, its effect is irritable to man and bird and beast, and even to the fishes in the sea.

When the wind's in the east the fish bite least.
When the wind's in the west the fish bite best.
But when the wind is in the south it blows the
bait in the fishes' mouth.

We face the east to pray, but perhaps that is because one faces the enemy to oppose him, and the east wind is a devil's wind. Even in Denver this seems to obtain. Cold, dry air comes down strong and sweet from where it has been sitting on the Rocky Mountains and, tempered by the glowing sun, it stimulates like wine. A man kisses his wife twice instead of once, while sweethearts scarcely know when to stop.

Juanita Heming was feeling the effect of the vexatious east wind, while her brother Jerry was still more irritated by it. He had left the sanatorium not because he wanted to nor because his cure was complete, but because he felt that he ought to do so.

When Nita protested he growled: "Oh, confound it, sis, there are a lot more deserving cases than I am who've got no proper place to go. I feel about it just as if the ship had been torped and there were a lot of helpless people who needed my seat in the boat. I don't think it's right for me to keep my berth there when we've got this perfectly good bungalow only a half a mile away. Chris felt the same about it and cleared out."

"Chris is cured, but I think perhaps you're right, Jerry."

"How does he like his new job over at the airdrome?"

"Oh, he likes it well enough, but I must say I hate to think of a man of his ability taking a position as sky-going chauffeur for the tourist crowd."

"Well, it's only temporary. Just as well for him to be sure of himself before going back to his job of electrical engineer. But the season will soon be over now. What's he going to do this winter?"

Nita looked a little distressed. "I don't know, Jerry. It's all my fault, I'm afraid. You see I told him one day about Townley, and he immediately took it into his silly head that I needed a bodyguard."

Jerry stared at her for a moment with a frown. "Well, I don't know but what he's right, Nita. You really do, with that beast at large. The rewards I've offered don't seem to turn up anything. Not a sign of him since he took that shot at you and went out the window in the Hotel des Colonists. But I can't see how he managed to get out of Paris."

"My theory is," said Nita, "that he ran down to the quay and slipped into the Seine and got aboard some barge that might have been towing down to Havre. Then he could have slipped aboard a ship or got a job as stoker or something. There were such a lot of loose casuals about that time."

Jerry nodded. "It's possible," he agreed. "But it makes it a little awkward about Chris."

"I know it, Jerry. He's giving up his proper work to be near me, whether I like it or not, and there doesn't seem any way in which I can square the obligation."

Her brother shot her a keen look. "Quite sure of that?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Nita frankly. "I'm awfully fond of Chris, but I don't think I'm in love with him, and I certainly don't intend to marry him until I am."

"You might do a lot worse, Nita."

"Of course I might; but it wouldn't be fair to Chris."

"I think he'd be quite willing to take the chance," said Jerry dryly.

"That's not the point. I'm quite willing to take a chance on Townley. But Chris won't let me. Well, I don't want to let him take a chance on me. But, as you say, it's a perfectly impossible situation and it can't go on indefinitely. Chris pretends that his cure is not complete and that he doesn't want to leave Denver until he's sure; but that's all rubbish. The doctors say he's sound as a dollar."

"You Might be the Moon for All That I'm Concerned. I Get Your Light, But With No Warmth in It"

"He's sound as a million dollars," grumbled Jerry. "Hanged if I know what to do about it. I offered him a job as private secretary at four thousand dollars a year, and he laughed at me." He changed his position slightly, and Nita stooped and arranged the cushions behind him. She was occupied in making him comfortable when there came a brisk step in the hall and a cheerful voice called:

"Hello, Jerry, can I come up?"

The permission was accorded and Chris entered. The last six months had materially altered his aspect. He had gained in weight and lost the patches of suspicious color in his lean cheeks, while the excessive clearness of his skin had given way to a healthy, even tan. Deep breathing and a strict régime had removed the shortness of breath. He looked an athlete in the pink of condition; was, in fact, actually such. And he had tested his restored lung tissue by tennis and running.

Jerry surveyed the trim, well-dressed figure of his friend with an ironical smile.

"All dressed up and nowhere to go," said he. "Nita and I have just been discussing your case. We think you ought to be getting back on your job."

"I'm on it, old boy," said Chris.

"Then what do you call your job?"

"Sky piloting. Demonstrating the beauties of the Mile High City from another mile high. That beats burrowing underground."

"It may while it lasts," said Nita, "but it's nearly over now. You are ephemeral, my little boy. You are merely a form of summer insect life buzzing round in the sunshine, but the winter will soon be coming on and you had better be looking round for a hole in which to hibernate."

"No," said Chris, "your simile is wrong. I am more of a Northern fowl, and pretty soon I'll change into my white winter plumage."

"But look here, Chris," protested Jerry, "all idle persiflage aside, this sort of thing won't do. It's no use for you to stall. Nita and I know why you're rotting round here, and it's getting on our nerves. If you're going to keep on playing bodyguard for my sister you can take your choice between accepting a paid position as such or getting fired. Do I make myself clear?"

"Not your fault if you don't, old top," said Chris cheerfully. "But I think you'd better lay off me. If I were to go back knowing that Nita was in danger of getting scragged some day by that beast I'd soon worry myself back into T. B. again."

"You're a persistent beggar, Chris," growled Jerry. "What's the use of it anyway? You can't shadow Nita all day and sleep on a mat outside her door at night. If anything should happen it wouldn't be when she was walking arm in arm with you."

"Well, that's not altogether the point," Chris answered with his customary cheer. "I've got a sort of hunch that Nita might feel any impending danger, and I want to be somewhere round and get between it and her. What difference does it make anyhow? I've got no responsibilities, and if I like it why should you worry?"

"What are you going to do this winter?" Nita asked.

Chris looked at her with a grin. "I'll tell you when the winter comes," he answered. "Just now I'd rather take you for a spin if Jerry will give you leave of absence for a couple of hours."

"All right," Nita agreed. "Jerry ought to take a nap, and I'd rather like a blow."

She dressed herself for a flight, then went out with Chris and they walked over to the hangar, about a quarter of a mile away.

Nita had often been up with him, sometimes for flights of two or three hours, and was in fact the institution's best client, flying as a pastime not yet having fallen within the scope even of individuals of average means. It does not take long to cover a mile in a plane of medium speed, and at a tariff of a dollar a mile, coming and going, the passenger dispenses, as one might say, a steady stream of dollars for the pastime. Nita had seriously considered the purchase of a plane of her own, but Chris opposed it.

"The next thing you'd be wanting to pilot yourself," said he; "and though the sport is safe enough in the hands of one who understands it thoroughly, it is not yet precisely what I call a lady's game. Better keep on hiring 'em a while longer. The cost doesn't matter, with your oil wells down there spouting money faster than you can possibly spend it. Nothing like having your fortune in liquid form."

The two were gradually approaching an intimacy that was not brotherly and sisterly, nor yet quite a sentimental one. It was comradely so far, but with an underlying quality of combustible energy that needed but a spark of living flame to produce an explosive union with the production of a new and stable compound. Lacking this spark it might have remained definitely inert like powder in a magazine, or even if ignited under no restraining pressure have burned itself destructively away like cordite unconfined.

Such a relationship is not uncommon between a man and a woman of self-contained natures. Given a certain routine of life and uneventful surroundings, there may exist a sort of insulation, like two electric wires carrying each its strong current, led side by side but neither producing a reaction in the other.

No doubt such a condition exists often between two persons of opposite sex and strong mutual sympathy, to develop what is described as a platonic friendship. Such lives might never reach fruition when nothing occurs to complete the circuit between them. It was rather like this with Chris and Nita. Both were insulated by their nonconductors: that of Chris the conviction that he had not enough to offer Nita in exchange for herself, while Nita's ardent nature was imbedded in the confining coat of terrific experiences that had made it difficult, almost impossible, for her to react to any powerful emotion without the agency of some tremendous impulse.

Under such circumstances as these it is possible that their relations might have continued indefinitely on a purely individual basis. Most young men desperately in love have realized the hopelessness of such a situation and longed for some fortuitous event to break down the barrier: a shipwreck, a fire, an opportunity for the defense of the loved one at the risk of any personal catastrophe. It was so with Chris. He realized fully that Nita was not a woman to be wooed and won in a prosaic way, by mere devotion or sentimental speeches. Her emotions were strongly contained, impervious to the reactions that might have stirred those of young girls whose lives had been monotonous or sheltered. She was familiar with the rush of violent impulses, both dangerous and passionate, the blasts of the wind of circumstance. But these were far removed, leaving her moored, as it were, in sheltered waters, there to await the next stress to which her destiny might urge her.

They reached the hangar, where Chris ordered his plane wheeled out, and they got aboard to make a short flight over and about the city. But even such diversion, thrilling to most and with its elements of danger and exhilaration, failed to evoke in Nita any particular excitement. Chris longed to fly with her to some desert island or be forced to descend in some recess of the mountains where adventure might lurk. He was constantly aware of being very close to Nita while infinitely removed from her, like the electric wires already mentioned, which side by side might yet be carrying their separate messages to the antipodes.

When finally they returned to the hangar and started to walk back to the bungalow he tried to express something of this.

"Sometimes I feel about you as if you were the gold piled up inside the paying teller's window, Nita," said he. "Awfully close, but not for me. You might be the moon for all that I'm concerned. I get your light, but with no warmth in it."

"Sometimes I feel like the moon, Chris. A burned-out planet, shining with the reflected light from very far away."

"No, you're a sort of Sleeping Beauty. If only I could discover the magic to wake you up! Do you think that anybody else has got it?"

Nita shook her head. "Not now," she answered. "But you mustn't let it trouble you, my dear. I can't go on forever in this uninspired state. It's the result of recent experiences and anxiety about Jerry, and probably a sort of relaxation that comes from sudden freedom from care."

Chris looked at her speculatively. "I wonder if it would do any good if I were to bang you on the head and drag you to a cave."

"Not a bit. I'd wake up with a headache, feeling very cross and complaining about the discomfort of the cave. I should probably tell you that you were no gentleman."

"Well, then, what if I should keep somebody else from banging you on the head and dragging you to the cave?"

"That might help a little. Most women like to be fought for. But it would have to be some scrap."

"The trouble is," said Chris, "that nowadays most men do the fighting for the females of their kind in their business offices. I'm rotten poor at that sort of tournament, and, besides, it wouldn't get me anywhere, as you're so hopelessly rich already."

"You might try, though," said Nita; "the fight's worth something."

Chris shot her an eager look, then his face set rigidly. "Gad, I believe I'll do it," said he. "After all, there's not much else I've got to offer."

"Do you really mean it, Chris?"

"Yes, I do; otherwise I might stick round forever or until some fellow with more pep came along and grabbed you off. I'm beginning to think that you're in no great danger. If that brute really meant to get you he'd have had a try by this time. Besides, revenge like that scarcely ever happens. A man might cherish hatred for a woman that had loved him or a pal that had double-crossed him, but not against a person who had tried to get him from the very start and for a perfectly good reason."

"Well, I hope you're right, Chris. No doubt you are, but this was an unusual case. Townley really thought I had fallen victim to his fascinations. I don't believe he knows to-day the reason why I trapped him. No doubt he thinks I did it because I was in love with Calvert Steele."

"Well, that would have been a perfectly good reason. At any rate I've come to believe that you're in no danger from him, so I am going to tender my resignation."

"And go away?"

"Yes. To follow your suggestion and do something with my life and get something more to offer you."

Nita was silent for a moment. She was trying to imagine just what it would be like to go on as she had been doing, but without Chris, and in this she was partly successful. For death is often the supreme test of one's state of heart, and separation for an unfixed period of time is practically a phase of death.

"*Partir—c'est mourir un peu*," she hummed to herself.

"Yes," he agreed. "Tosti's song expresses it: Parting—it is to die a little. It might even run into the same thing, but I'd rather risk it than go on this way because now I die daily when I say good night."

"Where do you intend to go?" asked Nita.

"Back to the East, to talk to an uncle. He's got mines in Peru. He'd offered me a good job there, but the doctor said it was too hot and damp. You see the mines are down in a river valley."

Nita looked distressed. "But I don't want you to go to such a place as that, Chris. It might start things up again."

"If there's anything that can be started up I want to know it before I talk much more to you," Chris answered.

"I believe you really love me, Chris."

"Thanks. So do I. It's true, though. If it were myself I loved I'd stick on round here and be with you whenever I got the chance, and one of these days you'd up and marry me just because there didn't seem any particular reason for not doing so. I don't want you that way, Nita. I'd rather go without you altogether. If you ever marry me it's got to be because you can't possibly do without me."

Nita appeared to turn this in her mind. "It would be rather silly if I should come to that conclusion just when you got all settled in Peru," said she.

"Well, I want to try that heat test anyway for about six months," said Chris, "so there'd be no loss of time. It's not a new idea. I've been turning it in mind without the nerve to make the break, but what Jerry said a while ago tipped the scale. He's right. I'm a nuisance to you rotting round this way. Your danger's not enough to warrant it. I'll send you an Airedale or something to take my place. You can pat him on the head and pretend it is I."

(Continued on Page 86)

"Then You Must Let Me Show You About a Little," Said Nita. "There is to be a Ball Here Tomorrow Night. I'll Send You Cards"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year; Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1921

A Word of Explanation

A NUMBER of our employes are at present on strike. The difference between us and these employes is not over wages, which are higher than ever before in the history of the printing trades—from sixty-five to more than one hundred per cent up from prewar figures—but over a demand for a reduction from forty-eight to forty-four hours in the weekly working schedule. Coming at a time of general business depression, when the whole economic trend is towards lower costs, this demand cannot be complied with. For the present we ask your indulgence if the physical appearance of the magazine is not fully up to the standard which we endeavor to maintain, or if there is some delay in the receipt of your copy.

College Training for Diplomacy

DURING the past few years the colleges have been swelling their catalogues by the addition of so many new groups of vocational studies that a caustic Frenchman who has lately been studying our educational system was led to observe that "In America you have schools for everything except Learning." This witty generalization is obviously unfair and misleading, but it indicates how learned Europeans regard our current passion for attempting to teach in our colleges subjects that are far better learned in the school of experience.

Inasmuch as the colleges have been invading so many new fields it is rather remarkable that they should have practically ignored a strong and altogether legitimate demand for special training for the diplomatic and consular service. There are thousands of young men who want to travel and see the world that would gladly engage in foreign service either under the Government or in private employ if only they knew where to get the training that would make them eligible for such positions.

When one comes to survey the field it is surprising to note how few colleges give well-rounded courses designed to prepare young men for diplomatic or commercial positions in other lands. Most of the universities offer subjects which if properly grouped and combined would form an excellent background for a budding diplomatist; but this is not at all the same thing as recognizing diplomacy as a useful and dignified profession and making careful and specific provision for young men who would like to engage in it as a life work. The requirements of the problem are not such as offer any formidable obstacles to the universities or any insurmountable ones to the smaller colleges. Both types of institution presumably have strong departments of history, modern languages and economics. Colleges that do not maintain graduate schools of law might have to go outside for one or two instructors in international law and the history of diplomacy; but the universities need only requisition the services of such specialists already employed in their law schools.

European nations teach diplomacy with a largeness of conception and with an elaboration of detail that will not for a long time be practicable in this country; but inasmuch as our overseas interests are daily becoming greater and our stake in world affairs will each year become more vital, do what we may to prevent it, it is high time to plan for the elementary professional education of the young men who, not many years hence, will be charged with safeguarding our interests in foreign capitals.

Paying for a Front

THE drop in raw materials and manufactured goods has by no means found a reflection in retail prices that satisfies the buying public. Wage reductions are resisted by union labor on the ground that the cost of living is still far too high. Few there are among the public who look upon the profiteer as an extinct species.

It is freely granted that many dealers are selfish, quite too selfish for the public good. But the only practical question is how to change the conditions which make it possible for them to get away with it. As regards foodstuffs an experienced manufacturer of canned goods goes straight to the heart of the problem in this statement:

"Many buyers in this little home town of mine do all their business at one favorite store. They never price anything; simply order what they want and pay the merchant whatever he may charge. Does he give them the goods that he makes the smallest margin of profit on? What do you suppose?

"The same thing that is going on here is going on more or less in every town and every city in the United States. And we are fed daily by pretty nearly every publication put out for the reading public on the H.C.L., the poor exploited consumer, the hoggishness of the food producer, the profiteering of the retailer and the general grinding down of the poor public. Town, city, state and national government are being hounded to come to the relief of the consumer, and that consumer goes calmly on paying one man ten to fifty per cent more for goods than the same goods can be bought for just around the corner.

"To-day, after all the talk and argument of the past year, if two men would start in the retail business in the same town the one renting the most expensive building and putting in the most expensive fittings and giving the most expensive services would get by far the greater part of the business, at sufficiently higher prices to make his the more profitable business. There is certainly no reason why any retailer should reduce prices while the buyers make it their regular practice to buy from the highest-priced stores, and this, as you know, is done by so large a percentage of buyers that the retailer who cuts prices practically automatically takes himself out of the first class and is classed at once as a cheap-John.

"Is it reasonable to expect the fancy grocer to cut prices when he is getting the business at his present high rates? Would he not be foolish when by doing so he would simply destroy the confidence of his customers in the quality of his goods and quite possibly send them to his competitor?

"Is it not certain that if the consumer going out to buy food, fuel or clothing will consistently hunt for the store that sells at the smallest margin of profit and that carries on its business in such a manner as to keep its overhead at the lowest possible point and gives its customers the benefit of the saving thereby accomplished, there would be a general movement by the best retailers to meet these demands of the consumer? Is it not certain that so long as the retailer loses class and business by working in that direction he will make no effort to do so? Legislation cannot help. The only laws that will bring the answer are natural laws. The situation is absolutely in the hands of the consumer."

Mr. Edison's Questions

THE learned world has lately experienced a vast deal of amusement and perhaps a little chastening as the result of the publication of an examination paper that Mr. Thomas A. Edison has been shoving under the noses of some five hundred young men who applied for positions as inspectors in his plants.

So many college graduates were flunked by this remarkable questionnaire, only thirty applicants having passed with high credit, that Mr. Edison was moved to make some rather sharp comments on the quality of instruction imparted at our best universities. Educators hither and yon took up his challenge and retorted by making him the target for much unwarranted sarcasm and ridicule.

The one characteristic of Mr. Edison's examination paper that his harsher critics found most jolting was its unconventionally broad scope; for instead of sticking to the subject matter of a dozen or twenty text books it roamed up and down the ages, invaded a dozen arts and sciences and ranged the heavens from the sun to Betelgeuse. There was no complaint because he asked, Who was Leonidas? But when he sought to fathom the mysteries of the Chinese windlass and demanded to be told the kind of wood kerosene barrels are made of his college critics felt that he was not playing the game according to their rules. There was no harm in asking, Who was Plutarch? But to make the same inquiry in regard to the late Mr. Bessemer was a very different matter.

A sufficient idea of the scope of Mr. Edison's paper has been given to afford a definite clew to his aims. His obvious intent was to test not only his applicants' formal book learning, such as they were supposed to have got in the classroom, but also those other branches of knowledge that are acquired almost exclusively out of school through the reading of serious books and periodicals or as by-products of an alert and lively interest in the more recent developments of science, invention and the arts. His evident wish was to ascertain not only how well the applicants' teachers had taught them, but how well the young men had taught themselves. Neither Darwin, Spencer nor the late Lord Kelvin would have ridiculed his questions, for they would have perceived how high a value Mr. Edison sets upon the will and ability to absorb learning through the pores.

If this is a correct interpretation of Mr. Edison's mind he has pointed a warning finger at the greatest weakness in the mental approach of the average man over thirty, whether college graduate or not. Business and industry fairly swarm with unconscious examples of arrested intellectual development; men who displayed plenty of mental vigor when study was their sole task, but who later fell victims to the fatuous belief that education ends with final examinations and that it is not necessary to prolong the struggle to expand and harden the brain by giving it daily nourishment and exercise. No one ever made them understand that their veritable finals were not those their instructors set, course by course, nicely adjusted to the scope of their studies, but that the crucial test of their fitness lies in their ability to deal with those practical problems of home and job and human interplay that a rough and heedless world will one day thrust upon them with never a care as to whether they will flunk or pass.

There is no greater handicap for a young man entering upon business or professional life than the flagging of mental activity in the early years of his productive career. The moment a man begins to think he knows enough and loses the first sharp craving to learn, a definite something in him has died and his intellectual finish is not far off.

HAVING SEEN ENOUGH

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE more I see of the world the more I wonder why Americans travel. And the more I travel the better I understand why the average American traveler gets his biggest thrill when he sights the shores of his own country. I know exactly the spirit that animates the perpetrators of such American songs as have for their main theme an emphatic and constantly reiterated urge to be somewhere under the Stars and Stripes, and I approve of it. "I want to be! I want to be!" and "Oh, take me back! Take me back!" Can you imagine anybody wanting to be away down south in Honan or pleading tunefully to be taken back to dear old Tsinanfu town? Anybody who likes may give my regards to Kiao-chau and remember me to old Kwangping, but I authorize nobody to intimate in either instance that I will soon be there! And I would just as leave include Tehchau and Wu-chang and King-ho and Weihsien and a few other places.

And just by way, I suppose, of adding a new variety of horror to the situation existing in China during the winter, they were developing an epidemic of pneumonic plague when in the early spring I made the trip that I am about to describe. In each of the morning papers there are two regularly run columns, one of which is headed The Famine, and the other The Plague Situation. Cheerful reading for the breakfast table!

Famine Crowd in Shan-tung Crushing Through the Doors of a Temple Where Grain is Being Distributed. Above—A Close-Up of Grain Seekers

China's Twin Plagues

NOTHING much is being said in foreign circles about typhus and smallpox, both of which are widely prevalent throughout the country; but this, I suppose, is because most persons believe in the efficacy of vaccination against smallpox, and are not too dreadfully afraid of typhus because they know how it is communicated and are able to take the necessary self-assuring precautions. But pneumonic plague is a deadly thing you breathe and is 100 per cent fatal. Some thousands of cases have developed in Manchuria, and it is cropping out now down along the railroad which I must travel by in order to get out of Northern China.

The First in a Grain Line. Mrs. Egan at the Left

I don't mind saying that I never was less enthusiastic about anything in my life than I am about that little trip. They have stopped selling third-class tickets and say they may suspend railway operations altogether. But in China promises are not invariably followed by performances and there is no way really of knowing what may happen. I am chiefly impressed by the fact that if the condition which obtains to-day on the railroad between Tientsin and Tsinanfu were to be duplicated, let us say, on the Illinois Central south from Chicago, the whole American population from Maine to California would be up in arms and little else would be thought of, little else would be regarded as of any importance whatever to the general American welfare until that situation had been successfully dealt with. Which quite interestingly illustrates at least one of the differences between the two great republics. And maybe the story I have to tell will suggest a few others.

I have just come through a rather extraordinary adventure, and perhaps it is because I have been reading a good deal of Chinese history lately that the thought occurred to me and has persisted in my mind that no medieval depicter of Hadean horrors ever crossed the plains of Southern Chi-li in a two-wheeled springless freight cart. Chinese history as it is written is largely a record of deductions, and I deduce this little contribution from the fact that wayward Christians have never been threatened with an eternity of such experience as a punishment for their sins.

The plains of Southern Chi-li are not in themselves so frightful. Indeed in vast reaches of them they smile most pleasantly and invite one to visions of plenteous harvests and much happiness, but here and there upon them are hellbroths incessantly astew, and time and again as I made my way across them I wondered how I was ever to convey to other minds even a suggestion of the pictures with which my own mind was crowded. At any rate I shall have to guard against a too frequent reliance upon such words as unimaginable, unbelievable and indescribable. If these should suddenly be withdrawn from our language there would no longer be a shortage of print paper, because the production of that which is printed would be reduced by a very large percentage. And to follow up this vagrant thought, if the eliminators should then decide to eliminate unprecedented and unparalleled, frightful, dreadful, fearful, awful, terrible, hideous, horrible and colossal, nobody could write at all about the kind of thing that is happening nowadays.

A Study in Contrasts

I AM back in Peking in a comfortable room in the finest hotel in the East. I am clean. I am wholesomely fed. Down in the spacious lounge an excellent orchestra is playing cheerful American tunes, to which I know many well-dressed persons are dancing on a polished hardwood floor, while at small tables here and there among the palms and the waxen camellias are many others having tea served to them daintily by silent-footed boys in spotless white uniforms.

But away out yonder in the dried-up, dust-enshrouded world that I have come from are the hideous, hungry hordes! And the children! I don't like to remember the children. I have been able to look with considerable self-control upon the dead and dying among the adult populations in China, but the skeleton babies sucking ravenously at their own doubled-up, wee, fleshless fists, and the little boys and girls appealing mutely for

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"Mother" With Mrs. Egan in Their Equipage de Luxe

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIII

IT IS true that willful want makes woeful waste on most occasions, especially in the big cities, but willfully wanting to get out of town in a hurry wasted none of our time as we shot out of Albuquerque bound for Socorro, I'll tell the world! There was only one serious question in my mind as we left, which question was, Why hadn't these bulls telegraphed ahead to the local authorities and has us nipped, as it were, in advance? And then it come over me that there must be a reward out for catching us—a money reward which they would lose or have to split with the natives, or something like that.

I felt we would be safe so long as we wasn't in danger of being recognized by any local authorities in the places we stopped at. The birds with the red car would only ask for help as a last resort, being fairly certain to figure on catching us their own selves sooner or later. Later was what I hoped for, and when I thought of the session they would have when they tried to find out what was the matter with their car I had to laugh, because a car is not like a person, and when it has a strange ailment you don't generally look at the appendix first. I only wished I could of seen their faces when they at length discovered what was gone, and I was betting with myself they would take half a day at least to get to it on account of naturally thinking of everything else except magneto points.

Well, anyways, having settled that for the present, and being perfectly willing to live in the present, as the girl said when her uncle slipped her into a diamond ring, why, those bulls was easily dashed out of my mind by our dashing across the Rio Grande unexpectedly, and what it was doing up there I don't know, as it ought to of been down guarding the Mexican border. But there it was, having perhaps switched up that way after some bootlegger or something, because they do say it changes its course very easily, and that is not surprising, because it is mostly Mexican, after all.

Well, anyways, we crossed it, or rather the wet spot where it would be after the rains, and I will say that whatever else the Westerners have that's good, they have no rivers, and they ought to see our Hudson or Connecticut or Delaware even just once. It would knock 'em dead!

Across the Rio Grande we come into Isleta, a real, genuine Christianized Indian village, with a old adobe church that has the original, ancient fifty-cent admission charge, whitewashed houses with bright blue doorways with red peppers hanging beside them; and in spite of the color scheme it is much more Spanish-looking than American-looking.

Well, Jim got all excited, and also got out the camera and snook up behind a Indian dame with her young on her back and a blanket on her front and everything, he thinking to tactfully snap this free uneducated daughter of the wilds in her native state and costume all but the shoes, which was tan laced ones, and not let her know it or wound her shy, sensitive, free, wild spirit or anything. And he didn't wound it—not even a little bit! Because when he had snapped the shutter and was tactfully turning away she let out a holler at him.

"Hey, you!" she says. "That'll be fifty cents!"

"Can you beat it?" says Jim after he had paid her, climbing back into the car. "She's got not only cooties, but gimmies!"

And then we showed we could beat it by doing so out of town before any he Indian was to come up and charge us for looking at the view.

I never expected we would cross the Rio Grande at all, but we done it three times in that one morning, on narrow, wooden, rickety bridges with Indians—half-tamed ones—coming over at the same time with carts and horses. 'And I'll remark right here that I never once seen an Indian driving a car of any kind. They like to see their horse power in terms of actual horses, I guess.

Well, anyways, we kept ducking back and forth over the big river, into and out of mean little Indian villages, over shale roads and between stunted trees. I suppose they call them stunted, because that's what it looks like they were doing—stunts—with their arms and bodies all twisted out of shape. Also it is some stunt, believe me, for a tree to grow in that rock with no water! But the Indians manage to get a little corn out of the ground as well, although not over two feet high, and this shows that there is good in that ground, when stuff will grow in it under the worst possible conditions; and if the w. k. Gov't would give these Indians a little water they would be prosperous farmers.

Well, then we come to a place called Los Lunas, which I guess is Spanish for The Looneys, or Nuts. It is the forking-off place for the two routes—the northern one by Laguna and Gallup and the south one which we was taking, and if a person was to read all the conflicting signs which the chambers of commerce of the towns on the rival routes have put up you would go nowheres but crazy and start running around in circles.

Right opposite to each other are two signs, each one of which says the other way is rotten, with bad roads and bum hotels and dangerous passes, but that their way is perfect and goes through the most interesting places. And the two routes is about a hundred miles apart, and how a woman driver can ever decide which way to turn there is more than I know, because Jim was driving at the time, and he and the police had my mind made up for me.

So we give ourselves a shove to the left down through Belen, and started south over a wild, rugged country where the mountains were like jagged teeth against the sky and the parched plain was strewn with the bleached bones of automobiles—a wheel here, a fender there, or a rib of chassis drying grimly in the sun. I suppose they was the skeletons of cars which had got stuck there when it was all mud during the rainy season. At least I hope they was, because that would be the only excuse for them untidy tourists leaving all that truck laying around behind them. Honest, the worst thing I got against tourists is the way they act like they thought they would be the last person going over a trail or through a forest and so it didn't matter what tin cans and even worse seteras they left behind them, because of course nobody would ever see them. And if they would only have eyes in the back of their head they would see a big procession behind them that the landscape is ruined for, practically, or would be except that Nature fortunately made mountains bigger than tomato cans and prairies larger than newspapers. But there is no sense in throwing rubbish in the face of Nature. It don't improve it any more than it would any other face, and the Government is not yet in a position to provide a corps of facial massagists for the whole entire map to clean up after campers.

If I personally myself was running Washington I would see to it that all parties about to cross the continent from either side by motor was put through a strict examination to find out did they have decency and intelligence enough always to go to the little trouble that it is to leave a clean camp—to respect the forest's fire-insurance policies, and not to cut down and pull up plants for no reason. And for the ones which was found guilty of violating their oath of outing the punishment would be that they would have to walk all the way from the court where they was tried to Arizona or New Mexico or wherever they left the mess and clean up after themselves! Ma used to punish me that way on a small scale when I was young, and, believe me, having to do it even once will learn you, and I am laying in wait for Junior with that same golden ruler!

Well, anyways, these high windy plains with their skeletons of dead autos, and also with here and there a dead steer thrown in to make it look natural, was cold as the mischief, although the southest we had been yet. The noons was hot, but, oh, you night and morning! Actually we would put on our winter you-know-whats and a coat and sweater, beginning with the next day when we left Socorro, a pretty little town with hot springs and a hot little hotel and a hot couple of Hopi chickens in cootie coops and ten-cent pearl earrings and regular Broadway clothes who waited on the table there. Cute? I'll say they were! And even Tom Westman passed a few remarks, which is quite enough to say of them, because he was technically in love, and so, according to the books, he hadn't ought to of noticed.

What a cold, well-aired morning it was, coming up out of Socorro through a high, dangerous mountain pass called Blue Canyon! Up and up we went, but I more accustomed to it now and able to look back at the view without wanting to jump into it. And it was a peach of a view—all barren, jagged mountains, very steep and sharp pointed and filled with blue haze in the hollows. The continental divide, it was.

Say, did you ever see a golden eagle? I don't mean a five-dollar gold peice or one sitting in tragic quiet in a cage at the zoo. I mean on the loose where it belongs. Well, I have. Floating over Blue Canyon, where the sun caught under his almost motionless, outspread wings—the finest sight you can think of. He really is pure gold when he's flying overhead in the sun. Funny thing that looking at a mere bird can give you a choke in the throat like that. My heart sort of stopped with awe as I lay back and watched it out of sight. I never thought a bird would make me feel religious, but he did. I seen why we chose him for our national emblem. He is so calm, free, majestic—so sure. Oh, gosh, words is so cheap!

Nobody But Me Seems to of Realized That the Hopis Should be Preserved in Their Own Customs, Habits, Way of Living and Dressing

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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But I'm glad he was chosen, anyways. Because you know what committees to choose things are. Wouldn't it of been awful if they had chosen a canary?

We had a lot of adventures with animals around here, although one of them we didn't know about until long afterward. Jim had been trying ever since Kansas to get a photograph of a prairie dog, but with no success. Well, this day while we ate our lunch—and cleaned up the papers after us—he went out and set the camera for a time exposure over around a turn where a dog colony was, and left it there while we ate. Then he went back and got it, and marked on the fillum number what it was, and when that fillum came to be developed it was the picture of a bear!

Well, not to get too far ahead of ourself, we stayed that night at Magdalena, a real mining town, with Magdalena's face two miles long on the side of the mountain—if you got a good imagination. And from there we went on through more and more mining country, with holes in the hills where miners or bears had made them, but very different from the Penn coal district, although coal was here, too, and zinc and copper. And so on through Datil Forest, all tall pine trees—fox-trail pines, they call them—and again it was awful cold. Then down into Quemado, where gas cost us sixty cents. It was just a little place—sort of post-office center for a lot of big cattle ranches, and a big ice-cream saloon which had seen stronger days, but not in a financial sense, because it seemed pretty well patronized by cowboys, of which any number was standing around outside at ninety-two in the shade. And they do really wear high-heeled boots and big hats and have no end of impudence, but of a awful attractive kind, and I had a perfect right to notice them after the way Jim had remarked about those Hopi chickens and pretending it was a purely geographical interest! Oh, baby, they was some boys! A cowboy has to be a awful lemon not to attract a woman. And by gollies, don't they know it, just?

Well, anyways, at Springville that night in a clean little tavern run by a German woman who learned her business off of Harvey himself, we had, in the heart of the steak country, a steak that sticks in my fond memory yet. It was not over three or four inches thick, tender as the words of love, cooked to perfection, and as it only weighed around four pounds and was served for three, cost two dollars delivered and war tax paid! This is a great country, and I can prove it, and while there is steaks like that in it there is also hope.

Tom, for one, got a revelation from that steak, and it was a beautiful sight to see him sitting there across the table from us, so melancholy and love sick and lonesome for Alma, who must of taken the northern route, that he couldn't eat over half of the whole entire thing. He just kind of absorbed it, as though half unconscious of what he was doing, and then went out to look the public camping ground over just to make sure the Peterkins were not there.

I followed after a while, just to hang about and watch. The camps in the towns was so interesting, and the further west the more so. Beginning in Kansas, this free-camp-life-in-the-open-air stuff was absolutely canned by mutual consent of all parties, and at dusk they would huddle into not alone the towns, but into camp yards, which was not beautiful wooded dells where the solitary camper's fire winked back at the stars, like you would suppose, but a wooden den, a sort of roofless garage, where often and often the busses would be parked as close as in a real garage, and everybody camping promiscuously and so close together I should of thought they would be embarrassed to turn over during the night. However, towns and supplies and—of all important things—water was very infrequent and far apart out there, which is probably the reason for this enforced chumminess.

But oh, such a strange mixture would be in those camp yards!

Some were just plain tramps, some were workers traveling from place to place and picking up an odd job. Then right along next to them some nice ladies, all alone together. Then a sick man and his wife and baby, living out for their health. Then a big, expensive new car with a family that was just too plain mean to pay hotel charges, though well able to afford it.

Such a jumble, such a crew! There was only two kinds of people who always seemed self-sufficient and never come into these camps but stayed lonely out on the open prairie keeping themselves to themselves, as ma says. One of these kind was gypsies—the genuine Egyptian gypsies that thought the rest of us was lowlifes and who wouldn't stoop so low as to associate with mere Christians. And the other was homesteaders with oxen or horses and prairie schooners, of which there are indeed many left, and a lot of them are Mormons looking around for new lands to take up. And whatever you may think of their marriages, you got to hand it to them on their ability to improve real estate.

When you see one of these birds camping at nightfall on the prairie or the desert, his horses hobbled, his wagon looming up kind of ghostly, his fire beginning to leap, yellow in the gray dusk, a woman, or sometimes two or three, flitting silently about, you have a hard time to realize this is 1921 and not '49. And then you see, like we did the next day, a thriving, exquisitely beautiful town like St. Johns, Arizona, a garden town all a-flutter with cottonwood trees, and beautiful, high-class houses, and you realize this is a Mormon town, and that men like that lonely—but not too lonely—camper, come out years ago and caused the desert to blossom like the rose and that he will do the same if you just give him time, why, you commence to tone down your opinions of Mormons—that is, you do if your opinions was anything like what mine was.

I was glad—even after I seen this further link in the wreath of beautiful little cities that stretches from coast to coast—I was glad that Jim was not a Mormon. I wouldn't take a chance on any man not using the excuse, no matter if they do say that is all over with now. It was a great way of developing real estate, but not of developing domestic bliss.

Did you ever notice how religion, no matter of what flavor, will bring worldly results if it is sincere and practiced by a group? Look not alone at the Mormons, but at Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, ect., and the property they own. Think it over. There's something worth considering. It even works out with plain common everyday Christians if they remember that God helps those who help themselves!

Well, anyways, out of St. Johns we struck into a country that got bigger and bleaker by the minute, causing me to feel full of pep and adventure and also to sing my favorite song that I and Jim used to sing before our dance in the old small-time days, and he now joined me at the top of our voices, as often before on this trip, because that is how the air makes you feel:

I am a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour ——

We were doing a little close agony over it when Jim interrupted himself abruptly.

"Holy cats, what is that?" says he, taking one hand off the wheel to point, although going down grade, the careless way he was, although I have told him one million times that I don't like him to do it. But husbands have these blind spots in their minds. Jim has also got one about lobster à la Newburg, which in all the time I have known him he has gone on suggesting for supper and I have to again remind him that I hate it. But as long as he had pointed, anyways, why I looked, and then I echoed his surprise, although in more refined language.

"What is it?" I says. "Great gosh!"

For there ahead of us was a series of smooth cone-shaped mounds that were too high for real mounds and too low to be hills. They looked more like enormous ant hills than anything, only the ants would of had to be about the size of automobiles to of made them. And then up spoke Tom out of the depths and mazes of the road map—a junior road map we had bought off a recent garage.

"Say, folks, it's the petrified forest!" he says. "I thought we was going to miss it coming this way."

And he and the road map both was right, because pretty soon, at the foot of one of them queer, nightmarish,

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For preparing modified milk.

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For infants and invalids.

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Full strength and unusually pure.

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MERCK

(Continued from Page 22)

ice-cream-cone ant-hill formations was a sign, just as casual and common as you please, and the sign says:

TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST

A person gets kind of a shock to see a plain, ordinary black-and-white sign with an arrow on it saying such a thing. It was like seeing one that read "Free Beer; Come In" on Sixth Avenue, it was so entirely improbable. Of course I knew there was a petrified forest, but somehow or other I hadn't actually believed it, and that neat little sign made a wonder of the world seem so casual. But then, judging from many of the ads I've seen, I suppose sign painters get hardened to anything.

Anyways, we followed it, and for a few minutes we couldn't, as the poet says, see the woods for the trees. Because they was all laying down, and of course we was looking for something that stood up, and not for a cross between a lumber yard and a stone quarry.

When we seen that the things lying around us was fallen trees made out of jade and amethyst and coral, or anyways that looked like it, believe me, we hopped out of the old bus and give it the double o!

"Petrified is right!" says Jim, fingering the bark which looked just as natural—honest you would of thought it was real!

"What petrified it—fright?" says I.

"Don't it look as if it was done on purpose?" says Tom.

"It's got those imitation-flower places on the Avenue skun a mile!"

"It was made by a better concern!" I says. "I wonder are we allowed to take a peice for a souvenir?"

"As there seems to be several thousand acres of the darned stuff," says Jim, "I think we might take a chance. Only leave us take peices that are already broken off."

Well, we says all right we will, but the trouble was to make up our mind which ones to decide on, because the ground was all over stone chips and twigs, and you keep picking them up and then throwing them away, after, because you see a better one, and so on indefinitely. But at last we thinned our selection down to not over half a ton of the very choicest of our choice, or at least as fine a collection as our time would permit if we was to reach Winslow that night—and a lucky thing we put that time limit on ourselves or we might of been running around that place yet yelling, "Oh, look what I found!" In other words, it was like eating peanuts in a peanut factory, if you get my idea.

But finally we got our souvenirs well hid in the bottom of the boat in case anybody was to see them and take them away from us on the way out, and then we left that strange petrified world behind us, climbing through Holbrook and getting into the town of Winslow, Arizona, early enough so's we could get a wash in one of Thoughtful Fred's butt tubs before eating.

And when we walked into the hotel, all keyed up and looking forward to it and everything, who would we see to our surprise but Alma Peterkin sitting all alone by the door watching it! When she jumped us she jumped to her feet and hurried over to us, her face pale under the gold of her sunburn. Rather to my surprise, it was to me she come first.

"Miss La Tour," she says, speaking low, "I've been waiting to catch you before you could register. I came in here three hours ago to find out if you people had got here yet. And while I was standing at the desk, before I'd got a chance to ask, a boy gave the clerk a telegram. I couldn't help seeing it, and it read, 'Detain Marie La Tour and party.' I thought you ought to know."

XIV

A FRIEND of mine that's in the pictures told me about what Al Goldringer says the first time he seen Niagara Falls. It seems they were up to Niagara on a location, and Rosco, that's my friend, led Al to the edge of the big shower and started telling him about it. I don't recall the exact statistics he used, but his line of talk went something like this:

"There's so many millions of gallons of water goes over these falls every day," says Rosco. "And they weigh this many tons. The force could drive this number of trucks around the world so many times and it furnishes that many units of electrical power, and the falls are cutting back so many feet a year."

And so forth and ect for a long spell while Al listened without a word. Then when Rosco got all through the only thing Al says is, "What's to prevent it?"

Well, believe me, that is the way I felt when Alma sprung her glad tidings. I could just see the cops coming over like a avalanche and no stopping them, and the well-known words of the poet also came to mind, "What to do! Oh, what to do?" I felt like the sow of despond, I'll say I did!

"So you told her?" I says to Tom, and the kid nodded at Alma.

"I wanted to start clear," he says.

"I see!" says I. "But what will we do? We hadn't ought to stay here, that's a cinch!"

"If only there was some place you could disappear to for a few days!" says Alma wistfully. "I think I could head those fellows off. I'd watch for them and spread the news that you had gone on ahead of us. Then eventually Tom could get over into Mexico if he absolutely has to."

"He won't have to," says Tom himself. "If I can just keep them birds busy until I reach Los Angeles I will be perfectly satisfied!"

Well, I give him a look then—a question about why was that so arising to my lips but stopping there. Besides, I was getting the first feeble glimmering of an idea.

"Say, I got it!" I says. "Do you boys realize we have come all this way without seeing a Indian pueblo? And that if we go on from here we will lose our last chance to?"

"Girlie, gimme that road map!" says Jim. "I believe we could go to that one which was the big reason for my wanting to come here by way of Gallup! What was it called?"

"Oraibi," I says, remembering the name very well on account of the fight we had about the route—"where the snake dance was!"

"That's it!" says Jim. "It would be a swell place to disappear to, and disappear is probably what will happen to us if we get lost on that territory."

"Where would we stay?" I says, doubtful yet interested, because, believe me, to see all the kind of towns there are in America except the old original native ones would be pretty poor.

"Oh, I got all the dope at Albuquerque," says Jim, "when I expected to go out. You stay at a trading post or camp out."

"Well, we can't camp," I says. "We got nothing to do it with. But I'll say I'd like to kill two purposes with one side trip!"

"Oh, do go!" says Alma eagerly. "And leave the rest to me! I'll manage, really! And we will wait for you at the Grand Canyon. By the time you people catch up to us I'll have those men well on their way to the coast."

"What say?" says Jim. "I'm game if the rest are."

"Well, I'd sure like to go out and see the noble red man nobleing a little," says I. "Because so far I've only seen him half baked by civilization."

Tom went through a few feeble motions of protest about the trouble he was to us until he seen that it was something we really wanted to do. And after a little session about its being impossible to start out that night, and equally impossible to stay at the hotel, we got Alma into the Colby with us and went to where the Peterkins were camping for the night—not in the regular public camping grounds, thank heaven, but a little ways out of town where they had found a spring.

Well, we put up the curtains and slept in the car. And if you have ever slept in one you will know how glad I was to get up at dawn and make an early start.

Ma Peterkin, who had been merely told we couldn't get in at the hotel, because why worry her, was heavenly to us, and give us the two swellest meals you'd want to see, and how she done it on a camp fire and a gasoline stove is more than I could say, but it would of greatly interested my own ma, who's middle name is Cooking. And while not wishing to slight her food in any way, I will say that eating your breakfast at dawn of a fine morning on the edge of the Bad Lands and the edge of a running board does add a lot to the flavor and you even get a sort of glad, free feeling over being frankly not washed and eet.

Well, anyways, Jim had got some dope on the road from a garage the night before, and so we started right out northward as the sun comes up with a shout of light, and Alma rode with us a little ways so as to talk freely.

I gave her a full description of how the bulls looked, and she promised to send a wire to Winslow addressed to Mr. Henry Brown as soon as it was O. K. for us to come along to the canyon, and we would probably find her wire when we come back to Winslow. Then we stopped the bus and she got out, taking Welcome with her, because he didn't speak Hopi and I didn't want him to get into any Irishman's argument with the Indian dogs and maybe get us scalped or something.

So we said so long and started off, and a good thing that Jim was driving, because Tom couldn't seem to get his head turned around to the front, but kept looking back at the bob of sunshine that was Alma's hair until he could see it no longer or got a crick in his neck or both.

Now I have written some about the East Coast and the reds that bloom there in faint shades of pink like a dye that hasn't taken very good except in a few weak spots. I have wrote, too, of New York City, that great big overgrown jumble of beauty and ugliness, of riches and poverty. I set down some things about its love of show and ignorance of values, and knocked it a good deal the way a loving relation has a right to. I have said a most inadequate mouthful about the magnificent strength of the Middle West, and I have hinted at religion in the grand panoramas of the Far West. But now I realize that I have got to spill a little about art. And I am up against it, because I don't know anything about art. As the poet or somebody says, I know what I like. Also I got more than a suspicion that art and religion have got a close connection to each other in some way.

And by religion I don't mean the early cathedrals and enlarged colored photographs of saints. I mean that the kind of instinctive feeling that come to me just west of West Broadway, and which I call religion, had a ditto mark in the art field. In other words, I saw something in these three days which we spent out on the Bad Lands that I knew that I liked; and if you know that strongly enough about anything, that thing is art, take it from me! Art for you, at any rate. I decided this before I found out that a whole lot of the best brush chasers in the country agreed with me about the Hopis and their reservation.

Well, anyways, this was how I felt from the very moment we got clear of Winslow on our way to see Lowe, the poor Indian, and Behold, his wife. And I'll say the feeling was a surprise to me, because I hadn't expected a place called the Bad Lands to be beautiful. But it was, in a strange way, different from anything I ever saw before.

Now the feller at the garage had told Jim there was no regular road out to Oraibi, but only a trail, and that no whites had been over it in a month, so far as he knew. Not encouraging exactly, huh? I'll say it wasn't! But that shows how much you can tell in advance about these desert trails, which is absolutely nothing, because, like European politics, they change while you are telling about them.

So the garage wizard having foretold that the road would be rotten at best, he was of course all wrong. While it was a mere pair of wagon tracks between the brush, it was hard and firm and smooth, one of the best peices of traveling we had had so far, with of course the usual bad spots here and there. And while on this subject let me add for the benefit of those who have not traveled over desert roads that the truth about them is that they are good. Unless it is the rainy season, gravel or volcanic cinders, once they are packed down, make swell traveling, and you can go any place on them that is often called and certainly would seem to be impassable. I hate to make this admission, because I feel about the Hopi country much as I feel about my favorite little, as yet undiscovered, new restaurant or about my pet seamstress. I don't want to tell the common herd about how comparatively easy it is to get there for fear that they will rush in and abuse the place, and teach Lowe to overcharge and to wear denim pants and other crimes of civilization.

And now for the art part. At least for Chapter One on it, which begun as soon as we were well out of town, and the light of the sun behind us began to feel its way in among the stubbly round bushes that were growing about two feet apart all over everywhere on the flats, to where the plain ran abruptly into a monumental set of high mesas far to the east on the one hand, and into the slope of snow-crowned 'Frisco Peaks way off to the west, or ahead of us

(Continued on Page 28)

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(Continued from Page 24)

into a nothingness which we could not imagine, but which we were going into just the same.

A person would not think there would be color in a enormous stretch of dried bushes growing in otherwise barren, sandy ground—I mean barren except for rattle and other snakes, and kangaroo rats, gophers and prairie dogs. But you don't know the half of it! When the sun strikes it slantingly those dry bushes look like the Bad Lands had been powdered with opals—pink, blue, lavender, sage green—as light as layers of tulle on a ballet skirt! As you come up close this color moves away from you, but always it lies just beyond. It hypnotizes you, sort of, and you ride along in the intense heat that is so dry that you don't mind it, and look out over that sea of opal to 'Frisco Peaks with the snow on them, and you wonder how come it is really you doing it.

Once in a while a Indian, riding silently and sort of drooping on a unshod horse, would pass us and look at us as if we was the curiosities and not him—Navajos, these were, and didn't we get stuck on ourselves for knowing the difference between them and the Hopis? I'll say so! And then after a while we saw a startling sight—a roof!—after more than a hour's driving. Not much of a roof, but still one, and when we come up to it we seen it was a white man's building with windows and a chimney and a nice young man and a funny old Navajo chinning on the steps. I'll say that white boy was glad to see us! He jumped up almost before we stopped, and come down to chin with us for a pleasant change

"I'm looking for Wilson's Trading Post!" says Jim. "This it?"

"No, this is Blackman's," says the boy, a little disappointed, I thought, that his fellow citizens was about to move on so quick. But he pointed the way real kindly, and consulted with the Indian in a soft, strange language when we asked the question that is ever nearest to the motorist's heart. "How is the road?"

"Go along the main trail," he says, "until you come to a fork. One says to Loupp. The other one is to Wilson's. Then Bill he'll tell you how to go from there. The bridge is down, but you can ford the Little Colorado—a wagon did it yesterday."

Believe me, that made me feel real Wild Western all right, as we filled our desert water bag and set off again! That and the scurrying kangaroo rats, with black and white fur; and even in that heat I couldn't help but think, "My, wouldn't a muff of them look good with a black velvet dress!"

Well, anyways, off we went again into the nowhere, and stayed there, traveling under a sun which gradually toward noon dried the color out of the brush, until we come to the fork, and acting as directed took the right and presently were on the banks of the Little Colorado.

Well, I'll tell the world I never thought we could do it when I saw that ford! Down the steepest, muddiest bank probably in the world, and over a sort of double river, with apparently no bottom to it, except where it humped up into a sand bar that we also had to cross. The only thing give us any courage was that there was wheel-marks on the other bank. This was no fake like the other rivers we had met, and had not alone water in it, but muddy water.

"Oy, gevalt! We'll have to rush it, that's all!" says Tom, who was by now being let drive again. And so we sat tight, and I closed my eyes in the true womanly way and we rushed her. I won't forget the gurgling sound the old bus made going through that river in a long time! But we made it, and after a struggle we got on the trail again, and I was free to look around for more art.

And I saw it! Out of the horizon line had sprung an endless red mesa; a solid wall, hundreds of feet high and the color of old-fashioned fuschias—magenta. The opal plain led up to it in a subtle wave of color that I haven't got words to tell about. But I can tell this much: No picture you'll ever see of the Bad Lands can be a exaggeration of its colors, nor yet a true representation of their vivid delicacy.

A person could drool along about it by the hour. But they don't—not if they want to keep their friends. Even friends to the contrary notwithstanding, though, it's an awful temptation to go on. Only, go on is what we didn't do. Because pretty soon we come to Bill Wilson's place—a long, narrow shack completely surrounded by nothing.

I'll bet there are not over six trees on the reservation, and none of them less than twenty-five miles from Bill Wilson's place. There it sits soaking up the sun until it has soaked clean through the roof and into the heart of that man.

When we saw him first he was standing outside the door feeding watermelon to the chickens. He looked up when he heard us coming, but he didn't hurry away from what he was doing. He never hurried, Bill didn't; yet he was one who got countless things done. He was never surprised either; yet he was always open-minded. He had that look of seeing great distances in his eyes that men get out there and nowheres else. The heart of a dreamer showed through them—the heart of a dreamer and the shrewdness of a Yankee.

"Howdy," he said. And we said it, and then we asked the way, and he told us in his slow, mellow accents. With the store behind him, hung with bright beads, guns, tinned goods and so forth, I felt like I was seeing a picture or something.

"How far to Oraibi?" says Jim.

"Oh, about sixty miles," says he. No surprise, see?

"Good road?" says Jim.

"You can make it," says Wilson noncommittal.

Then he offered us watermelon with the same generous impartiality with which he had give it to the chickens, while his pretty wife, a cozy middle-aged woman, come out and listened while he told us how to go.

"Better take along a melon," he says when he was through. And he gives us one—a gift!

I can't hardly tell you how this trader, even after these few words, made me feel; but it was a little the way I felt when I saw the golden eagle.

We left them, then, thinking not to see any more of them. But that's all a person on a journey knows! For hardly had we got two miles away when all of a sudden, without warning we was stuck hard and fast on the adobe shores of a dried-up lake!

Well, it was Illinois all over again, only this time under a early afternoon sun, forty miles from any place and wild Indians all around. All around is right. For pretty soon they actually were, having apparently sprung up out of the sand, horses and all, until ten of them was sitting in a circle watching the Colby sinking deeper and deeper into the mud, and don't tell me Navajos have no sense of humor, for they certainly appreciated our efforts to dig out. But appreciate is all they did, for not one of them even offered to lend a hand. They were a bunch of loafers with fine teeth, but all they gave us was the hoot, and when we asked them to help they wouldn't leave us touch their horses and didn't even answer us back—no, not although when English failed us Tom tried a little Yiddish, but to no avail. I found out then why they call that place the reservation. It is because the Indians is so reserved.

Well, when we was just about exhausted, who like a couple of angels in a flivver should appear but Pop Wilson and his son. They had seen us in trouble with a telescope from their roof and come out to help!

I don't want to say anything more about them folks except this: That I never had help handed out to me before with such quiet generosity; that they unmired us and invited us to stay over night; they give us bed and board and oil and gas and help and a mighty pleasant visit. And wouldn't take a cent for any of it!

Can you beat that? No, not outside of America! And we was so green, so used to paying through our nose for everything we got, whether satisfactory or not, that at first we couldn't understand it when we left next morning early, and they were genuinely hurt when we tried to pay. We hadn't yet learned that there is still a big peice of this man's country where people help you just because you are in trouble, and where if there is no inn the stranger is the native's guest. It is a kind of customary investment that they make against their own need. Bread upon the desert sands. Do you get it? We did after a while. But it was all done for us in such a fine, unconscious manner that it took a good while to sink in.

And as we drove off with waving and shouting and promises to stop in on our way back I thanked God for Americans like them, and turned my face toward the great curve of the Red Mesa, along whose base we were to travel into the land of sky cities.

On and on we went under the burning sky, past little Navajo tepees, past picturesque Indian camp fires smoldering along the way, surrounded by pale-face soup cans quite, quite empty! For, believe me, the tourists have nothing on the Navajos for messiness, and heaven help a landscape if the both of them get into it!

Past wagon loads of Navies we went, and out along the dangerous edge of the deep Oraibi wash, stopping to eat Ma Wilson's beautiful lunch at Little Burro Springs, where in the shade of three lonesome cottonwoods the water flies out of the rock into what might of been Rachel's well, and where a Navajo woman with three naked babies and a loafer of a husband was weaving a bright blanket, just like the railway prospectus says they do.

Then out of the sharp cool of the shadow once more, and into the blazing sun, along parched ways, where sheep corrals were built into the sides of the yellow cliffs and the stunted farms of the Hopis began. Then the Third Mesa raised its towering head out of the horizon and we sped on to meet it, flinging past a wagon train and through the loose sand that means a village is near, and arrived in midafternoon before the palace of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

I don't need to give him any other name. Anybody who ever went near Oraibi will know it, and the ones who haven't been there will get a good idea of what he is like from what I call him. He is the man who has the local trading post, and there was a famous Italian named the same. This Lorenzo's got a dash of Latin blood, too, that makes him all the magnificenter. And when he heard our car he come out of the palace and greeted us. And when we told him who we was he right away invited us to stay over night or as long as we wanted to—and believe me we took him up on that!

I'll never forget Lorenzo as I seen him first—a stout young man with a largeness that was more than his physical largeness about him, his eyes black as sloes, his color high, his poise superb. Living on the desert does one of two things to a man: It makes him mean or it gives him this wonderful bigness, this peculiar brand of poise. And the Magnificent One had it.

His palace was strewn with rugs, the finest I have ever seen. They was on the walls, on the sofas, on tables and on the railings, as well as on the floors. Baskets and pottery were piled in corners, buffalo robes, guns, blankets dangled from the rafters, and in the long, dim shop was a treasure-trove that the old Dago Lorenzo had nothing on—no kidding—thousands of dollars' worth of turquoise and corals and silver jewelry, made also by the Indians, were there. And gawdy velvets and plushes and calicoes and heavenly pink pop in shining glass bottles, and tobacco and umbrellas and every darned thing you can imagine was also there, all in an ordered disorder that was gorgeous and interesting beyond anything you could think of. I almost hated to leave when Lorenzo told us to.

"I will wait supper for you," he says, "You folks go along now and see Oraibi the old one on top of the mesa—and then go along over to Hotevilla. It is the most primitive village in America—just like they were in prehistoric times. It's worth seeing."

Well, I give one look up at that mesa which has about seven thousand feet elevation but no elevator, and I wondered how could anybody speak of going up there in that casual manner. I wondered all over again when we started, too, because beside this trip La Bjada Pass was mere infant's work. Over there we at least had grades, while here the road, or what was called a road, just went straight up, and nobody had worked out their taxes on it recently either.

How can I describe old Oraibi or Hotevilla to you? Or will I just lay off it? No, I can't do that, quite, because these cities are as much a part of the wonder of our broad land as Chicago is.

Just imagine, then, a city hung high in the clear air and built out of the yellow rock, so that from below, in the valley, you can hardly tell it from the mesa on the top of which it stands. Really beautiful houses, they are, piled one upon the other, with ladders made of tree trunks with notches cut in them leading to the upper ones; with dried meat and peppers flaming by the

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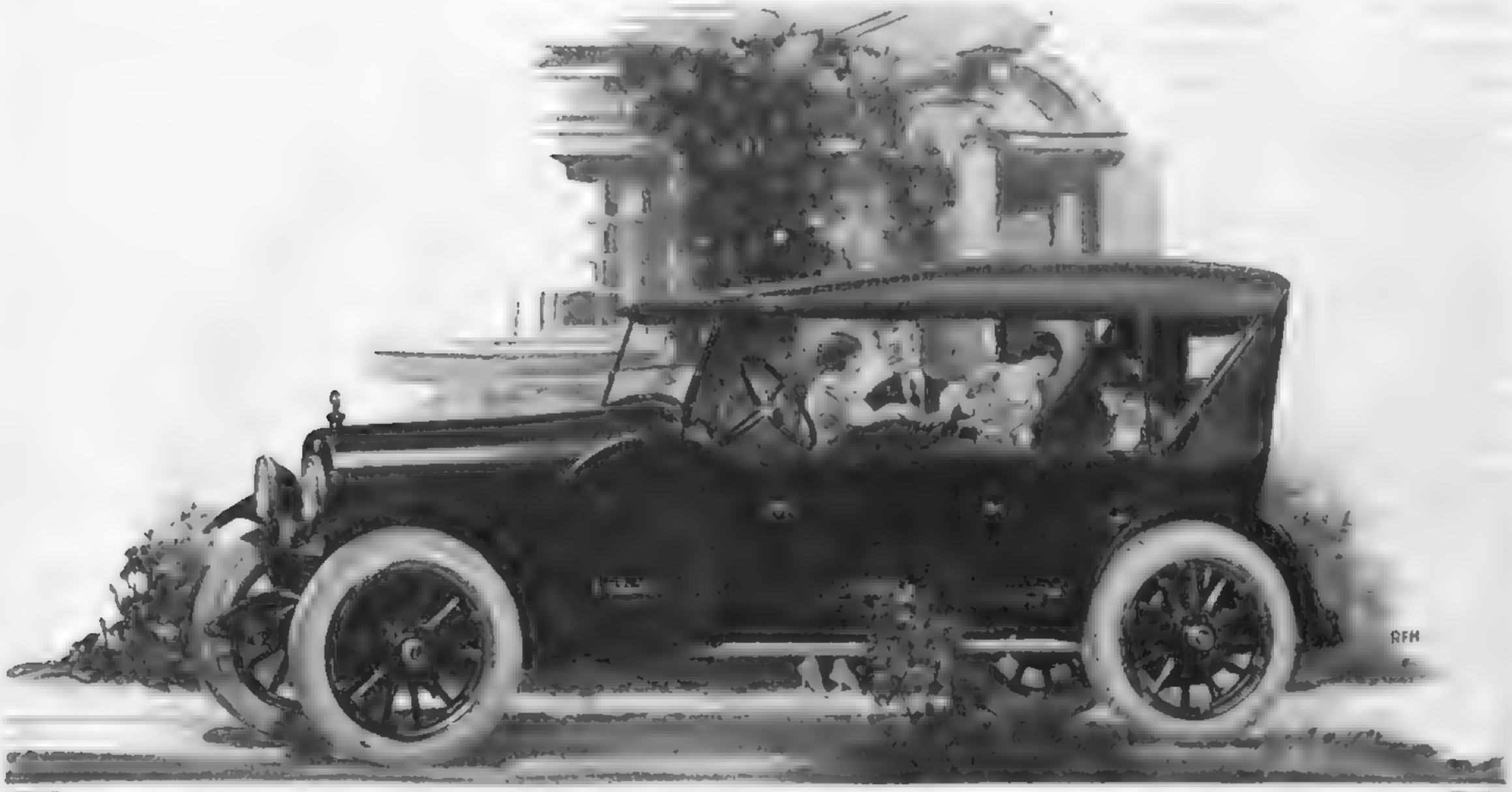

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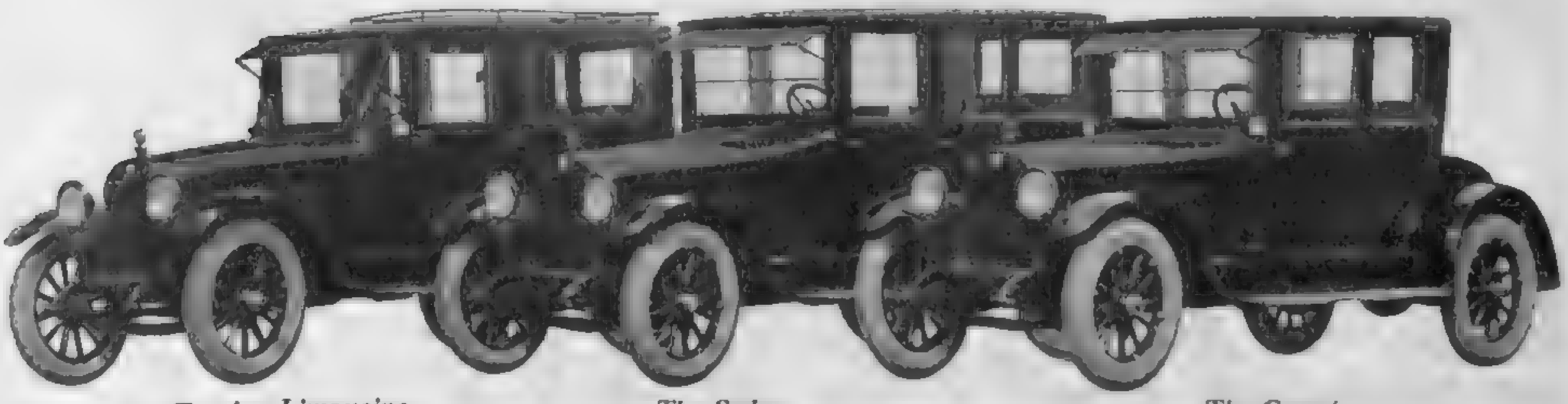

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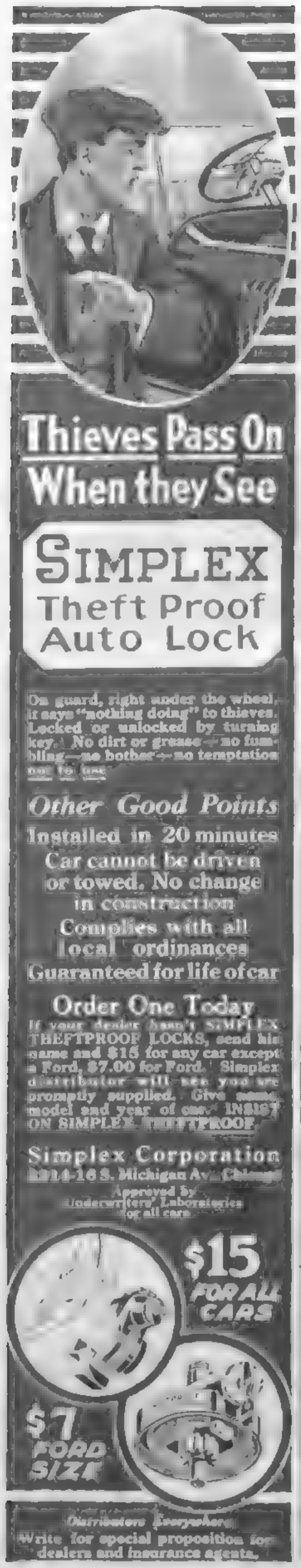
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doors, vivid yellow peaches spread to dry upon the roofs, the beautiful people—oh, my heavens, but they are beauties, especially the young women—the people dressed in a bit of bright rag or a blanket, for, thank heaven, overalls haven't reached here yet, and the folks mostly go about as is. Then there are sacred turkeys wandering all about the place, and Jim says, "Ain't it strange that they think turkeys is sacred?" And I says, "Not much! Remember what we had to pay for ours last Thanksgiving? Of course they are sacred!"

At Hotevilla we stood in one spot on the edge of the mesa where the foot trail leads into the valley, to which the Hopis go every day to work in their fields. To my right was a donkey corral made by the simple method of building a fence on two sides, the house made the third and the sheer drop of the cliff the fourth!

On my left was the head of the trail that wound down to the spring, halfway below, in which one old bird with white hair was calmly and without any embarrassment or bathing suit taking a cold tub. On a projecting rock just below me a woman was taking out the inner workings of a goat with no intention of putting them back. I'll say that goat will never be the same again! And just like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, all down the face of that great cliff, wherever there was even a foothold, were little gardens—beautiful little gardens, some only about as big as a clothes basket, but well planted and beautifully cared for, and how the folks ever got to them without breaking their neck is a mystery. To see the Indians toiling up the long narrow trail past the little hanging gardens, the old man at the spring, the women bringing up water in jars on their heads, and the sunset over all of it—well, oh, boy, it was an eyeful, I'll tell the world!

Now what I have put down is, of course, something you have often seen on picture post cards and ect. Probably there is nothing new to you in what I have told. But I am now about to shoot something which had ought to get President Harding's immediate attention, along with the not over seven million other things which also need attending to at once.

We have in our midst, or to be exact, in our Southwest, a people who had ought to be preserved intact as a national monument. We talk a lot about our national parks, and God knows they should be preserved. But when it comes to our national peoples, why don't we try to preserve them? We try to change them, to reform them! It's like trying to bring the ancient temples up to date with sanitary plumbing, elevators and other improvements, and just as sacrilegious. Here we got a perfect specimen of Life as it was in Bible times, and so far nobody but me seems to of realized that they, the Hopis, should be preserved in their own customs, habits, way of living and dressing, without any interference, except maybe a doctor once in a while to keep down trachoma, which is almost the only disease they ever get. They should be preserved and protected as a work of art, so the other, newer Americans can see and know them and benefit by the beautiful pottery and baskets they make.

Now lookit! There are only about a thousand of the Hopis left on their three high mesas. They are hard-working, happy, thrifty and beautiful. They are absolutely friendly except when the bone-headed Government sends soldiers in to take their children away to school by force—to a school, mind you, that they don't like or believe in nor need! If they was mischievous like the Navajos, why that would be something different.

But they are not. They have their own religion, a worship of air and sun and rain and fertility. Why not leave them have it? They invented it a long time before our religion, and they think it good. And if they think it good and it harms no one, why not leave them be?

Now another thing. Why take the young ones by force away to school? What does it get them? The girls get taught cooking and sewing! My heavens, they can learn it better on the mesa! The boys get everything except agriculture. Just think of the stupidity of not teaching a Hopi agriculture—a Hopi, who for thousands of years has made stuff grow where nothing could! What do they want to learn to read or write for? They mostly go right back to the mesa anyways. They need reservoirs for irrigation far more than they need schools.

What's the good of teaching the girls to cook if they don't give the boys the water with which to raise something to eat?

We got a grand chance to do something no other nation has done if we would only jump in and make a national monument of the Hopis. It's not too late yet. But we ought to get action soon—make it snappy.

The Hopi cuts his hair like a Greenwich Villager, but that is the only radical thing about him. If I was running Washington I would certainly preserve him in his natural state at least as much as the wild game is preserved in the Yellowstone. He is quite as important and a darned sight more interesting and productive!

Well, anyways, we talked this all over and got it settled coming home over the mesa, from which in the sunset the Oraibi Valley looked like a huge hollow of molten gold. Driving down into it was like entering an immense burnished opium bowl. And that night Lorenzo the Magnificent talked the idea over with us, and agreed we had the right dope, and he, being out among these people for two generations, meaning his father before him, and they all love him, ought to know.

We sat in the moonlight and talked. And then after a while we just sat, because the full moon on the desert is like no other moon, and you want to sit in silence and look at it. Such whiteness, such shadows, such a silver radiance—the moon herself seems bigger on the desert. To stand in it is to be bathed in quicksilver. That's how you feel.

I wanted never, never to go home. And the Magnificent One, with his limitless kindness and hospitality would of let us stay on and board free with him forever, I guess, if we had said so

But like any perfect thing, our stay back in the simple early ages of the world had come to an end, and eventually we had to beat it, hoping most sincerely we can some day go back. Actually as we drew near Winslow I began to understand what Bill Wilson, who lived thirty miles out on the desert, meant when he told us that on his vacation he was going off back into the mountains to do some shooting and get away from civilization. And I thought it still when Tom come out of the Winslow telegraph office with a message in his hand and shouting.

"It's all right!" he says. "She's wired that they left the cañon yesterday. Hurrah! Now we can go on!"

And even while he was speaking I saw the big familiar old red automobile easing down the street towards us.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHITE BIRCHES

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh"—Christopher had been eager—"I want you to hear those temple bells some day, Anne! Why won't you take her, Dunbar? Next winter—drop your work and we'll all go."

"I've a fat chance of going."

"Haven't you made money enough?"

"It isn't money. You know that. But my patients would set up a howl."

"Let 'em howl. You've got a life of your own to live, and so has Anne."

Dunbar had hesitated for a moment—then, "Anne's better off here."

Anne, thinking of these things as she got out of her dinner dress and into a sheer negligee of lace and faint blue, wondered why Ridgeley should think she was better off. She wanted to see the things of which Christopher had told her—to hear the temple bells in the dusk, the beat of the tomtom on white nights.

She stood at the window looking up at the moon. She decided that she could not sleep. She would go down and get a book that she had left on the table. The men were out of doors, on the porch. She heard the murmur of their voices.

The voices were distinct as she stood in the library, and Christopher's words came to her. "What's the matter with Anne?"

Then her husband's technical explanation, the scientific name which meant nothing to her, the crashing climax, "She can't get well."

She gave a quick cry, and when the men got into the room she was crumpled up on the floor. Her husband reached her first.

"My dear," he said, "you heard?"

"Yes. Do you mean that I am—going to die, Ridgeley?"

There was of course no way out of it.

"It means, my dear, that I've got to take awfully good care of you. Your heart is bad."

Christopher interposed, "People live for years with a heart like that."

But her eyes sought her husband's.

"How long do they live?"

"Many months—perhaps years—without excitement."

This, then, had been the reason for his tenderness. He had known that she was going to die and was sorry. But for ten years she had wanted what he might have given her—what he couldn't give her now warm life as she had dreamed of it. She drew a quivering breath.

"It isn't quite fair, is it?"

It didn't seem fair. The two doctors had faced much unfairness of the kind of which she complained. But it was the first time that for either of them it had come so close.

They had little comfort to give her, although they attempted certain platitudes, and presently Ridgeley carried her up to her room.

IV

SHE insisted the next morning on going to the circus with Christopher. She had not slept well, and there were shadows under her eyes. The physician in Christopher warred with the man.

"You ought to rest," he said at breakfast.

Dunbar had gone to New York in accordance with his usual schedule. There were other lives to think of, and Anne, when he had looked in upon her that morning, seemed almost shockingly callous.

"No, I don't want to stay in bed, Ridgeley. I am going to the circus. I shall follow your prescription—to eat and drink and be merry."

"I don't think I have put it quite that way, Anne."

"You have—quite. 'Death is death and life is life, so make the most of it!'"

Perhaps she was cruel. But he knew, too, that she was afraid.

"My dear," he said gently, "if you can get any comfort out of your own ideas it might be better."

"But you believe they are just my own ideas—you don't believe they are true?"

"I should like to think they were true."

"You ought to rest," said Christopher at the breakfast table.

"I ought not. There are to be no more oughts—ever."

He nodded as if he understood, leaning elbows on the table.

"I am going to pack the days full," she went on. "Why not? I shall have only a few months, and then—annihilation." She flung her question at him, "You believe that, don't you?"

He evaded.

"We sleep, 'perchance to dream '"

"I don't want to dream. They might be horrid dreams."

And then Jeanette came down and poured their coffee and asked about the news in the morning paper.

Dressed for her trip to the circus, Anne looked like a girl in her teens—white skirt and short green coat, stout sport shoes and white hat.

She wore her silver beads, and Christopher said, "I'm not sure that I should if I were you."

"Why not?"

"In such a crowd."

But she kept them on.

They motored to the circus grounds and came in out of the white glare to the cool dimness of the tent as if they had dived from the sun-bright surface of the sea. But there the resemblance ceased. Here was no silence, but blatant noise—roar and chatter and shriek, the beat of a tomtom, the thin piping of a flute, the crash of a band.

But it was the thin piping which Christopher followed, guiding Anne with his hand on her arm.

Following the plaintive note they came at last to the snake charmer, an old man in

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

a white turban. The snakes were in a covered basket. He sat with his feet under him and piped. Christopher spoke to him in a strange tongue. The piping broke off abruptly and the man answered with eagerness. There was a quick interchange of phrases.

"I know his village," Christopher said. "He is going to show you his snakes."

A crowd gathered, but the snake charmer saw only the big man who had spoken to his homesick heart and the girl with the silver beads. He knew another girl who had a string of beads like that, and they had brought her luck—a dark-skinned girl, his daughter. Her husband had bestowed the beads on her marriage night, and her first child had been a son.

He put the thin reed to his lips and blew upon it. The snakes lifted their heads. He drew them up and out of the basket and put them through their fantastic paces. Then he laid aside his pipe, shut them in their basket and spoke to Christopher.

"He says that no evil can touch you while you wear the beads," Christopher told Anne.

The old man, with his eyes on her intent face, spoke again.

"What you think is evil—cannot be evil," Christopher interpreted. "The gods know best."

They moved towards the inner tent.

"Are you tired?" Christopher asked. "We don't have to stay."

"I want to stay." And so they went in, and presently with a blare of trumpets the great parade began.

They looked down on men and women in Roman chariots, men on horseback, women on horseback, on elephants, on camels, painted ladies in howdahs, painted ladies in sedan chairs—Cleopatra, Pompadour—history reduced to pantomime, color imposed upon color, glitter upon glitter, the beat of the tom-tom, the crash of the band, the thin piping as the white-turbaned snake charmer showed in the press of the crowd.

Christopher's eyes went to Anne. She was leaning forward, one hand clasping the silver beads. He would have given much to know what was in her mind. How little she was, and how young! Oh, he wanted to get her away from the thing which hung suspended over her like a keen-edged sword!

But to get her away—how? He could never get her away from her thoughts. Unless ——

Suddenly he heard her laughing. Two clowns were performing with a lot of little dogs. One of the dogs was a poodle that played the fool.

"What a darling!" Anne was saying.

There was more than they could look at. Each ring seemed a separate circus. One had to have more than a single pair of eyes. Christopher was blind to it all except when Anne insisted, "Look, look!"

Six acrobats were in the ring—four men and two women. Their tights were of a clear shimmering blue, with silver trunks. One could not tell the women from the men except by their curled heads and their smaller stature. They were strong, wholesome, healthy. Christopher knew the quality of that health—hearts that pumped like machines, obedient muscles under satin skins. One of the women whirled in a series of handsprings, like a blue balloon, her body as fluid as quicksilver. If he could only borrow one-tenth of that endurance for Anne—he might keep her for years!

Then came Pantaloon and Harlequin and Columbine. The old man was funny, but the youth and the girl were exquisite—he diamond-spangled and lean as a lizard, she in tulle skirts and wreath of flowers. They did all the old tricks of masks and slapping sticks, of pursuit and retreat; but they did them so beautifully that Anne and Christopher sat spellbound. What they were seeing was not two clever actors on a sawdust stage, but love in its springtime—girl and boy—dreams, rapture, radiance!

Then in a moment Columbine was dead, and Harlequin wept over her. Frost had killed the flower, love and life were at an end.

Christopher's face was white. Anne was tense. But now—Columbine was on her feet and Harlequin was blowing kisses to the audience!

"Let's get out of this," Christopher said almost roughly, and led Anne down the steps and into the almost deserted outer tent. They looked for the snake charmer, but he was gone.

"Eating rice somewhere, or saying his prayers," Christopher surmised.

"How could he know about the gods?" Anne asked as they drove home.

"They know a great deal—these old men of the East," Christopher told her, and talked for the rest of the way about the strange people among whom he had spent so many years.

V

RIDGELEY did not come home to dinner. He telephoned that he would be late. It was close and warm. Christopher, sitting with Anne and Jeanette on the porch, decided that a storm was brewing. Anne was restless. She went down into the garden, and Christopher followed her. She wore white, and he was aware of the rose scent. He picked a rose for her as he passed through the garden.

"Bend your head and I'll put it in your hair."

"I can't wear pink."

"It is white in the dusk."

He put his hands on her shoulders, stopped her and stuck the rose behind her ear. Then he let her go.

They came to the grove of birches and sat down on the stone seat. It had grown dark, and the lightning flashing up from the horizon gave to the birches a spectral whiteness. Anne was a silver statue.

"It was queer," she said, "about the old man at the circus."

"About the beads?"

"Yes. I wonder what he meant, Christopher—'What you think is evil—cannot be evil.' Do you think he meant—death?"

He did not answer at once; then he said abruptly, "Anne, how did it happen that you and Ridgeley drifted apart?"

"Oh, it's hard to tell."

"But tell me."

"Well, when we were first married I expected so much—things that girls dream about; that he would always have me in his thoughts and that our lives would be knit together. I think we both tried hard to have it that way. I used to ride with him on his rounds, and he would tell me about his patients. And at night I'd wait up for him, and we'd have something to eat, and it was—heavenly. Ridgeley was so fine. But his practice got so big, and sometimes he wouldn't say a word when I rode with him. And he would be so late coming in at night, and he'd telephone that I'd better go to bed, and—well, that was the beginning. I don't think it is really his fault or mine. It's just life."

"It isn't life, and you know it"—passionately. "Anne, if you had married me, do you think ——" He reached out in the dark and took her hand. "Oh, my dear, we might as well talk it out!"

She withdrew her hand.

"Talk what out?"

"You know. I've learned to care for you an awful lot. I had planned to go away, but I can't go now—and leave you to face things alone."

He heard her quick breath.

"I've got to face them!"

"But not alone! Anne, do you remember what you said this morning—that you were going to pack the days full? And you can't do that without someone to help you. And Ridgeley won't help. Anne, let me do it! Let me take you away from here—away from Ridgeley! We will go where we can hear the temple bells! We'll ride through the desert! We'll set our sails for strange harbors! We'll love until we forget everything but the day, the hour, the moment! And when the time comes for endless dreams ——"

"Christopher!"

"Anne, listen!"

"You mustn't say things like that to me! You must not!"

"I must! I want you to have happiness! We'll crowd more into a few short months than some people have in a lifetime, and you have a right to it!"

"Would it be happiness?"

"Why not? In a way we are all pushing death ahead of us. Who knows that he will be alive to-morrow? There's this arm of mine—there's every chance that I'll have trouble with it. And an automobile accident may wreck a honeymoon. You've as much time as thousands who are counting on more."

The lightning flashed and showed the birches writhing.

"But afterwards, Christopher?"

"Well, if it is heaven we'll have each other; and if it is hell—there were Paolo and Francesca; and if it is sleep I'll dream eternally of you! Anne—Anne, do you love me enough to do it?"

"Christopher, please!"

But the storm was upon them—rain and wind, and the thunder a cannonade. Christopher, brought at last to the knowledge of its menace, picked Anne up in his arms and ran for shelter. When they reached the house they found Ridgeley there. He was stern.

"It was a bad business to keep her out. She's afraid of storms."

"Were you afraid?" Christopher asked her as Ridgeley went to look after the awnings.

"I forgot the storm," she said, and did not meet his eyes.

VI

LYING awake in her wide bed Anne thought it over. She was still shaken by Christopher's vehemence. She had believed him her friend and had found him her lover—and oh, he had brought youth back to her! If he left her now how could she stand it—the days with no one but Jeanette Ware and the soul-shaking knowledge of what was ahead? And Ridgeley wouldn't care—much. In a week he'd be swallowed up by his work.

She tried to read, but found it difficult. Across each page flamed Christopher's sentences—"We'll ride through the desert! We'll set our sails for strange harbors ——"

Was that what the old man had meant at the circus—"What you think is evil—cannot be evil"? Would Christopher give her all that she had hoped of Ridgeley? If she lived to be eighty, she and Ridgeley would—jog. Was Christopher right—"You'll have more happiness in a few months than some people in a lifetime"?

She heard her husband moving about in the next room, the water booming in his bath. A thin line of light showed under his door. She shut her book and turned out her lamp. The storm had died down and the moon was up. Through the open window she could see beyond the garden to the grove of birches.

Hitherto the thought of the little grove had been as of a sanctuary. She was aware suddenly that it had become a place of contending forces. Were the guardian angels driven out?

But there weren't any guardian angels! Ridgeley had said that they were silly, and Christopher didn't believe in them. She wished that her mother might have lived to talk it over. Her mother had had no doubts.

The door of her husband's room opened, and he was silhouetted against the light. Coming up to the side of her bed, he found her wide-eyed.

"Can't you sleep, my dear?"

"No."

"I don't want to give you anything."

"I don't want anything."

He sat down by the side of the bed. He had on his blue bath robe, and the open neck showed his strong white throat.

"Anne," he said, "I've been thinking of what you said this morning—about my lack of belief and the effect it has had on you—and I'm sorry."

"Being sorry doesn't help any, does it, Ridgeley?"

"I should like to think that you have your old faiths to—comfort you."

She had no answer for that, and presently he said "Are you warm enough?" and brought an extra blanket, because the air was cool after the storm; and then he bent and kissed her forehead. "Shut your eyes and sleep if you can."

But of course she couldn't sleep. She lay there for hours, weighing what he had said to her against what Christopher had said. Each man was offering her something—Christopher, life at the expense of all her scruples; Ridgeley, the resurrection of burned-out beliefs.

She shivered a bit under the blanket. It would be heavenly to hear the temple bells—with youth beside her; to drink the wine of life from a brimming cup. But all the time she would be afraid. Nothing could take away that fear—nothing, nothing, nothing!

She was glad that her husband was awake. The thin line of light still showed beneath his door. It would be dreadful to be alone—in the dark. At last she could stand it no longer. She got out of bed, wrapped herself in a robe that lay at the foot of it and opened the door.

"May I leave it open?"

As her husband turned in his chair she saw his hand go quickly, as if to cover the paper on which he was writing.

"Of course, my dear! Are you afraid?"

"I am always afraid, Ridgeley. Always ——"

(Continued on Page 33)

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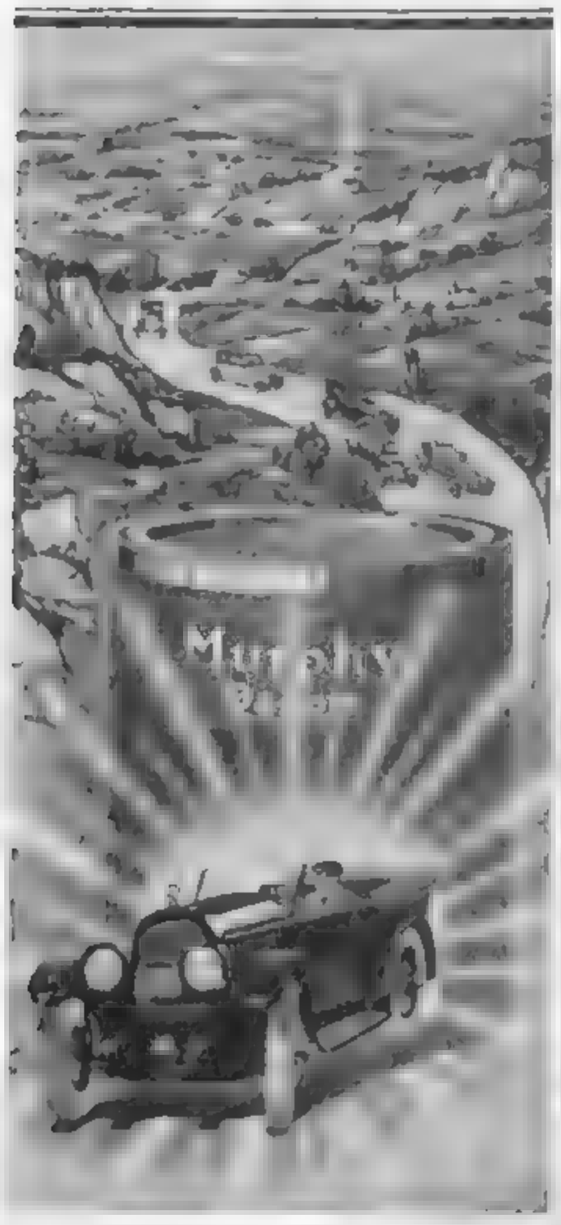

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(Continued from Page 30)

She put her hands up to her face and began to cry. He came swiftly towards her and took her in his arms.

"Hush!" he said. "Nothing can hurt you, Anne."

VII

WHEN she waked in the morning it was with the remembrance of his tenderness. Well, of course he was sorry for her. Anybody would be. But Christopher was sorry, too, and Christopher had something to offer her—more than Ridgeley. Yes, it was more.

She was half afraid to go downstairs. Christopher would be at breakfast on the porch. Jeanette would be there, pouring coffee, and perhaps Ridgeley if he had no calls. And Christopher would talk in his gay young voice, and Ridgeley would read the newspaper, and she and Christopher would make their plans for the day.

She rose and began to dress, but found herself suddenly panic-stricken at the thought of the plans that Christopher might make. If they motored together he would talk to her as he had talked in the grove of birches—of the temple bells and of the desert and the strange harbors; and how could she be sure that she would be strong enough to resist?

And what if she listened and let him have his way?

She decided to eat her breakfast in bed, and rang for it. A note came up from Christopher:

"Don't stay upstairs. Ridgeley left hours ago, and I shan't enjoy my toast and bacon if you aren't opposite me. I have picked a white rose to put by your plate, and I have a thousand things to say to you."

His words had a tonic effect. Oh, why not? What earthly difference would it make? And what was it that Browning had said—"Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

She was not sure that was quite the way Browning had put it, and she thought she would like to be sure. She could almost see herself saying it to Christopher. So she went into her husband's room to get the book

Ridgeley's books were on the shelf above his desk. They had nothing to do with his medical library. That was downstairs in his office, and now and then he would bring up a great volume to read far into the night. But he had a literary side, and he had revealed some of it to Anne in the days before he had been too busy. His Browning was marked, and it was not hard to find The Last Ride Together. She opened at the right page, and stood, as she glanced over the lines, an incongruous figure amid Ridgeley's masculine belongings in her sheer negligee of faint blue.

She closed the book, put it back on the shelf and was moving away, when her eyes were caught by two words "For Anne" at the top of a sheet of paper which lay on Ridgeley's desk. The entire page was filled with Ridgeley's neat professional script, and in a flash the gesture which he had made the night before returned to her, as if he were trying to hide something from her gaze. She bent and read.

Was this the way he had spent the hours of the night—searching for words which might comfort her, might clear away her doubts, might bring hope to her heart? And he had found what he had sought.

"My little sister, Death," said good Saint Francis. "The darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as day; the darkness and light to thee are both alike." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow——" These and many other truths which had once been a part of her.

She read avidly. Oh, she had been thirsty—for this! Hungry—for this! And Ridgeley —— The tears dripped so that she could hardly see the lines. She laid her cheek against the paper and her tears blistered it. She carried it into her room. Christopher's note still lay on her pillow. She read it again, but she had no ears now for its call.

She rang for her maid.

"I shall stay in bed and write some letters."

She wrote to Christopher, after many attempts:

We have been such good, good friends. And we mustn't spoil it. Perhaps if you could go away for a time it would be best for both of us. I am going to believe that some day you will find great happiness. And you would never have found happiness with me; you would have found only fear. And I know now what the old man meant about the beads—"What you think is evil—cannot be evil." Christopher, death isn't evil if it isn't the end of things, and I am going to believe that it is not the end.

Christopher went into town before lunch, and later Anne sat alone on the stone bench in her grove of birches. They were serene and still in the gold of the afternoon. Yet last night they had writhed in the storm. She, too, had been swept by a storm. She missed her playmate, but she had a sense of relief in the absence of her tempestuous lover.

Ridgeley came home that night with news of Christopher's sudden departure.

"He found telegrams. He told me to say good-by to you."

"I am sorry," Anne said, and meant it. Sorry that it had to be, but being sorry could not change it.

After dinner Ridgeley had a call to make, and Anne went up to bed. But she was awake when her husband came in, and the thin line of light showed. She waited until she heard the boom of water in his bath, and then she slipped out of bed and opened the door between. She was propped up in her pillows when he reappeared in his blue bath robe

"Hello," he called; "did you want me?"

"Yes, Ridgeley."

He came in.

"Anything the matter?"

"No, I am not sick. But I want to talk."

"About what?"

"This."

She showed him the paper with its caption, "For Anne."

"Ridgeley, did you write it because I was afraid?"

Her hand went out to him. His own went over it.

"I think I wrote it because I was afraid."

"You?"

His grip almost hurt her.

"My dear, my dear, I haven't believed in things! How could I, with all the facts that men like me have to deal with? But when I faced—losing you —— Anne, love's got to be eternal."

"Ridgeley — "

"I won't—lose you! Oh, I know! We've grown apart! I don't know how a man is going to help it in this darned whirlpool. But you've always been right here. I've felt I might have you if I ever had time." His voice broke.

"And I thought you didn't care."

"I was afraid of that, and somehow I couldn't go back to where we began. I was always thinking I would. And then this came! I always hated to kill the things that you believed, Anne. I thought I had to be honest; that it would be better for you to face the truth. But which one of us knows the truth? Not a man among us! And I came across this: 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.' We are all fools—the wisest of us."

She held out her arms to him and he gathered her close. She felt that it had been a thousand years since she had prayed, yet she heard herself speaking. And when he laid her back upon her pillow she was aware that together they had approached some height from which they would never again descend.

"I'll leave the door open," he said as he left her. "I shall be reading, and you can see the light."

It seemed as if the light from his room flooded the world. The four posts of her bed once more were tipped with shining saints. She turned on her pillow. Beyond the garden the grove of white birches was steeped in celestial radiance.

"My little sister, Death," said good Saint Francis.

With her hand under her cheek, she slept at last, as peacefully as a child.

Outlet of Lake Tahoe

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

F. Franklin Moon, Dean of The New York State College of Forestry, urges wood preservation as an aid to forest conservation.

He says: "Forestry today is far more than a land problem, important as this phase may be. It is a problem which affects the comfort, health, and prosperity of millions of Americans yet unborn.

F. Franklin Moon, *Dean*

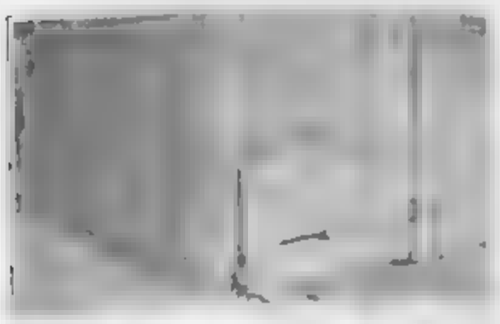
"The Great War proved many things; among others, that we were dependent upon forest products of all kinds to an extent little realized.

"For the past 300 years we have squandered our forest patrimony with lavish hand, believing it inexhaustible. Today we know that our national timber supply is rapidly decreasing and that prudence and patriotism require us to leave a timber heritage to those who follow us.

"Unnecessary losses of all kinds should be eliminated. By stopping or at least vastly diminishing the annual timber loss occasioned by decay, **we will be able to prolong the present supply of timber until our national program of Reforestation shall have produced new wood crops indispensable to our country. Thus Forest Conservation by Wood Preservation assumes a patriotic significance."**

Timber conservation is one of the great and urgent issues before the Nation.

Waste of lumber, through preventable decay, has contributed largely to the depletion of our forest supplies. Wood decay is so common that many people believe it inevitable. Lumber is expected to rot, and the expense of premature replacements and repairs is accepted as a matter of course.

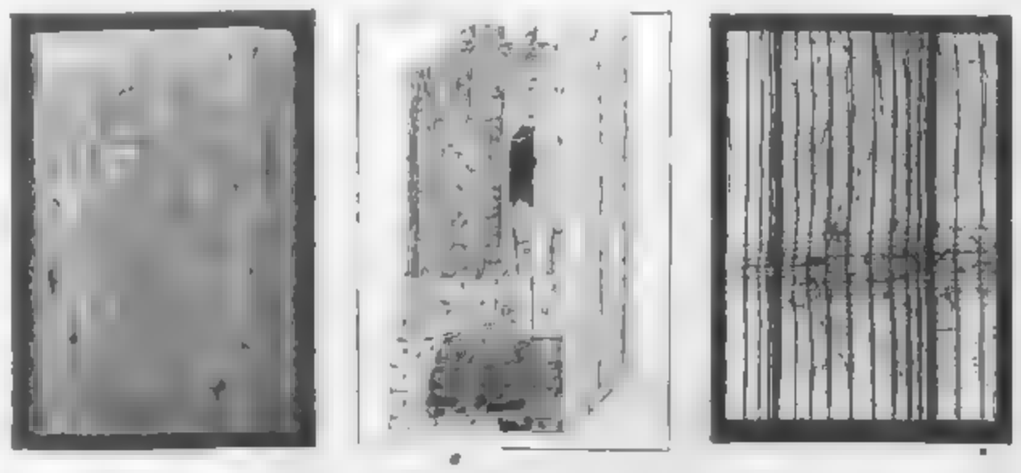


Upkeep of barn buildings would be much less, and farms would prove more profitable, if decay in sills posts, etc., were prevented by treatment with Carbosota

Telephone, telegraph and electric transmission line poles must be replaced prematurely, unless protected against decay

But, as a matter of fact, this waste can be prevented or at least greatly reduced by the general practice of wood preservation.

In this way hundreds of millions of dollars spent every year in repairing the ravages of wood decay could easily be saved. Simple but effective preservative treatments are readily available.



***Decay illustrated:** At left an ordinary block of wood honeycombed by wood destroying fungus as seen by the eye; at right, a magnified photograph of fungal threads penetrating the wood cells. In centre, a drawing of a block of wood, greatly magnified, illustrating the progress of decay. First only small holes appear in the cell walls, due to the penetration of the threads (hyphae) of the fungus. Then as the dissolving action proceeds farther, the cell walls are gradually "broken down" until destruction is completed. (Photographs and drawing supplied by the Dept. of Wood Technology, N. Y. State College of Forestry.)*

Why Lumber Rots

Shorn of technical phraseology, wood decay is simply the destruction of the wood by plant organisms, or fungi. These grow from microscopic seeds or spores whose roots permeate the wood structure, penetrating and "breaking down" the cell walls.

In their fruiting stage, these fungi take the form of moulds, masses of fine cotton-like threads, or mushroom growths varying in shape and color. A single one may throw off billions of spores which lodge on new timber. If conditions are favorable, these spores germinate and thus continue indefinitely the cycle of decay.

While wood decay is prevalent practically everywhere, the rapidity with which it develops varies with the climate and the species of wood attacked. Its progress also depends upon air, moisture, and warmth. Whenever wood comes in contact with the ground, masonry, concrete, or other wood, decay quickly develops and the timber at these points of contact usually has to be replaced long before the rest of the structure has been materially affected.

How to Combat Decay

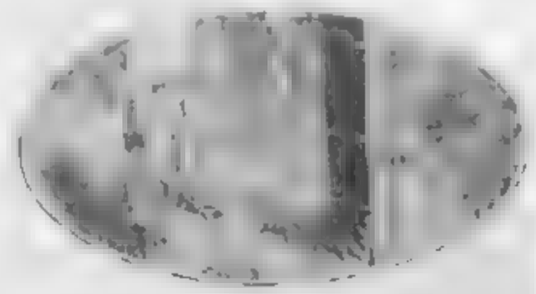
To effectively protect timber from decay, the parasitic plant organisms that cause it must be destroyed. The most effective way of accomplishing this is treatment with coal-tar creosote oil, the preservative value of which has been established by over a hundred years' use.

However, it is obvious that if wood preservation is to be of practical benefit to the average lumber user, the treatments employed must be simple and inexpensive, as well as effective.

Carbosota, which is a highly refined pure coal-tar creosote oil, perfectly meets these requirements.

Surface treatments—applying Carbosota by brushing, spraying, or dipping—may be depended upon to increase the durability of wood at least 30%. But the standard

Roof-decks of textile and paper mills, or other structures in humid environment, should be built of carbosoted lumber for lowest cost per year of service.



Replacing decayed fence posts costs farmers millions yearly. Carbosoted posts stand a generation.

Open Tank process, which consists of hot and cold (or hot and cooling) Carbosota bath, is still more effective, and unless the wood is subjected to severe mechanical abrasion, will double or more than double its life. In every instance preservative treatment with Carbosota pays a handsome return on the small investment of time and money.

Every consumer of structural wood—manufacturer, building contractor, public utility corporation, farmer, planter—can profitably use Carbosota. And while saving

Railroad wreck caused by collapse of coal chute due to decayed timbers. A waste of money and timber, and a hazard to life and limb.

money for himself, he will be materially aiding the cause of timber conservation.

By writing our nearest office you can secure complete instructions and free technical service; also our bulletin, "Long Life for Wood".

Free Bulletins

Send to our nearest branch office for the free Bulletins:

Creosoted Poles are Economical	No. 406
Preserving Wood Roofs with Carbosota	No. 408
Long Life for Mine Timbers	No. 409
How to make Farm Timbers Rot-Proof	No. 401
Long Life for Wood (a comprehensive booklet on wood preservation of value to all wood users)	No. 402

Barrett B Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil For Preserving Wood

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HOW EXACT are you about the oil which you pour into your Ford crank-case? Oils vary. Some are lighter than others; some heavier. They vary in quality and essential characteristics.

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Of the *right* body, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets exactly the high-speed conditions of the Ford engine. It properly distributes to *all* friction surfaces. It forms the correct film for sealing the piston rings of the Ford engine. It burns cleanly from ignition points. Any carbon from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, dry dust, which is expelled readily through the exhaust.

It is a mistake to use oil of heavier body than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in a Ford engine. Heavier oils invite excessive carbon, engine troubles and other operating difficulties.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

SILVER HEELS

(Continued from Page 7)

could learn how to take care of the baby and wash dishes at the same time. Then I could manage somehow while I was scrubbing the kitchen ——"

"You could hire a colored woman to do the rough work," he supplied.

"Thank you for the suggestion." She was smiling. "I certainly would hire a colored woman," she drawled, "to do the heavy work—if I had to borrow the money or steal it."

Dan Hurley stood up and the girl in the patent swing looked languidly, still smiling.

"Now you're mad at me, aren't you?"

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and faced her stonily, then his mouth wavered and broke into a broad grin.

"Nobody could stay that way long—with you."

"Oh! You mean that I'm not worth it?"

"Well ——"

"You might as well out with it," she persisted, and she, too, had come to her feet. "You think that I'm a brand for the burning. Well, I'll tell you one thing—if I burn I'll burn bright. I value your good opinion, Dan, but not enough to send myself to jail in a thirty-dollar flat, nobody to talk to but the grocer ——"

"You'd probably be giving him dancing lessons in a week."

"No, I wouldn't; or you, either, Dan Hurley." Her eyes were blazing now. "You'll never take me seriously," she stormed.

"I'm taking you too seriously," he told her. "I'm fooling myself into thinking that you've still got the stuff in you; that you can pull out if you try. That's the only thing that will give you a fellowship in the world—my world."

"And I will be graciously permitted a fellowship in your old world if I can run a flat and raise a baby—and educate her later on—on two hundred dollars a month?"

Dan Hurley seemed to consider this.

"My mother raised me on something less than that," he replied.

"She raised a paragon!" snapped Molly May, then her face softened a moment to the apology—"I didn't mean that exactly."

"No," he said, "that would be an exaggeration."

"You'd better go now, Dan," she suggested, "before I say anything worse. I can say so many things when I get started."

"You'll let me come back?" He held out his hand, which she gave the barest touch.

"No. Who can tell? You might be contaminated."

"But look here, Molly May ——"

"Good-by," said she; "you'll excuse me. The baby's crying for her ideal mother."

"Good-by."

Dan Hurley had removed his hat and waited in an attitude that was dangerously close to the romantic. She stood just an instant, grinding her little heel down into the trodden earth.

"Good Lord!" she drawled. "How I wish I'd never asked you to marry me!"

Whatever Dan had hoped to accomplish by that stormy interview, he went away with the feeling that his hour had been thrown away—worse than that, for he could see now no future for Molly May Adams, who had so long stood for a suppressed desire in poor Dan's heart. Being by nature a stubborn young man, he walked away from Mrs. Pryce's that sultry fall afternoon with the word "finis" written large and black across his mind. He washed his hands of her.

He was done with Molly May and all her works.

Once in the ensuing weeks he weakened to the point of curiosity and strolled by Mrs. Pryce's at the evening hour, when the business heart of Lewisburg is stilled and the eternal stars peep out. There were lights in Mrs. Pryce's windows and through the half-drawn curtains lithe young bodies could be seen swaying deliriously. A phonograph belched brazenly the unanswerable reproach "What are you goin' to do with your dearie when there ain't no jazz?"

"What, indeed?" asked Dan, shuffling away in the darkness; and to him seemed to come Pope's line, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Molly May was but a sweet, supple, pliable twig. Pliable? Dan Hurley thought that over a great deal that winter, which took him away from Lewisburg to argue his side of a somewhat tedious insurance wrangle in the supreme court of Illinois.

III

IT WAS an ugly day in March when Dan came back to Lewisburg, one of those gray days when the skies seem to hang shoddy and torn like cheap lace curtains in a fortune teller's windows. The cold slush in the streets seemed to penetrate the hearts of men, and Dan Hurley, looking aimlessly round his office, wondered what had brought him back.

His absence had protracted into a business trip as far east as Boston; therefore there was a plentiful mail awaiting him on his desk, and he was engaged with Miss Meecham, his able secretary, when that discreet maiden lady coughed and said, "Mrs. Adams has been calling you over the phone."

"Been calling me?" echoed her employer, not looking up from the page he was studying.

"All the week."

"H'm. Did she state her business?"

"No. She said it was urgent."

"Did she leave her number?"

"She's at Mrs. Pryce's."

"Oh. Call her for me, will you?"

Dan was still at his mail. The crisply typewritten page was clamorous with his thought, "Mrs. Pryce's! I thought she'd never get out of that."

At Miss Meecham's announcement Dan took down the receiver and heard the pleasant drawl:

"You stayed away a long time."

Surprising child!

"A long time," he found himself agreeing. "But we won the insurance suit. Of course, though, you wouldn't be interested ——"

"Not so very," came the sweet drawl. "Only I've wanted to see you the worst way this week."

"As a lawyer?" he asked.

"Of course! What else would I be wanting to see you for?"

"We aim to please," said Dan, smothering his chagrin. "I'm here waiting your command."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly get away until half past four."

"Busy as that?" he asked, not without sarcasm.

"Much busier," she informed him.

"Dancing, I suppose," he suggested, and was alarmed at her reply:

"Dan Hurley, if you're going to be savage with me I'll take my business over to Jeff Pendleton. He's a better lawyer than you are, even if he does have that horrid mole."

"If you only knew how humble I've become," he protested, "you wouldn't talk like that. Only name the time, the place and the topic."

"I'll be there at a quarter of five."

"Really?"

"Now watch out, Dan Hurley! You'll say something ——" And the telephone clicked into silence.

When the big clock in the waiting room chimed five Molly May had not yet put in an appearance. This was no disappointment to Dan, who had expected her to be late; but when the hour hand of his watch had crept to five minutes past and Miss Meecham appeared at the door, a bun-shaped hat over her high forehead, and on her thin lips a diplomatic smile to announce that she had finished her day, Dan began a leisurely arrangement of his papers, calm in the assurance that Molly May was running true to form.

A shadow fell across the doorsill and in the softened light he saw her standing there.

Her presence seemed to lend radiance to the room, and it was an instant before he realized the change in Molly May, whom last he had seen, sprawling and demoralized, her hair a little untidy, her costume as rusty as the old green swing which had creaked beneath her.

As she came briskly in, smiling and a trifle apologetic, she carried with her an air of health and prosperity—smart, the fashion magazines would have called her. Her face, which had grown plumper, glowed above a wide seal collar; and Dan was faintly aware of a soft blue coat and of twinkling shoe tips peeping under neat spats. *(Continued on Page 36)*

Prest-O-Lite
STORAGE BATTERY

No S-O-S with P-O-L

THERE was once a Trawler that Coaled for a Normal Trip. But there came the Northwest Gale. And the ship exhausted her Bunker Coal in the Fight to Reach Port. And the Crew did burn Everything but the Hull to Keep up Steam!

There are motorists whose battery has apparently enough power for the trip. But they pull that power down with too many stops and starts to the mile. And when they need just one more start to reach "port," the battery gives up the ghost.

The Prest-O-Lite Battery uses less than one four-hundredth of its power-reserve for a single start—and the generator quickly replaces that.

We still have a few attractive propositions for men of Prest-O-Lite calibre, to own and operate service stations. Write us.

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Cheated of vigor and strength

by the lack of one single element in our food

SCIENCE has discovered that no matter how plentiful our three daily meals may be they cannot give us the health and energy we should have if the one mysterious factor—*vitamine*—is lacking. Without a sufficient supply of this health-providing substance we fall off in health, become susceptible to disease, and perhaps suffer from some of the common ailments of lowered vitality, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin and those that require constant use of laxatives.

Primitive man secured an abundance of vitamine from his raw foods. But modern diet, refined and modified, often lacks the water-soluble vitamine and thus fails to supply us with the health and vigor we need for our daily work.

The richest known source of this vitamine is yeast — four times richer than spinach, one of the most prized of vegetables.

In nutrition experiments the effect of yeast in the diet seems almost miraculous. A famous American physiological chemist describes it:

"A scrawny, lethargic animal, rapidly dwindling in size, with unsleek coat and evident malnutrition, will completely change its appearance and responses in a few days at most on a diet unchanged except for a tiny bit of yeast."

That is why thousands of men and women today are eating Fleischmann's Yeast—making it as much a part of their daily food as bread, potatoes or meat.

People ask: "Won't yeast, when taken, have the effect it has in raising bread?" No. It is highly digestible, and is assimilated just like any other food.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast before or between meals—from 1 to 3 cakes a day. If troubled with gas, dissolve yeast first in boiling water. Some like it plain; others will like it spread on toast, bread or crackers; or dissolved in fruit-juices, milk or water. Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily.

Send 4c in stamps for the interesting booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. BB-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Health restored and maintained —scientific tests

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, an aid to all the processes of digestion.

In scientific tests of the therapeutic value of Fleischmann's Yeast in replacing laxatives and in clearing the skin of impurities the doctors say that, in many of the cases they observed, the yeast treatment improved the general health of the patient, quite aside from helping the particular ailment.

Many are finding normal body functions restored, appetite increased and general health improved as a result of making Fleischmann's Yeast a part of their regular diet—1 to 3 cakes a day.

(Continued from Page 34)

What had happened to Molly May? Had she married secretly and well? Somehow the thought stabbed him.

"I know I'm late and you're furious," she began, shaking out a tidy umbrella. "But I was busy up to the last minute. Then it began to rain pitchforks."

Dan, who had switched on the lights in order to enjoy a better view of the marvel, coughed and said, "You must have danced your way across the puddles. Not a drop on your ——"

"Oh," she broke in, glancing swiftly down at her immaculate shoes, "I came in a taxi."

Came in a taxi, did she?

"I've just got a minute," she said breathlessly, throwing herself into a chair. "But I simply had to talk to you."

"I see."

In the days of childhood humor we used to giggle the primitive epigram: "'I see,' said the Blind Man, when he didn't see at all."

"I've got four hundred dollars," she went on, her pansy eyes animate with some mysterious purpose.

"I believe you," said Dan, who would have given her the same assurance had she told him she had the moon locked in her woodshed.

"And I thought first I would ask you—well, you never said a word about how much you were going to charge me for that divorce."

"I thought we were going to talk pretty," he snorted, in spite of his promise. "What's the use of hauling that in?"

"It's dreadfully important," said she, looking straight at him. "It's very sweet and generous of you, but I can't let it go like that. You see, I want to settle everything before ——"

His lips were forming the question "Before what?" but he shook himself and replied calmly, "Fifty dollars."

"That seems awful small—for all the trouble you took," she drawled. "Lawyers are lots cheaper than doctors, aren't they? Don't you think a hundred would be more like it?"

"By no means," he said severely. "I can't see my client cheated."

She opened her bag and plunged into it. It was a handsome bag; even Dan could see that. She counted out three bills—two twenties and a ten—and laid them crumpled across his palm.

"And what are you going to do with the rest of your fortune?" he found strength to ask.

"That's the main thing I wanted to see you about." Her manner had grown intense. "You understand about business—corporations and all—I thought you might tell me some good way to invest my money."

Dan Hurley tilted back in his swivel chair and folded his fingers flat across his chest. It was a mannerism which grew on him with middle age.

"Molly May," said he after studying her, "I haven't said a disagreeable thing this afternoon, have I?"

"You've only been talking a minute," she pointed out. "And heaven knows what you've been thinking."

"I believe in thrift," he decreed. "It's the foundation stone of our commonwealth. But the interest on three hundred and fifty dollars—safely invested—won't take you far."

"Oh, that's only part!" Her eyes opened wide. "They say there's some way of buying bonds on the installment plan ——"

"And you'll guarantee to pay the installments?" he marveled.

"I can promise at least a hundred and fifty dollars a month. I think I'll do better than that."

"Curiouser and curiouser!" muttered Dan Hurley. "Look here, Molly May. At the risk of your walking right over to Jeff Pendleton and his mole I'm going to ask you something."

Her eyes were intent upon him and they held an excited sparkle—whether of mirth or hostility he never knew. Her generous lips were firmly set and she made no sign.

"Has Brad increased his alimony?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "and it's nearly always late."

"Has Aunt Victoria relented, then?"

"How do I know?" Her voice had grown somewhat impatient and she glanced down at the jeweled trifle on her wrist. "I haven't heard from her since last fall."

"Mystery on mystery!" Dan knit his fingers still tighter across his waistcoat. "Here you are, paying your lawyer's fees and investing money. You're dressed to the queen's taste and arriving in a taxicab—and keeping it waiting, for all I know."

"I am," she agreed, springing to her feet. "My word, it's twenty minutes past! I must fly!"

"But, Molly May! Please don't go without giving me a little key to the cipher."

"I'm late now," she persisted.

"Late for what?"

For the first time in this curious interview she betrayed herself into a look of embarrassment. It was as though a child had been caught red-handed among the jam pots.

"It would take an hour to tell it," she faltered at last; "and another hour to listen to your lecture. You wouldn't like it. You wouldn't like me. But then, I don't care."

She had glided swiftly toward the door.

"Good-by," she called out with the half smile of a sphinx.

"Molly May!" His tone was candidly pleading as he followed her retreat out into the hall. "I've got to see you. I've got to hear about this."

"Come to the boarding house sometime. Better come in the morning. It's quieter then."

"I'll come to-night," he decided.

"It's Wednesday." She hesitated, hardly looking at him. "We're awfully dressy on Wednesday night." She gave him her delightful smile as she added, "Better put on your doll rags, old dear."

Before he could follow her she had glided down the stairs. He was halfway in the descent when the sound of her taxicab door, slamming decisively, could be heard.

That happened at twenty minutes past five. Nine o'clock found Dan Hurley, wearing the dinner jacket which he brought out only on state occasions, ringing the doorbell of Mrs. Pryce's boarding house. The place was ablaze with lights. The horrid dissonance of a negro orchestra—rasped at the point of a worn phonograph needle—offended his ears.

"Dancing as usual!" he protested, and would have turned back had not Sarah, Mrs. Pryce's black familiar, opened the door to greet him with obsequious bows.

"Good evenin', Mistah Dan!" greeted Sarah, whom he had known of yore.

"Good evening, Sarah," he permitted, and the appearance of Sarah was his first surprise.

She was positively splendid in shiny black dress and snowy apron. Dan, who had visited Mrs. Pryce's to engage accommodations for Molly May, stood so amazed at the miracle of change that he quite disregarded the efforts of old Sarah, reaching for his hat and coat. The mid-Victorian clutter of the hall had been simplified, he knew not how, save that the curving line of balustrades and doorways was unbroken now by useless ornamentation. He felt sure that the glorious old Paisley shawl, hung tapestrylike above a mahogany hall table, had never been there before.

Once relieved of his hat and coat he had an impression that Sarah was waiting for something else, but his astonished eyes were on the big drawing-room, over whose polished floor the *jeunesse dorée* of the Fountain Oaks Club, and many strangers—some of them thick-bodied, gray-mustached gentlemen of gay exterior—skipped and contorted to the phonograph's jungle tune.

"Mistah Dan, Ah begs yo' pahdon ——" old Sarah was supplicating at his elbow.

But Dan had no ears for her. Indeed, his entire attention was centered in the swift figure in rose chiffon, swaying dexterously round the crowded room. Molly May was tightly locked in the arms of a gray-haired cavalier who looked adoringly down at her and, as Dan remarked, danced abominably. Her pansy eyes were turned meltingly up to the gleaming spectacles of her partner. Her shoulders were like ivory; her silver slippers accommodated themselves with wonderful dexterity to the elderly gallant's clumsy steps. Jealousy smote Hurley's heart even as lightning blasts the sturdy oak.

As she whirled by she saw him.

"'Lo, Dan!" she called out, waving one slender arm.

An instant later she was at his side, her cheeks brilliant, her whole being so vital

(Continued on Page 38)

PUMPS

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Photographs from International Film Service

The most ancient method of irrigation. Shadoofs even today abound in India, Mesopotamia and Egypt

Modernizing the Oldest Science

WATER does not run up hill naturally. And Nature without water is barren. Man discovered these truths from the example of the Nile seven thousand years ago and invented artificial water supply for his agricultural necessities — the beginning of the science of irrigation.

Egypt, itself—what is it, even today, but a vast, natural irrigating system with the life-giving Nile as its crowning feature?

A ribbon of green between two deserts—a narrow strip of inexhaustible fertility, flanked by seas of sand—this is Egypt.

Herodotus called Egypt the "gift of the river." This is true in a literal sense. But for the annual inundation of the Nile, Egypt would be as barren as the Sahara itself.

Beasts of burden toil constantly throughout Palestine and the Orient in supplying water for irrigation

—and in Mesopotamia

In Mesopotamia, likewise, irrigation has been practised from the earliest times. According to Genesis, Chapter XIV, one of the kings Abrgham defeated in battle was Amraphel, King of Shinar (Babylonia). But Amraphel is now identified with Hammurabi, the earliest Babylonian monarch of whom we have any record. Hammurabi lived 2200 B.C., and made himself famous by increasing the grain production three hundred fold.

Ancient Babylonia was one vast network of irrigation canals and ditches. These canals were dignified by the name of *rivers*. It was by one of these irrigating canals, the "River" of Chebar, that the Jewish exiles sat and wept for their lost Jerusalem.

Truly, irrigation is the patriarch of the sciences.

Westward Ho!

Turning to the Western Hemisphere, we find irrigation in a high state of development many, many centuries ago. The Aztecs of Mexico were irrigation engineers of no mean ability. When the Spanish explorers first visited our own Southwest in 1526, they found ruins of cities and irrigation canals.

Irrigation on a stupendous scale was practised in the countries of South America, notably Peru, for centuries, and is so practised to this day.

Today, irrigation is converting the world's waste places into vast agricultural paradises. Modern irrigation had its beginning in 1847, when Brigham Young led a band of pioneers into the Great American Desert. They stopped near what is now Salt Lake City, dug irrigation ditches and planted potatoes.

Since then the science of modern irrigation has made prodigious strides, until now more than 18,000,000 acres of land are under irrigation in the United States alone.

In the Southwest, King Cactus has given place to alfalfa. In the once great waste plains of the Rockies, a man today wades through miles of wheat, oats, barley and rye.

Primitive method of irrigation still found in parts of China and Japan.

In California, tropical and semi-tropical fruits of every variety are now grown by irrigation. The California orange — peculiarly a product of modern irrigation—is known the world over. The Northwestern apple also owes its fame to the science of irrigation.

Pumps — Old and New

In the older countries primitive pumping devices are still doing their work in clumsy fashion. In Egypt, for example, the shadoof—picturesque but inefficient—may still be seen dipping water from the muddy Nile.

In this country, however, and in other modernized lands the power pump has supplanted the animal-driven pump of antiquity. Today, power-driven pumps are putting new productivity into thousands of acres formerly barren and swelling the value of the nations' farm crops.

Truck farms in the East and fruit ranches and vineyards in the West are prosperous now regardless of the weather. Their pumped water supply produces greater quantity and higher quality per acre. Prices to the consuming public are reduced.

"Pumps — Goulds"

Goulds Pumps have done much in this vast work of reclamation. For nearly three-quarters of a century they have pioneered in conquering unproductive land

It is estimated that the end of the century will see our population increased to 300,000,000. Irrigation and Goulds Pumps must help feed this multitude.

Goulds engineers may be consulted on irrigation, or on any pumping problem, large or small. Their reputation, like that of Goulds Pumps, is established.

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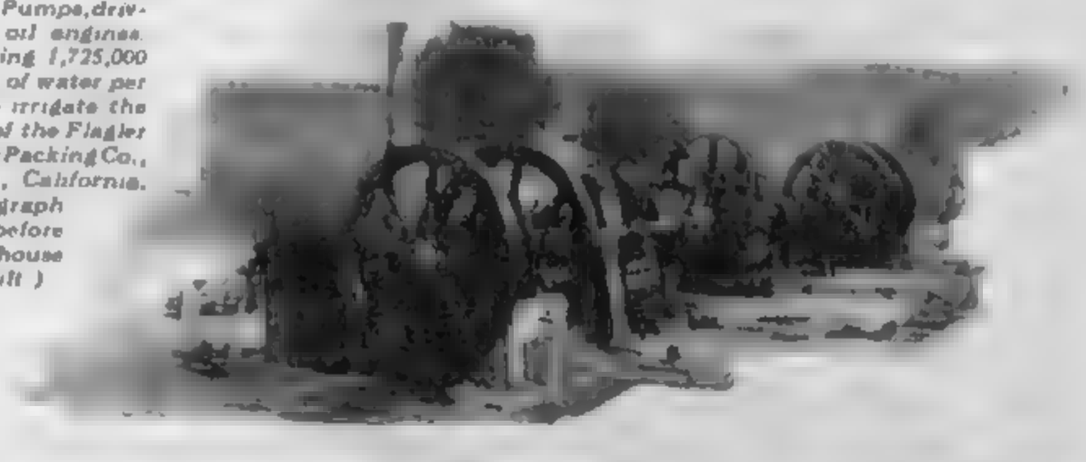
Battery of Goulds Triplex Pumps, driven by oil engines. Supplying 1,725,000 gallons of water per day, to irrigate the ranch of the Flagler Fruit & Packing Co., Corona, California. (Photograph taken before pump house was built.)



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If your daily work brings you in contact with a lot of other people your social or business success may depend on what they think of you.

If your smiles spread sunshine you will advance to success. If you are depressed and downhearted you will make room for others.

Mental depression and irritability, so often caused by indigestion, can often be avoided by the adoption of a rational diet, care in mastication, and the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal.

American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

(Continued from Page 36)

and young and eager that his pulse quickened to dithyrambs.

"Silver Heels!" he blurted out.

"Meaning me?" she asked, quite innocent of his thought, whether reproach or compliment.

She tilted one of her glistening slippers till the heel was off the ground; then, glancing down across her shoulder—a lovely pose—she regarded the artful peg which Satan, in the guise of a shoemaker, gave to woman so many centuries ago.

"Look rather nice, don't they?" she rippled. "Who'd think they were three years old? I painted 'em this morning to look like new."

"With moonbeams?" asked Dan, grown suddenly poetic.

"With radiator paint," she replied. "It's wonderful for shoes—if you don't look too close. Want to dance?"

"I want to do a lot of things that I can't," he grinned.

"Come on! You wouldn't be noticed in this crowd."

Surprisingly she lay in his arms, a delicious burden, and Dan found himself capering to the only dance he knew, a sedate undeviating two-step.

"I bet you danced at Cleveland's inauguration," she drawled.

"Look here, Molly May!" He was panting with the exertion. "If you think I'm going to learn any of these monkey twists ——"

"Dear old bear!" she laughed. "You dance just the way you talk."

By now they had come to the doorway of Mrs. Pryce's dining room. Dan never knew whether it was by his guidance or hers that they danced into the quiet space, dimly luminous with one shaded electric light.

Dan stood for an intoxicated second, his arm about her waist, his ego centered upon hers.

"Who's that old buzzard you were dancing with?" he asked thickly.

"Oh"—she had drawn away from him, and there was a mirthful tinkle in her reply—"don't be so savage!"

"Well, who is he?"

"Uncle Charley McNeil. He's just a Yankee."

"Rich?"

"He's fairly oozing. Poor dear!"

There was something so proprietorial in the way she diagnosed Uncle Charley McNeil that Dan would have gnashed his teeth had he permitted such a display. But Molly May had crossed to the mantel and turned on another light.

"I reckon you haven't seen this since the change," she said, gesturing round the room.

Dan Hurley, who had been too intent on her to remark the aspect of inanimate things, turned his eyes and beheld a marvel. Mrs. Pryce's dining room, as he remembered it from one soggy dinner there two years before, had been as depressing as the food; machine-turned walnut, faded cerise wall paper, funereal landscapes had loomed forever over the unhappy boarders.

And here he saw a symphony in modern coloring. On a plain tan paper a few Japanese prints were hung. The mantel top, which had once loomed sky-high, a horrid pagoda, had disappeared, and centered on the neutral-tinted space a brilliant engraving of the modernist school hung flamboyant.

And the furniture! Dan Hurley rubbed his eyes. Peacock blue with orange stripes running round and round like the stripes on a spinning top. The full glory smote him—doors, window casings, mantel—all had taken on that astonishing holiday hue.

"This is your doings, Molly May," he gasped.

"I simply couldn't eat in this old mortuary chamber," she ripped on. "So finally I bulled Mrs. Pryce into letting me trade her black-walnut set for some plain things. There was nothing the matter with them, except they were awful golden oak. I made fifteen dollars on the deal and bought some paint ——"

"And hired a painter," he supplied.

"I did not!" said she. "I painted it all myself, and ripped down the mantel top and puttied the holes and stuck up the wall paper."

"What was Mrs. Pryce doing all this time?" asked her wonder-stricken witness.

"Poor dear!" exclaimed Molly May pityingly. "She stewed so long in her own grease that you have to approach her awful gradual. I started in by showing her how to put up her window curtains so that they wouldn't look so much like the stuff they hang inside a hearse. That took a week. Then I coaxed her into kicking out the oil heater and putting in a gas radiator. After that the battle was won and I just waded in blue paint."

"And orange paint—that spots your clothes more," suggested Dan.

"You were a beast—that day you came to scold me out on the lawn," she reminded him.

Then he recalled the yellow daubs on her skirt, her slightly disheveled hair, her weary look—and he had put it all down to her slipshod manner of life and her taste for midnight revels!

"But it took the salad to fix Mrs. Pryce," she informed him mysteriously.

"The salad?" echoed Dan, after the manner of Alice before the Mad Hatter.

"Don't look like that!" she commanded. "That's the way you looked that day when you found me dressed like a lady hobo and stood there counting every spot of paint on me."

"I'm sorry," he conceded. "But how about the salad?"

"My! You were funny that day!" she teased. "You'd come all that way to say your pretty piece about a woman's duty to wash the dishes and the baby. And I want you to understand, Dan Hurley, the Pierces have never washed dishes, and never will."

Dan was patient as a stone.

"And the salad?" he reminded her.

"Oh! Nothing. Only she'd been serving a sour, clammy mess. You know how some colored cooks love to sprinkle sugar over lettuce and drown it in vinegar? Well, I brought in my own salad bowl. The bowl, you know, and these prints"—pointing to the adornments on the wall—"and those Dresden figures on the mantel are about all I have left from the wedding presents. So I bought a can of salad oil and some garlic, and I took lettuce and tomatoes and beets, and mixed the mess right here on the table. You should have seen the boarders lick their plates. And did it agree with them? Why, old Colonel Hastings, who's been dying of Bright's disease for eleven years, got well this winter and is engaged to be married."

"So you've actually gone to work!" whispered Dan, after a dramatic pause.

"Work?" she shrilled. "I should say not! I'm just making other people work, that's all. I was always a genius at that. It doesn't cost me a cent to live here now," she added with a sort of childlike pride.

"I expect you'll announce next that you've bought the place," said Dan.

"That's coming, I think. But of course I've got to gather a little more ready money."

"Is Mrs. Pryce actually paying you?"

"Oh, no."

The strangest smile came over Molly May's features.

"Then why this mystery?" he growled. "Taxicabs, new clothes, money to invest ——"

"Oh," said Molly May calmly, "I'm teaching."

"Teaching! What in the world can you teach?"

The smile had faded to a worried look.

"Dan," she faltered, "I know you won't approve. It isn't the sort of thing ——"

A mellow throaty voice, coming round a sheltering screen, relieved the tension. Sarah's black head, white-capped for the occasion, peered into view. Her eyes were rolling mysteriously.

"Miss Molly May," she whispered, "could Ah see you one moment?"

"What is it, Sarah?" asked Molly May, obviously pleased at the interruption.

"The gen'leman done forgot to pay when he come in."

"What gentleman?"

Sarah paused, and would have blushed had that been permitted by Nature.

"Mistah Dan, miss. I done try tell him two dollahs fo' a gen'leman wid ladies, a dollah 'n' a half fo' single gen'lemen."

"Sarah, I humbly apologize," upspoke Dan, the situation dawning with a great light. "Here's two dollars. If I'm not with a lady it's my own fault."

Old Sarah backed away like a black obsequious steam roller.

"I see," said the Blind Man, turning again to Molly May. "So it's dancing you teach."

"And bridge," supplied Molly May.

Because he was silenced completely she further volunteered: "There's a lot of ignorant Yankees in town. They don't even

(Continued on Page 40)

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The OWL Brand
With the Brown Band

(Continued from Page 38)

know how to gamble. I hold bridge classes on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. The dancing classes are every afternoon except Wednesdays. That's the evening when we have our little club. It's about all the time I can spare from Mrs. Pryce's work. But next spring when we build a tea garden on her back lot we expect maybe we can afford a little jug band to come play in the afternoon ——"

"Why didn't you tell me what you were doing that day when I came to scold you?" he asked, again scolding.

"You were so busy being horrid you wouldn't listen," was her characteristic reply.

"So you've dug out!" he said.

"The equality of sexes," she mocked. "Only you expected me to dig out with a shovel. I reckon, if I've got to dig, I have the privilege of choosing my weapon."

"A silver spoon," he supplied, but his look was no less admiring for that.

"Come on," she urged. "They're turning on a new record and you mustn't be wasting my time."

"I'm a conventional-minded jackass," explained Dan quite dispassionately.

"To think," she whispered, "that you'd ever live to confess it."

"How was I to know?" he defended himself again. "I'd seen the way you'd been carrying on, fluffing your life away. How was I to know you had the grit to pull out?"

"Maybe it's because you never learned to dance," she rippled. "Your mind's got sort of flat-footed, Dan. Why don't you come round Monday and join the beginners' class?"

"I'm not joking."

"Why aren't you?"

She had retreated a step and a mocking smile was on her lips—but there was pain in her eyes.

"I want you to marry me, Molly May," he came out with it.

"You do?" she asked coolly. "I think you've forgotten, Dan."

"That twaddle I was preaching to you last September?"

"I wasn't talking twaddle," said she seriously.

"But, Molly May—you wanted me to marry you."

"I didn't want you to—not exactly," she replied in a perfectly impersonal tone.

"Well then, why did you ——"

"Ask you to ask me? I'd decided, Dan—I felt then that I could never pay you for your—your legal services. Then, I always knew you'd been in love with me ——"

Her voice died away. He had actually set the price of his legal services at fifty dollars!

"Molly May!" came a creaky elderly voice from the ballroom.

Who was this familiar, calling her name aloud in the voice of authority?

"That's Uncle Charley McNeil," she explained, and added quite audibly, "In a minute, Uncle Charley!"

"It's awfully nice of you to ask me—at last," she said in a low conventional tone. Was there anything but kindness in her eyes as she added, "But of course my status is changed. A self-supporting woman doesn't have to marry unless she wants to."

A pang shot through him as he thought of the rich old man waiting for her outside the door.

"You can't get along without a husband," he argued.

"But I am getting along," she countered. "My baby is better taken care of, I have more to spend and better food and more fun than any living man has ever given me."

"You'll get tired of it," he predicted.

"That's nice wholesome talk, isn't it? First you call me an idler and a dependent. Then when I'm doing very nicely, thank you, you tell me I'll get tired of it."

"I'm going home," declared Dan Hurley, admitting defeat.

"I'll give you a lesson pretty soon," she promised.

"In dancing?"

"No; in logic."

Then she glided forth into the big room to give Dan the satisfaction of knowing that Uncle Charley McNeil could do surprisingly well with the right partner.

Out in the hall Dan Hurley gloomily awaited old Sarah's fumbling through the overcoats. It was an interminable time before she found his, and then his hat was missing. Dan stood on one foot and then the other, chafing with delay. All he desired now was fresh air and the light of the stars. The phonograph was belching something nerve-racking with a catcall obbligato and an eccentric drum. The noise, the scene overcame him with hatred of all the world and of himself more particularly. He turned his back on the ballroom.

Then something nestled inside his arm, nestled and clung. Looking round Dan saw that Molly May was standing beside him, her white hand on his elbow, her eyes still bright with mischief.

"Take your overcoat off," she urged.

"Why?" he demanded sulkily.

"The next will be a two-step—the kind my grandfather liked. And it isn't polite to dance in your overcoat."

"Oh," said Dan, a dangerous light kindling in his eye. And his manner of removing his overcoat was that of Horatius, casting away his armor to swim the yellow Tiber.

The phonograph having stopped, Jo Menifee put on a new record and turned the crank. Another tune whanged forth like a blast from some musical sawmill.

Suddenly Dan Hurley took her in his arms with a tightness not approved by any dancing school, ancient or modern.

"One-two, one-two," she counted breathlessly. "This is very old-fashioned."

"Does it go back to the Stone Age?" he growled.

"What are you driving at, Dan Hurley?" she queried in his ear.

But his answer was wordless, forceful and direct. Suiting his movements to an antiquated two-step he carried her by dint of brute strength straight through the company of skillful contortionists, out through the oval-topped door, back into the blue-and-orange glory of Mrs. Pryce's redecorated dining room.

The electric bulbs had been dimmed again and the faint light was suitable to life in caves. His arm was still round her, and she spoke a little nervously.

"You need teaching."

"I need you." And he kissed her twice and thrice upon her generous mouth.

"You mustn't, Dan," she whispered, struggling feebly.

"Aren't you ever going to love me, Molly May?" he insisted, holding fast.

"Why, of course," said she, and her eyes told him the same story they had betrayed that September afternoon on Mrs. Pryce's blighted lawn.

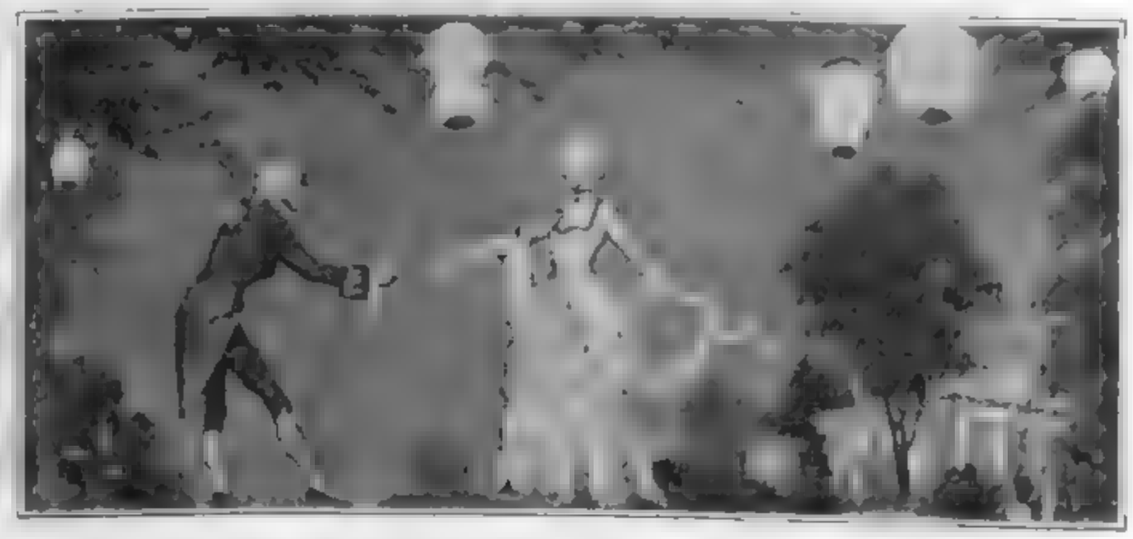
"For heaven's sake," he muttered, "why did you talk that way just now?"

"What way?" She had given up the pretense of struggling and her cheek was against his.

"About being independent and not needing a husband?"

"Oh," she tinkled, "I don't need you. You're a luxury."

And he often thought of that answer during his married life, which was happy above the average.



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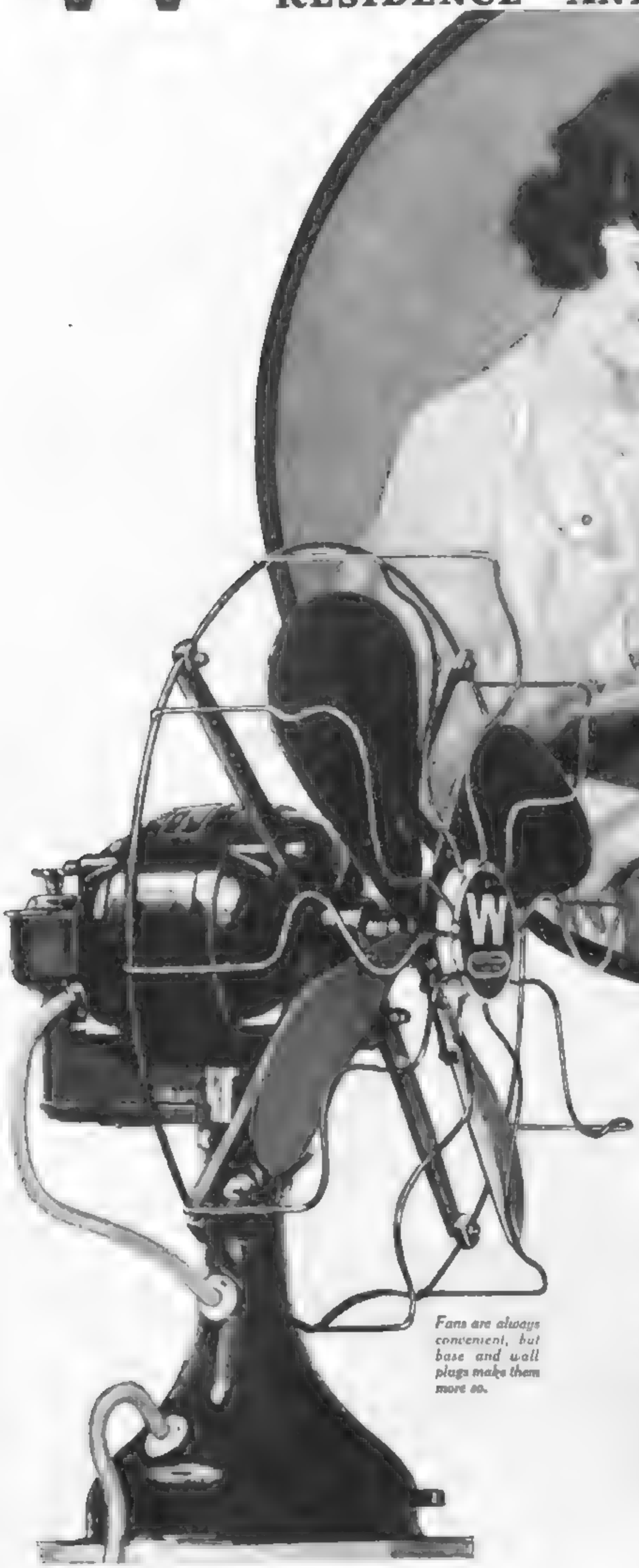

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The thing you want from a fan is breeze, and the best fan is the one that will give you the most breeze for the least expenditure of current, throughout the many seasons it should last. A good fan should be quiet, and it should be good-looking, because it is really a part of your furnishings during the summer months. *This is exactly the list of requirements that Westinghouse fans have been designed to satisfy.*

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AND THE WEST IS WEST

(Continued from Page 11)

wore good clothes, lived in pleasant homes set in broad lawns, provided exceptionally good food in larger than New England portions. And for the first time in their lives the Aldens broke faith with Aunt Priscilla and went around in the vortex of Spokane like abandoned creatures who had slipped their moral and social halters. Occasionally when they made some wild social leap it was their habit to whisper in unrighteous glee, "Down with Aunt Priscilla!"

And always this counterfeit money of the doctor's was shoved back at him. He had to sneak out like a criminal to buy his favorite tobacco. He had spent less than five dollars in two weeks, and when the Shanleys loaded the party for Loon Lake Doctor Alden realized that the rubber band around his money would not be stretched for another week. Only a Yankee sense of thrift subdued his feeling of genuine annoyance that he had to accept so much gratuity. He had the realist's deep belief that there is no such thing as something for nothing. Only your idealist believes in fairies. Yet here was this Loon Lake place.

Money had done it, of course. The architect was from Seattle, and he knew his woods and his lakes and the materials under his hand. And he made it all fit together; illimitable woods and water, and grassy spaces, and the charm and mystery of deep forests and the joy of wide, wild places. But in it the Shanleys fitted. It was money—money plus the architect, and the plus was the Shanleys. There was comfort and beauty—comfort and beauty and hospitality that dramatized good will. And there it was! The flavor of the domestic-science department of the State University of Idaho was deliciously blended with the tang of Ah Boy's cooking, and something almost touching an obviously acquired baby drawl sounded grotesque in Mrs. Shanley's voice, for she was no clinging vine. She was a person equipped to grapple with life bare-handed—also to climb.

But Michael Shanley, he that was once pit boss in the Big Lizz up in Burke, he was always 95 per cent masculine, and money did not soften him. He gnawed plug tobacco from one side of his jaw, spat true and moderately, swore gently, passionlessly, spoke two words an hour while he fished or hunted, kept his large brown eyes fixed like a dog's for minutes at a time upon nothing, managed someway at meals when he and the doctor were alone in the woods or on the lake to tell one awful, soul-piercing story a day—not the one about the Irishman or the Jew or the Dutchman or the Swede, but about a man he knew, some gruesome, revealing thing buried deep in his cruel experience; and then talked in the boring, meaningless slang of his time and place, never coining a phrase, never chinking a word in a new use. He knew nothing but work, its zests and hates. His millions—and he seemed to have a score of them all snugly invested—meant nothing to him but millions. They would buy things in the large—mining claims, forests, water-power sites, irrigation projects—some of which brought more millions, others of which lost millions; and in detail his millions brought him dogs, rich food, chiefly more or less raw beef variously served, plumbing faucets every thirty feet in his home, fat, overstuffed furniture and mamma. Whatever call of the wild echoed in his heart from the days of his youth at Wardner and Wallace in the old wide-open era he satisfied by having his hands manicured once a week by the lady with a marshmallow complexion in the barber shop at the hotel.

But those days at Loon Lake were great days for Doctor Alden. When he realized definitely that he would not have to live up to the intellectual stride of a superman the doctor abandoned himself to the charm of the skies, the solitude of the mountains and the glamour of the lakes that came into his life every day; fishing and hunting by daylight, at night a dinner, where cataracts of kindly people rushing by were gone at midnight. His money gave Shanley a sense of equality with any man. It was power, and Shanley looked into the eyes of Alden, knowing from his Boston days what an Alden was, and neither winked nor batted an eyelash for Harvard Medical, Johns Hopkins or Vienna. And being what he was, the doctor wanted no man's homage. Shanley rowed his weight in the boat, carried his share of the pack, shot his share of the bag; and that settled, nothing else mattered. They were two Americans functioning in the American fashion; one in the middle class as the accident of birth, the other shunted there by luck. They came out at the same door. Shanley envied the doctor his sight eye; the doctor envied Shanley's heart action. The learning and the money that might have separated them never intruded. As two average men they walked and fished and hunted in long silences. And betimes the doctor snapped the rubber band of his money roll and marveled at the customs of the country, while Shanley marveled for six days that he could be with a man who would drop so few facts about himself. Shanley wondered whether the reticence was a pose or a bad habit.

Cousin Robert and Cousin Martha came up to Loon Lake the night before the Aldens left, and there was a farewell party fearfully and wonderfully made. Music and food, both for man and beast, were scattered in profusion over the great house. In the morning, when the guests were about to leave, it was with no punctiliousness that Mrs. Alden said: "When you come to New York don't fail to come and see us. Robert always can give you our address."

"We sure will," replied Mrs. Shanley, and as for Shanley, he gazed at the departing guests with bovine eyes and ventured, "Now that you've found the way, you must come often." Just that!

"Does he ever say anything, Cousin Robert?" asked Mrs. Alden.

"Oh, yes, sometimes he talks. Once when he was a mine foreman he killed a high-grader driving off with a wagonload of ore at the dump by the mill. Shanley brought the body to the undertaker with 'Such is life. I suppose we have all got to come to it sooner or later.' And laid off the mine for the funeral, and made the men buy a sickle and sheaf in lilies for the departed." This from Cousin Robert.

The friendly city of Spokane passed on the Aldens, with its blessings, to Seattle. The two days in Seattle dimmed the memory of Loon Lake in the hearts of the Aldens. The pent-up waters of the social wellsprings literally gushed over the Easterners at Seattle in dinners, breakfasts, luncheons, teas and incidental drives. It was from the St. Francis in San Francisco that Mrs. Alden wrote her bread-and-butter letter, and by that time the cold, awful, petrifying chill of Aunt Priscilla's social rigors had begun to numb the Aldens. Each was wondering just how much they dare to tell Aunt Priscilla of what had happened in Spokane and Seattle.

Someway, in the broad areas of Spokane, the spacious houses, the sprawling verandas or the vast living rooms of Loon Lake it seemed rather easy to live with the accusing spirit of Aunt Priscilla; but they were taking the remembrance of the Spokane social cyclone, with the Shanleys revolving madly in it, back to an apartment, cramped, rigid, eternally stuffed with human contacts. And their social guilt oppressed them more heavily every day they moved eastward, and every day made it harder to say "Down with Aunt Priscilla!" Also, after a week at California hotels and in such paid conveyances and commercial substitutes for hospitality as they enjoyed, the Spokane experience seemed like a subconscious dramatization of some stupendous unreality.

So the bread-and-butter note of Mrs. Alden was no farther west in her heart than One Hundred Ninety-eighth Street. The invitation which slipped from her lips on the doorstep at Loon Lake was genteelly suppressed.

"For after all," thought Mrs. Alden as her mind flashed forward and she visualized the Shanleys in New York, "we have known them less than a month." Then, being human, she tore that note up and peeped through a crack in her front door at the Shanleys with this: "And we do so hope that you can tell us that you have enjoyed New York as we have been delighted with Loon Lake!" But she kept even that from the doctor as a guilty secret. For, being plump, she knew she was impulsive; and the doctor was prone to tease her about her lack of restraint.

The doctor meanwhile was considering the Spokane phenomenon from a scientific angle. He was not quite sure whether the

(Continued on Page 44)

*Every*meal-*Every*day

Sunshine Biscuits

Have you tried these Sunshine Sugar Wafers?

Per-fet-to	Clover Leaves
Multi	Tan-San
Veroniques (Sticks)	Brandywine
Philopena (Almond Shape)	Multi, Jr.

Ice Cream with Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers and Sunshine Clover Leaves

Mix 1 cup sugar with 4 cups cream till dissolved. Add 1½ tablespoons flavoring. Freeze. Serve with Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers and Sunshine Clover Leaves.

How to Make Summer Desserts Taste Better

"What are we going to have for dessert?" is a question easy to answer when you serve Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers and Sunshine Clover Leaves. Each is made of two dainty, crisp wafers with fragrantly flavored cream filling. Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers are oblong, and Sunshine Clover Leaves are square "good luck" wafers.

They are just the thing to serve with ice cream, or whatever your summer-time dessert may be. They add that needed something and bring out the deliciousness of other dishes.

So do all Sunshine Biscuits—from the Thousand Window Bakeries. Some are best with salads; others make tempting sandwiches, or fill the bill for serving with jellied or hot consommé.

From the Sunshine Display Racks at your grocer's you can choose a variety suitable for every-meal, everyday.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

The biscuits on this dish are:
Sunshine Per-fet-to Sugar Wafers and Sunshine Clover Leaves Sugar Wafers. Ask for them at Soda Fountains.

Ask Any Trained Nurse What the Duplex Seal Means to You

ANY trained nurse or druggist knows the importance of keeping medicinal preparations, toilet goods and food products tightly sealed. Not only until you receive them, *but after you have opened them.*

Think of the loss of strength, of fragrance—think of the things you buy for your medicine chest, dressing table and kitchen that dry out, deteriorate, or get dusty or mouldy *after you have opened them*—just because you cannot reseal them easily and surely.

Hundreds of manufacturers realize the saving that a tight closing top means to you and are giving you *all* that you pay for by sealing their bottles and jars with the Duplex Seal.

The Duplex seal, the simplest seal known. Off with a quarter turn of the wrist, on again with the same easy motion—even in a hurry or in the dark—reseals your bottles and jars perfectly and gives you the full use of their contents right down to the bottom.

Look for the Duplex Seal when you buy. It is a sign of thoughtful manufacturing.

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Interesting information regarding the glass package art, artistic seal designs, seal liners to meet special chemical reactions, etc., gladly furnished by our Service Laboratories to manufacturers of food products, hard candies, toilet goods, household remedies and specialties of all kinds.

The Duplex Seal

A PERFECT SEALING & RE-SEALING CAP FOR GLASS BOTTLES & JARS

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,
Executive Offices - 14th Avenue and 36th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Works - BROOKLYN, N.Y. . . PORTLAND, ME.

(Continued from Page 42)

freedom from restraint, the lack of a sobering sense of the realities—say thrift, class, self-interest, for instance—was due to the absence of economic pressure, or a psychological reaction due to—due to—to, let's see—to—um—wasn't there a German who wrote a book to maintain that in pioneer communities an excess of masculinity develôped in both sexes due to the superabundance of calories in the food, which came from local congestion of the starches and fats resultant from primitive systems of transportation, or something of the sort? Now here was a civilization rich in nitrates due to the volcanic ash of Steptoe Butte in some previous age, and the nitrates—and he went to sleep hitching up nitrates to the rubber band on his pocketbook in Spokane, which was becoming normally loose as he reached the Grand Cañon in Arizona, a fact which he explained easily enough without resort to theories of social chemistry.

So a season slipped by, and Aunt Priscilla knew only vaguely about the Shanleys. Then the blow fell.

Arrive Century Friday. Don't meet train. Bob gave us address. Will take taxi.
M. SHANLEY.

There it splashed, right into the breakfast coffee Thursday morning; and crowding the hall stood the steamer trunk packed for the Boston trip, and in the trunk, along with the doctor's evening clothes and Mrs. Alden's brand-new gown, was the doctor's paper for the New England Medical Society on A—long Greek-looking word—of the Pathology—a long Latin word—of Certain Infections. And the paper was set in the program for Friday, and there was the banquet Friday evening and here was this telegram

"Well, who is Bob?" asked Aunt Priscilla.

"But, Curtis," cried Mrs. Alden, "I don't see how I ——"

"Nevertheless, my dear," returned the doctor, "you go!"

"But, Curtis, how can I ——"

"But you are going! Do you think it will be any fun for me alone up there with all the relations? The Shanleys can — "

"But, Curtis Alden, just stop and think how pleasant they ——"

"But, Abbie, who is Bob?" cut in Aunt Priscilla.

"Oh, Bob be damned! Why didn't he direct them to the public library or the Woolworth Building or the zoo in the Bronx?"

"Curtis, do you forget us?" quoth Aunt Priscilla, horrified at a red damn on the breakfast cloth. Then she repeated: "But who, please tell me—who is Bob?"

"Yes; but, Curtis," pleaded the wife, "the whole house must be arranged. Where can I put them? We can double up with the relations—that's different. But the Shanleys—— Curtis, I tell you I simply can't leave! I can't! You don't understand! I must stop and think!"

"There's the new day bed in the library," suggested the doctor. "Why, that's easy! I'll bunk there, and you and Aunt ——"

"Are you children ever going to tell me who this Bob person is who sent these ——"

"Why, Cousin Robert—in Spokane!" answered the two. Then the wife continued, "Cousin Robert Higginson!"

"Well!" And Aunt Priscilla straightened up in her chair, looking every inch of her four-feet-three. "So that's the kind of people your Westerners are! I've known five Robert Higginsons—father, grandfather, a great-uncle and two cousins—and no one ever ventured to call any one of them Bob. Do these Shanleys know what Higginson he is? Bob Higginson! Why, Curtis, how terrible!"

While she was speaking the Aldens were having that obvious conjugal telepathy which is exchanged in crises, saying in effect across the bourn of time and space: "Of course, if Aunt Priscilla would use the day bed we could easily close the folding doors and make the study quite comfortable; and Cecil could move the few things into the study that Aunt Priscilla would need, if he did not boss poor Aunt Priscilla to death, though Olga would settle Cecil, of course. And Olga likes nothing better than to get up a dinner without suggestions; and at most there would be only two dinners for her to manage alone, for Sunday morning the farthest, and ——"

"Well, Curtis, go on to the office. I'll meet you at the train," said the wife as their eyes dropped and they began using words. "And, of course, the Shanleys must be met. Aunt Priscilla, could you ——"

"Meet the Shanleys? Why, certainly! And I'll occupy the study—and keep Cecil in his place. Olga and I will see that the meals are a credit to you, and ——"

Whereupon the family council opened in earnest, and, being Yankees, it was soon settled. At the end there was this:

"But, Curtis, how will they know me—at the train?" asked Aunt Priscilla.

"I'll telegraph to them on the train that you will be at the station—I will describe you," answered the doctor from the hallway, and in another instant he was in the elevator going down.

In two hours Mrs. Alden was gone, and Miss Priscilla Higginson was left alone. Strangers rarely came into her life, and when they came she celebrated by glancing into mirrors as she passed, possibly to watch the iron rigidity of her gray crimps, or possibly to observe her nose—her dominant Higginson nose, brought down from Maine a century before by a great-grandfather—to see if it was still lording it over the eager little face. The grace of her sex still shone, where once it glowed from her serious eyes; but that Maine nose and the gray unyielding corrugations of her hair guarded her from all that her eyes might lure and beckon. And then there was her conscience; her fathomless capacity for remorse; as, for instance, her relation with the new day bed in the study. But Miss Higginson tried to avoid thinking of the day bed, even while she was transforming the study into a bedroom; and she was thankful that the Aldens had not referred to her folly. She wondered if the doctor had heard of it. He was always detached, remote from her small world and its problems. The doctor to his Aunt Priscilla seemed ever to be walking upon the serene frigid heights where his father and grandfather walked before him, and where their great-grandfather, the signer, in his portrait sat chilling the whole establishment with his glacial asperity as, looming, towering, all-pervading, he gloomed from the tarnished gilt frame hanging over the small mantel in the tiny dining room in the cramped refinement of the apartment.

Now your New Englander is crammed full of odd suppressions, and one never knows what is liable to crop out. For twenty years Curtis Alden had jammed a lust to be devilish into the pit of his heart and cemented it over with dignity. And under the turmoil in his life of having guests in the apartment not of the relations—an utterly unheard-of experience in his universe—at having two raw Westerners crowding in upon him—the malice of Fate in thus dallying with him broke the cement, threw open the grave and released the buried devil. That night Cecil Armitage, recording secretary of Local Association No. 11 of the Amalgamated Society for the Promotion of the Pan-African Negro Republic, drove home the sedan, put it in the garage in the apartment-house basement, put on his butler's uniform and delivered this note to Miss Higginson:

Dear Aunt Priscilla: I have wired the Shanleys—inclosed find carbon copy—that you will meet the Twentieth Century Limited tomorrow, according to our agreement. Abigail and I are leaving, assured that you will be a credit to the family.
Affectionately, CURTIS.

The copy of the telegram to the Shanleys, Miss Priscilla Higginson having read, held in her hand. Her jaws gaped, her eyes stared, her world tottered beneath her. For she saw, after glancing at the train address somewhere far out in the West beyond Albany, these awful words:

"My aunt, Miss Higginson, will meet you, explaining our unavoidable temporary absence, and will take you to our home. She will wear her red hat."

"My red hat! My red ——" gasped Priscilla Higginson.

"Yes'm, Miss Higginson, yes'm! Tha's jus' what Mrs. Alden said to the doctah as I was drivin' them to the station. She says 'Huh red hat' jus' almos' in the same voice."

Miss Priscilla turned with dignity.

"You may go, Cecil. Send Olga, please."

When Olga came, heavily under the weight of her fifty years of enforced kitchen silence, Miss Higginson thrust out the telegram tragically, and still holding it cried: "Olga, tell me, how long have you been with us?"

"Why, Miss Higginson, you know—you surely know! I been with us since we were

(Continued on Page 46)

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

First thing you do next—

GET a pipe—and get good and glad on pipe smokes with Prince Albert tobacco! And, you'll find out quick-and-sudden just what a scuttleful of sunny stuff will float your way every time you hook up that joy'us jimmy to a firematch!

Man-to-man, you tie a can to that tall-timber talk that you never could sit tight with a pipe! You bet your new straw hat *you will* smoke away like hammer and tongs when you know how true Prince Albert rings against your keenest hankerings!

Right here and between us all, we'll say it in black and white that there never was a pipe smoke that could be compared with Prince Albert; never was such fullsome, refreshing, satisfying flavor as comes out of P. A. through a pipe to you! And—such coolness, *such freedom from bite and parch* (cut out by our exclusive patented process)!

Geewhitikar—if you realized what you were passing up in smoke happiness you'd stop reading right here and make a bee-line-dive for the nearest-by place that passes out jimmy pipes and little ole P. A.!

Toppy red bags; tidy red tins; handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

For Cottage and Camp

HERE'S just the lamp for your tent-house or summer cottage—the Coleman Quick-Lite! Its 300 candle-power brilliance, pure-white, clear and "soft as shaded sunshine," adds both comfort and pleasure to the summer outing. And such wonderful convenience! No wicks to trim, no chimneys to wash.

The cheering radiance of the Quick-Lite gives the final brightening touch to porch and lawn parties and the many other evening social events of summertime. For any and every use there is no light so strong and steady, so clear and yet so kind to human eyes.

Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns

And don't forget the Quick-Lite Lantern! It's a real outing necessity. Just the thing for your tent, cabin and campsite—for fishing, boating, hunting; also fine for vacation trips, picnics and "night-out" parties. Won't flicker or blow out in wildest wind. Bug-proof and rain-proof. 300 candle-power brilliance, steady and sure.

Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns generate into full power with common matches. Make and burn their own gas from ordinary motor gasoline. Cost-to-use, but a trifle more than a cent a night. Built of brass, heavily nickeled. Will last a lifetime.

MORE than 30,000 Dealers now sell Quick-Lites. If a merchant near you hasn't them, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Address nearest Factory Branch, Department P-13

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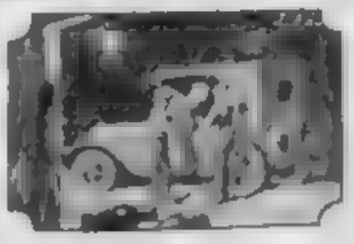

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married. That's twenty-two years ago. But I been with you, Miss Higginson, since the Centennial."

Miss Higginson glanced furtively at the closed door.

"I know—of course I know that," wailed the mistress. "But I wants I you to say it, and Olga, tell me this: When did Doctor Alden ever see me in a red hat?"

"In a red hat—my Lord! Miss Priscilla—in a red hat!"

The flustered servant sat down flopped is better—in a chair.

The agitated mistress rose quickly, then she proceeded: "Olga, do you remember when we went to Bar Harbor—that summer when the President was shot and when poor Mr. Blaine had to leave our summer place?" Olga nodded. "That was five years after the Centennial, Olga, and I was twenty-seven then; and I wore a red hat, and it did look—well, I liked it; but all the relations stared at it so, and Aunt Constance Cabot said, 'Don't you think, Priscilla'—and I knew what she meant; that an old maid shouldn't preen herself." The disturbed eyes of the mistress looked into the kindly eyes of the maid. "And it was the last red hat I ever had the heart to wear. That was forty years ago, Olga, and here the doctor has telegraphed those dreadful people that they are to identify me by a red hat at the train! I won't! I can't! I would die first!"

But Friday morning a grim little woman of uncertain age stood back of the barrier with the crowd, waiting for the incoming passengers from the Century—and she carried in her hand a red veil. When the train was announced she threw the red mark of her shame over her hat and stood blushing crimson, like a Greek slave naked on the block, waiting for the Shanleys to come and claim her.

It was in that agonizing four minutes, when her whole life flashed before her as she waited for the Shanleys with her head swathed in the dreadful red, that Miss Priscilla Higginson realized that she was to blame for the Shanley visitation. The Shanleys were the wages of her sin. Why did she lose her temper with that cabinetmaker on Fourth Avenue the week before? She had told him there was no hurry about mending the day bed; yet when she had called for it after six weeks and found that he had not begun work it was annoying. But why did she let fly at him? She knew very well that sin is punished. Her theology made no allowance for repentance as an expiation of sin. Her God could not be mocked. She had been ugly with the cabinetmaker—had spoken with violent contumely, leaving a just Providence nothing to do but to send the Shanleys. Her sin was visited upon her house! And just as this comforting reflection swept over her the Shanleys—the last stragglers from the last car—came bearing down upon her, and seeing her red hat waved frantically at her. She tore the red veil from her hat and tried to explain it before she greeted them, but they overbore her. Mrs. Shanley all but kissed the dear old lady, and Michael Shanley held her little rather rigid gloved hand in his hard flinty paw and tossed it about as he said: "Well, well! So this is Bob's Aunt Prissy! Well, it's a little world!"

It was his speech for the day. It was enough. It brought on the winter's freeze. A train of cars could have crossed on the ice. Mrs. Shanley talked for three, but made small headway.

Then through the mists of snow and ice in her heart Priscilla Higginson saw the approaching mountain of bags and grips and suitcases in the arms of three redcap boys, which she tried futilely in fancy to tuck away in the Shanleys' apartment bedroom. And then, lunging like a bacchanalian Jersey cow, straining on the leash and flopping a fourth redcap boy about like the tail of an unwieldy kite, Priscilla Higginson saw the dog—a great Dane! The sight paralyzed her with horror. The horror paled the shame which the red veil had painted on her cheek as she heard Mrs. Shanley.

"So you got Gladys, did you, boys?" she chirruped. And Gladys came bounding into their midst, knocking porters galley-west and sending streams of hand bags, packages and suitcases aplashing about the place. "Gladys is so demonstrative!" explained Mrs. Shanley as the great dog rose towering about Miss Higginson and was about to embrace her when Shanley pulled the creature away.

Then Cecil appeared in his Sunday grass-green chauffeur's livery, rather an imposing sight, perhaps next to the Woolworth Building the most gorgeous thing architecturally in New York—Cecil Armitage, secretary of Local Association No. 11 of the Amalgamated Society for the Promotion of the Pan-African Negro Republic. And in that Sunday livery his meal at the station was normally three redcaps. Friday he ate the four whole, which refreshed his soul, reconciling him to the 1918-model sedan, towards which he led the way. Michael Shanley, holding Gladys in leash, preceded the women, and as the monster plunged about in the crowd Mrs. Shanley chattered gayly to Miss Higginson.

"We are bringing Gladys to a kennel on Long Island to match her up. The architect thinks four others like her would be perfectly stunning on our wide porches. They are so decorative, these great Danes, and there isn't another of Gladys' strain west of Long Island. So Gladys came along."

Only the creak or groan or rumble, or whatever curious noise ice makes as it congeals, was articulate in Aunt Priscilla's throat. To Miss Higginson it seemed that the rearing dog brought with it the odious unrestraint of the West, the hateful license of Western freedom and the awful dirt and disorder of that irritating phrase, "the great wide spaces," and it seemed to be pouring, all of it—unrestraint, licentious freedom, dirt and disorder—into the genteel, compact, disciplined and sophisticated apartment. The dog to her was the living horror of all she had epitomized as the West. With a bursting throb of joy she remembered that they didn't allow dogs in the apartment house. How could the West enter here? Then she heard Cecil explaining to Mr. Shanley: "You might keep him in the garage in the basement, suh. Cou'se it's not customary except undeh cehtain peculiah circumstances, suh."

"That's all right, young fellow. You take him there. We'll fix the circumstances." Shanley waved the munificent hand which he used to dispose of a dam site, a forest or a gold mine. Then looking around at the ladies he smiled, "Where there's a will there's a way."

They were in the station door opening into Forty-second Street. The baggage was towering beside the driver's seat. Gladys had roosted upon the running board opposite; and Shanley, looking up the crowded street, exclaimed, "So this is New York! Spokane's got it beat for traffic cops." Turning to the women, he said, "Ladies first." Then the car nosed its way eastward and upward to Sixty-fifth Street.

The home of the Aldens, fourteen stories in the air, in an apartment which embodied as much of comfort and luxury as architecture could devise under a communal roof, clearly impressed the Shanleys. It spelled money. Here was this apartment, sixteen stories high, and the one next door and three across the street, and a score farther down and no one knows how many others, each housing rich families. Someway the Big Lizz didn't loom so large on the horizon as it loomed in Spokane.

Mrs. Shanley had been in the Alden apartment less than an hour—indeed, she had hardly had time to tell Miss Higginson about her term in jail—before she decided that the thing which the Shanley home lacked was the atmosphere of books; books shelved in the living room, books tucked around in passageways, books stacked and strewn on the tables and lying about in bedrooms. An hour later, as she was confiding to Miss Higginson's unbelieving ears the story of her father's cleanest little game in the hills, Mrs. Shanley decided that the servants needed some attention in Spokane. Ah Boy, treasure of treasures, pearl beyond price, lacked a certain air that Cecil Armitage and Olga Pederson displayed. That certain air Mrs. Shanley decided to analyze, understand and transplant. But Michael Shanley, standing with his back to the room, looked out of the window at the marvels about him and below him—the river far away in the lowering smoke, its graceful unbelievable bridges, its traffic, the streets below and the towering monoliths, each waving its plume of steam, and hundreds and hundreds of steam plumes waving in the sky as far as the eye could reach—everywhere. He felt as he felt in the mountains, alone and at peace.

"Nice view," was his vocal reaction.

After the flash in the station, when the sense of sin overwhelmed her, Priscilla

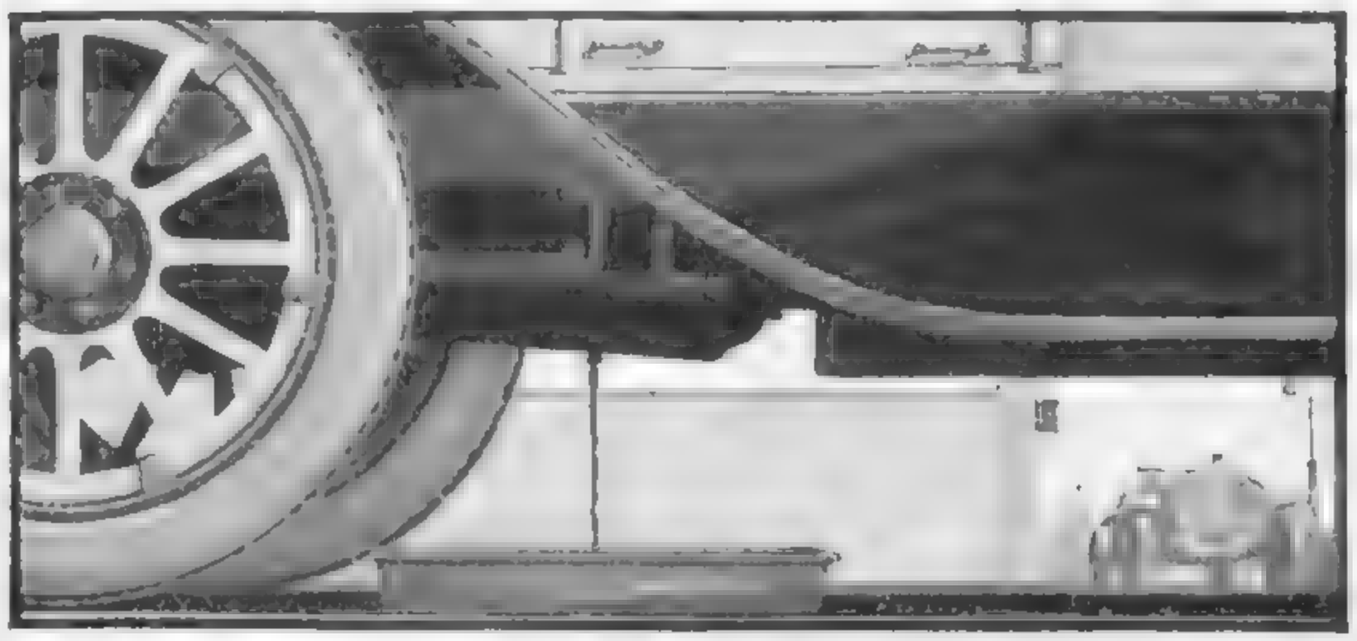
(Continued on Page 48)

SUN OILS

Try this way of avoiding carbon troubles

The Burning Test

Ordinary motor oils, when subjected to the heat of combustion, leave a thick, sticky tar which adheres to cylinder walls, piston heads, valves, etc., and forms hard carbon deposits.



The Burning Test

Engine heat does not destroy the lubricating qualities of SUNOCO. It is a straight-run, wholly-distilled, non-compounded oil—every drop the same. SUNOCO leaves no residue to cause carbon troubles.

Drain, clean and fill your crankcase with Sunoco Motor Oil

The maker of your car warns you to have the old contaminated oil cleaned out of your crankcase every 500 to 800 miles without fail.

He knows that oil is vastly cheaper than mechanical repairs—that dirty, thinned-out oil will damage your engine and reduce its power quicker than any other one thing.

Give your engine a fresh start. Have the old oil removed, the crankcase thoroughly cleaned, and the reservoir refilled with Sunoco Motor Oil—the oil that eliminates carbon troubles.

Sunoco is a wholly-distilled, non-compounded oil, as "The Burning Test" above proves. It is made in six distinct types to exactly meet the lubricating requirements of your car and every other car.

Having a higher viscosity (body), type for type, than ordinary oils, it insures a perfect piston ring seal—winter or summer. This means clean, compression-tight cylinders and valves—maximum engine power—no gasoline leakage—freedom from repairs.

The high quality and scientific accuracy of Sunoco are guaranteed by the Sun Company—one of the world's largest makers of quality lubricants. We control every drop of Sunoco from the time it leaves the ground until ready for the market.

The "Sunoco Lubrication Guide" tells you at a glance the Sunoco type adapted for your particular car. If your dealer is not yet handling Sunoco, send us his name and address, and we will send you a copy of this guide free.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and other Petroleum Products

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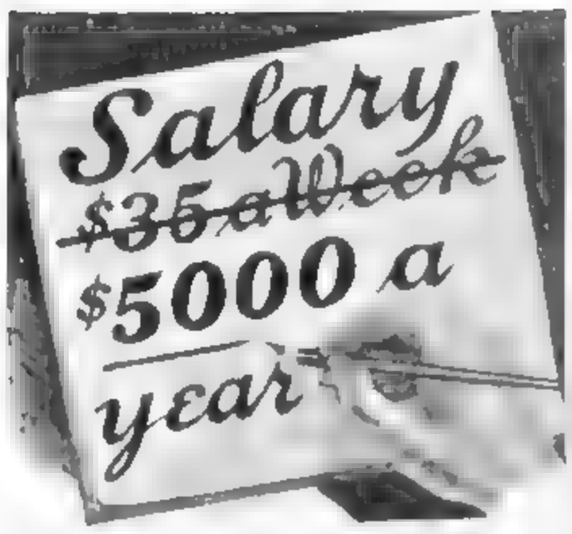
TO THE TRADE—Write for details of our Sunoco Sales Plan and Lubrication Service



Write Your Own Salary Raise

Look into the reasons why some men advance while others stay at routine work and you will find that he who gives most, gets most—you will find the men who are drawing the high salaries have *specialized knowledge*—they know more than the workers who have to be shown, directed and followed up. They are *able* to give more and *get* more because they have more to give.

Every man really determines his own pay. If he learns only how to do detail work he earns only the pay for that kind of service. If, however, he acquires the training which equips him to carry responsibility and to make decisions, he naturally advances to one of the big positions. His brains have a definite market value—his training puts a premium on his services.

You can give your brains a higher and a more definite market value if you will train for the branches in which business gladly pays the high salaries. And the training which means bigger pay can be obtained in your spare time. LaSalle experts are ready to give it to you whenever you are ready to begin. These experts have already put more than 250,000 ambitious men in line for rapid advancement. Every year they train by mail nearly 50,000 ambitious men, and the mails constantly bring letters reporting salary increases ranging from 100 to 500 per cent as a result of this specialized instruction.

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Get the right idea about this training. It is transmitted thru the LaSalle Problem Method, under which you deal directly with the identical problems which the business executive has to solve. You step, as it were, into one of the high salaried positions where important problems must be solved and decisions made for the rank and file. You gain experience by doing the kind of work required in the position you are training for.

You solve your problems under the direction of LaSalle experts, who make every point clear and carry you from one step to the next until you yourself are an experienced, qualified man in the field you have chosen. You become thoroly familiar with the work of the manager—the executive—you are ready for a salary raise and capable of making good.

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Present Position

Address _____

(Continued from Page 46)

Higginson adjusted her back to her burden and bore it unflinchingly, though she did wince at the words "the bull pen." Hers was the weakness that had brought the shame upon the house; hers should be the joy of sacrificial redemption. These consoling meditations, as Mrs. Shanley talked, sustained Miss Higginson, and she heard the fires of martyrdom crackling about her with a serene sense of exaltation. Yet because poor human flesh is frail, she was glad when dinner was over—though for it Mamma Shanley dressed Michael right down to the gnat's heel of perfection, even as to the cuff links—and the Shanleys went to the theater, for which the Aldens had left tickets. Cecil, unbuttled, became chauffeur; and Olga went to the Swedish Society's choral rehearsal.

Then it was that Priscilla Higginson went over and over that awful scene with the cabinetmaker, when she lost her temper about the day bed. She lashed her soul with poison whips of remorse. It was ten o'clock when she began to hear someone—perhaps on the floor above, perhaps on the floor below—sobbing her heart out. It was remote of course, but distinct, and most unusual. Never before had the Aldens been physically conscious of neighbors. But there was the sobbing. And in ten minutes the telephone rang and a gruff man's voice was telling her someone would have to come and look after the dog. Gladys was having hysterics!

The things that happened in the next hour are gems in Aunt Priscilla's crown. It took all the gold of Ophir to bribe Gladys' way into the Alden apartment, and there at midnight the Shanleys found Miss Higginson stroking the great beast's head to quiet her and feeding her bit by bit, to assuage her grief, the sweetbreads ordered for the morning's breakfast.

Gladys slept that night between the Shanleys' beds, and the next day Shanley and Cecil took her to her ancestral home.

That was a great day for Mrs. Shanley, and the cross seemed lighter for Aunt Priscilla that day too; for they shopped—that is to say, Mrs. Shanley shopped and shopped and shopped—while Aunt Priscilla, guiding her about, was rapt in wonder, awe and praise. For Mrs. Shanley did it well, and she ordered by the ton—nothing less.

The Aldens came home that evening to find their habitation congested with packages. The West had crowded in—crowded under the legs of the Hepplewhite highboy; crowded under the valance of the four-posters; crowded over the Chippendale table and peeked, tousled and menacing, from under the same; crowded along bookcases, upon bureaus; crowded under, over and around sofas and davenports of a New England dead fifty years as though dancing on its grave; crowded everywhere.

Doctor Alden remembered Shanley as a big man in a great open country set in a forest on a lake or a vast sandy desert waste. There the doctor and Shanley communed and were at peace. Here in the crowded apartment the doctor felt a clash coming, an antagonism rising that shamed him; but still it kept rising. He forgot how much a part of our relations with each other is the environment which fosters them.

Later they all went to the theater, and Sunday night there was a dinner—that is to say, all the dining room would hold—a matter of two extra couples.

The dinner did not fizz. The guests acted like strange cattle in a pasture. The couple richer than the Shanleys had made it in Wall Street, and the couple poorer than the Shanleys, having been invited because they were Westerners, being from Toledo, were so anxious to impress the couple richer than the Shanleys that all Mrs. Shanley got out of her dinner was a distaste for the gown she had ordered the day before and a desire to have one like the rich broker's wife. And Shanley heard a lot of inside Wall Street gossip that bored him, because it passed over his head. But the real figure of the dinner from the Shanleys' point of view was that it led to no further invitations. When the guests left there was no remote hint that they would meet again this side of paradise. Even Shanley got that. And Mrs. Shanley, who heard the rich wife from Wall Street dodging the hook of the poor wife from Toledo, laid it to her new gown and was miserable.

But it was not until the Shanleys read the Monday morning's New York papers that they realized definitely that New York ways are not Spokane's way. Friday and Saturday their host and hostess were out of town; but here it was Monday, and not a line in the papers about the Shanleys. For weeks Mrs. Shanley had seen the headline glimmering before her eyes—Bonanza King Visits Metropolis. Mike Shanley of the Big Lizz Dazzles Fifth Avenue. Interview with Mrs. Shanley on Feminist Movement. She is Freudian!

But in all the papers that came to the Alden House not a line could they find about the Shanleys. At least there might have been a society note, Mrs. Shanley felt, though she kept her feelings to herself, being too well bred to run the risk of servants' hearing her. But she knew what Mike was thinking, and he felt that mamma was disappointed. And the Aldens, in their innocence, bought grand-opera tickets for Monday night, and added a dinner at Brown's Chop House, where they promised Shanley that he could have what he used to call he food at Loon Lake. It was a real excursion for the Aldens. But Mrs. Shanley made it so plain that the San Carlo Opera Company was giving Pagliacci that week in Spokane, and that they had heard Mary Garden twice in Louise, once in San Francisco and once in Portland, that the edge of the joy was a bit dulled for their hosts.

And Mrs. Shanley had spent the day taking back all the things she bought Saturday and jamming them down the storekeepers' throats. She explained to the storekeepers that she had changed her mind. Incidentally she told them of the superior qualities of Culbertson's and Kemp & Hebert's in Spokane. The gown she had worn the night before showed some faint signs of the incident, and for two hours she stood with it over her arm, demanding that the dealer accept it back from her. She explained that every store in Spokane—the Parisian, the Crescent, the Whitehouse—would allow her to return anything at any time; and the Vogue—why, once she wore a hat a week, and the Vogue was glad enough to take it back for the advertisement, and she knew of her own knowledge that they resold it to a miller's wife in Walla Walla for twice what she would have paid for it, just because Mrs. Shanley admired it. At 4:30 the manager of the shop gave in. And the next day Mrs. Shanley again filled the Alden apartment with dry goods, millinery and textile house furnishings of one sort and another—and spent Wednesday taking them back!

It was Saturday night, one week after their arrival, that the doctor decided he would let the Shanleys provide the evening's amusement. This decision was reached after many a conflict, many a doubt with Mrs. Alden. But it surged in slowly like a stolen tide, and plump as she was and jolly as she was and persuasive as she was, and much as she wished to be pleasant to her house guests, she could not stem the tide. The doctor's rising gorge came from something deep in his New England ancestry, some primordial blue-veined love of abstract justice perhaps. But he was done!

Now the doctor being done, it was time for Mrs. Alden to begin, for heaven sends plump women to this earth to upholster the edges and corners of life. So when the doctor took Cecil and the car to go to New Jersey for the day it was Mrs. Alden who sent around the other car for the Shanleys, and it took the doctor three days to drop a hint to the Shanleys that the other car was virtually a taxi that came from a garage on their charge account. And even then Mrs. Alden took the sting out of the hint by explaining that the garage man owed the doctor a bill that he never could pay any other way. So the Shanleys lived in the other car. Every other day it went back to Fifth Avenue creaking under the spoil of the previous day's chase. And what Fifth Avenue and its fashionable environs did not learn of Spokane, its merchandising methods and the elaborate and gorgeous character of its dry goods, millinery, suits and robes is rather unimportant.

What Shanley did all day was a mystery. He did not shop with Mrs. Shanley. He spent a few hours at the Century Club, where the doctor provided for him; and there were hints at dinner that he wandered about the stock exchange and the aquarium; and a remark indicated some knowledge of the Waldorf, but he put in his time some way, possibly stealthily stalking a drink by way of slaking his sporting thirst, and the Aldens strongly suspected him of picture shows. But he appeared for dinner bright and cheerful and silent, and listened admiringly while mamma recited the tales of her prowess at table, as, for instance: "I said to him, 'Don't you show me overblouse wool jerseys,' I says. 'Why, Culbertson's in Spokane had those last fall! I could get them in the basement by now.'" Or this: "'Gray silk hose—how far behind are you New Yorkers anyhow?' I says to him. 'Why, the Parisian in Spokane has been carrying gray since fall, and every hick in town is wearing gray silk hose, and they are getting common now—with us!' And down in that little shop you told me about in Forty-sixth Street the woman tried to get me to buy some of this Circé ribbon in snake patterns, and I priced it and it was just three times as high as it was at the Crescent in Spokane. I know, because I priced it the day before I left, and I told her—well, what you New York people do have to put up with!"

That was the night when the doctor put his foot down. He had bought theater tickets every night for a week, and enough was enough! So in solemn conclave in the dining room—to be as far away from the guests as possible—it was agreed, with Aunt Priscilla leading the rebellion and Mrs. Alden meekly though dubiously acquiescing, that they would stick it out. They would stay at home that night and let the heavens fall.

Mrs. Shanley's epic of the day's joust with the clerks lasted well past the ice cream, and Mrs. Alden, seeing Mrs. Shanley beginning to run down, began the evening's merriment. The doctor could hear the pumps. The Shanleys were enjoying it. But the doctor had heard that story many times. He knew what the next one would be, and the next. They were good stories—once. But in the doctor's sensitive ears the pumps creaked. His wife tried to get him to man the pumps on his side, but he only grunted. Most men are that way. They hate to speak pieces. So the doctor sat farther and farther forward on the edge of his chair and, seeing the red flush appear on Mrs. Alden's cheek, knew that she was getting toward the bottom of the well. The next day she would pay for it.

Aunt Priscilla had retired to the study with the Transcript—the only newspaper she ever read, even if it was a day old and from Boston. She could not help, even if she would, which is doubtful; for the word "Prissy" sometimes flashed into her consciousness, and she had to wash herself spiritually like a cat. So she was in no mood to keep the social ship afloat. At 8:20 Mrs. Alden was signaling to the doctor to stand by and lend a hand.

Then Shanley ventured this: "Ain't it funny how lonesome you get in a crowd?" and therewith drew in his shutters for the night.

Mrs. Shanley had begun, "Lonesome? Why, Mike Shanley, if you'd 'a' been with me when I told them in one shop about the good old colonial furniture you could pick up at the secondhand stores in Spokane, and he sold me that highboy and the four-poster twins, you'd 'a' had no time to be lonesome. Why, I says to ——"

"What do you say, good people," broke in the doctor, "to a movie? The Inside of the Cup is showing down on Broadway. We can make the second show." And thus ended the reading of that lesson.

Yet the evening was not without its thrill—the thrill of a lifetime for the doctor. For in the twenty years of her life in the Alden family Aunt Priscilla had never appeared before her nephew in her nightgown. And that night after the movies the Aldens, having put their guests to bed with cordial good nights and a "Hit the hay hard, doc," from Shanley—he was "docking" his host regularly then—having turned out the lights and barred the hall door, were hurrying silently through the narrow passageway to their room when the horned and braided head of Aunt Priscilla appeared through a crack in her door, and beneath the head was more than a hint of nightgown as she hissed: "Did they pay for anything to-night?"

It was worth all the Shanleys had cost, the doctor chortled to his wife in their bedroom, to see Aunt Priscilla that near the common clay.

"But, Curtis—Curtis, think how she will repent and suffer and mortify her flesh for this!" said the wife.

The doctor stopped chuckling and turned to his wife and groaned.

"Yes, yes, these Western friends of yours—what is the devilish power they possess to disorganize life? Here they come

(Continued on Page 52)

Take It With You to the Woods

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* See opposite page

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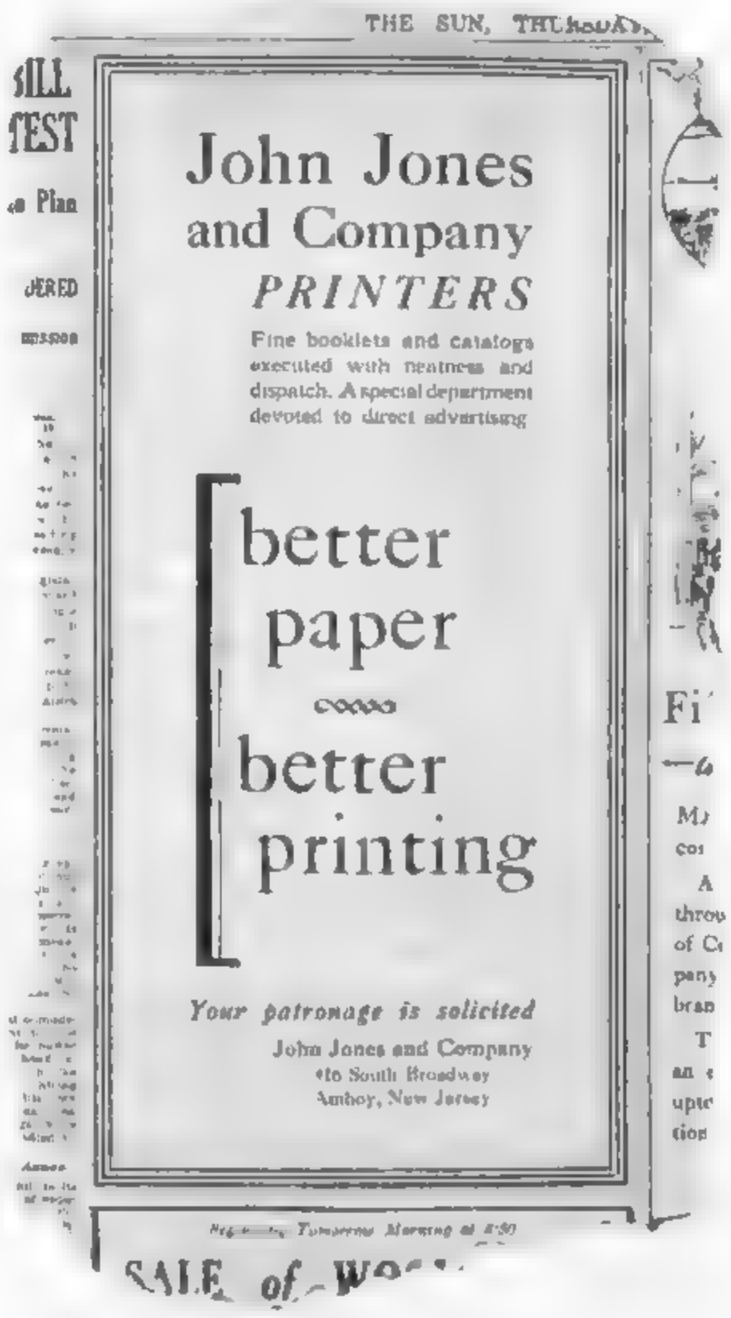

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The Parker Pen Company
Janesville, Wisconsin (42)
New York Chicago San Francisco Spokane

(Continued from Page 48)

bursting in upon us, polluting our virgin aunt, debasing our aristocratic servants! Holy smoke, girl, do you realize that they have turned Cecil into a presser and cleaner? Sucking out our life's blood through the meter of that other car—wow! Making a butterfly out of me and a moral leper out of you by forcing you to curb my lust to throw them down the elevator shaft with your kittenish purring and rubbing their ankles! More than that, they have made this a charnel house for their slimy spoil of the Fifth Avenue shops! And more, more, vastly, incalculably more, they are robbing me of sleep—sleep that is as necessary in my business as food! Here we are, going to bed at twelve and one o'clock when ten is my ironclad rule! And you uphold 'em. You shield and protect—by George, I believe you abet them! Well, I'm going to bed to-morrow night at nine o'clock—at half past eight if you say much!" He began to chuckle, and it was over. But he added, wagging a portentous head, "But at nine o'clock, and don't you try to stop me!"

At half past six o'clock that evening Mrs. Alden was waiting in the corridor for the doctor. When he entered she beckoned him into their room.

"Curtis — Curtis!" she whispered. "They're going! He has received a telegram! They are going to-morrow!" He knew this was bait, and he sniffed at it.

"Going to-morrow? Well, remember I go to bed"—this he intoned in a fee-fo-fi-fum voice—"at 8:30 to-night."

"But, Curtis, just this once! They've got a surprise!"

"So have I, Abigail Wentworth. I make an Annette Kellerman dive into the bed at 8:30 to-night! That's my surprise! Bring 'em in! Line 'em up! Give the worthy rich a treat! Bring Aunt Priscilla to the party! Put leather goggles on her so my pajamas won't dazzle her eyes, and—all of you watch me make the leap for life! That's my surprise!"

The wife knew that language would relieve him. But in another hour she was leading him in his evening clothes to the elevator and the other car. But in that hour came sorrow's crown of sorrows. Knowing that the family would not be at home for dinner, Mrs. Alden had let Cecil and Olga go for the evening, and at half past six the bell in the kitchen rang, and outside of the Shanleys' room on a chair was a pile of disheveled clothes—Shanley's evening clothes, Mrs. Shanley's dinner gown and Shanley's pumps.

It was Aunt Priscilla who answered the bell. She maneuvered Mrs. Alden to the corridor. They stood aghast, gazing at the spectacle. The doctor was lying down, trying to get a nap. Yet he was a restless man and might come out at any moment. They knew what he would do. And so, lifting their eyes to heaven, they gathered up the débris and tiptoed to the kitchen. Every night and nearly every morning since the Shanleys arrived the kitchen had been the scene of a pressing bout. Cecil and Olga had grumbled, but they had done the work in the serene and consoling faith that the Shanleys were rich and that virtue would have its sure reward. As the two women bent over the board their hearts were hot within them, but Aunt Priscilla had fallen once—she knew her weakness, and her lips set tight.

The surprise was a chicken dinner at a Chinatown chop-suey joint—a dinner that had been two days cooking and that cost all the wealth of the Indies. Feeding it to a bear was no easy social task for Mrs. Alden. The doctor tried to order a cup of tea and some toast, but Shanley waved him grandly aside, and Mrs. Alden countermanded the order. Aunt Priscilla expiated her great sin fully but awfully. In her shame and confusion at finding herself in a chop-suey place she got the impression that the bamboo of which they were talking was baboon—and ate the mess! She would have eaten baby to keep the peace in the face of Curtis' behavior!

The next morning the Shanleys took the other car and sallied forth for Gladys. The doctor, alas, forgetting that Spokane is a friendly city, bade his guests the heartiest good-by that Mrs. Alden could wring out of him; and when they left the apartment Mrs. Alden fled for air to the Colony Club for lunch.

It was at half past one that the telephone bell rang and Aunt Priscilla heard Mrs. Shanley say: "My dear, we are just doing some final shopping downtown, and can't get back to pack our things. We are sending Gladys up in the car. Could you ask Olga to pack our things, and Cecil to bring Gladys to the station at 3:45? We'll meet you there."

Two minutes later Aunt Priscilla was trying to locate Mrs. Alden at the Colony Club. She failed. Mrs. Alden had left word that she would meet the Shanleys at the station. The truth was that she had gone to the doctor's office in one last final struggle of a hostess to extract a polite leave-taking for her departing guests. New York is a friendly town—if one understands it.

It was at 3:30 that the doctor, dragged somewhat by the scruff of his neck by Mrs. Alden, and Cecil, carrying flowers and candy, came upon a babbling flushed little woman by the gate to the train for Buffalo. As the great Dane capered over the mountain of baggage, knocking pedestrians endways and sweeping them off their feet with his leash, they heard the mad little creature babbling at the redcaps, at the tripping passengers, at a merciless Providence which was inexorably pressing her heart's blood into a wicked brew.

Thus she lifted her voice and spoke: "I tell you they were to meet me here! I supposed they'd be here! I didn't bring my pocketbook. You'll have to wait for them. It isn't my dog—it's their dog! They're not relations. I never saw them in my life until week before last! I'm so sorry, sir, but the owners of this dog ——"

The Aldens rescued her, and at 3:42 came the Shanleys rushing in. A curling wraith of baggage and dog and redcaps and Shanleys swirled down the station platform as the conductor mounted the steps of the last car. The departing guests waved their hosts out of sight around the corner. Two days later from a Niagara hotel came the Shanleys' hearty note of gratitude like a breath from the friendly city.

"Aunt Priscilla," said Mrs. Alden, after Cecil had handed the Shanleys' letter to Mrs. Alden and had clicked the kitchen door behind him, "do you know whether or not the Shanleys ——" She stopped. "You know we never encourage it; but really, all that pressing Cecil and Olga and the extra work—did you hear Olga ——"

"No, Abbie, Olga said the Shanleys did absolutely nothing."

It was as far as Miss Higginson cared to go. She had retired into the high serenity of her Brahman temple. They read the letter together. And when they had talked of it for a few moments, Mrs. Alden, going to her desk, found her pocketbook, dived into it, carefully brought out some money and rang the bell. Cecil appeared.

"We have just received a pleasant letter from Mr. and Mrs. Shanley, Cecil. They have asked us to explain to you that in their hurry that last day they had no opportunity to remember you and Olga. So they have sent us a ten-dollar bill for each of you."

The secretary of Local Association No. 11 of the Amalgamated Society for the Promotion of the Pan-African Negro Republic made a graceful speech of acceptance.

"Abbie," said Aunt Priscilla that evening at dinner when Cecil was supposed to be bringing in the salad, "why do you suppose Cecil asked for the Shanleys' address? I told him Loon Lake. But do you think he would want to leave and go way out there to that rough country—alone?"

The family speculated gloomily for three or four seconds, when the door opened and Cecil appeared with a crumb tray.

"Doctah Alden," said the secretary, "yo' have probahbly heard of the generous stipend that our guests have forward to me." The doctor nodded. "Well, it seemed to me, doctah, that undah the peculiar circumstances it was only propah that I should make some courteous and customary acknowledgment. So I wrote him a lettah this aftahnoon. I said you and Mrs. Alden desiahed to be most cordially remembahed and that the ten dollahs he had sent would nevah be erased fom the tablets o' my grateful memory, and I asked him for a contribution to the Pan-African Negro Republic. I jus' thought I'd tell you."

And the doctor, knowing the story of the stipend, and seeing terror staring from the two anguished faces before him, first grinned, then giggled, then threw back his head and indulged in a great laugh. But all the evening he kept seeing Shanley in his hunting suit, Shanley sitting on a log before a camp fire, Shanley swinging up a mountain trail under his pack, Shanley smoking in silence, sprawling upon the great verandas at Loon Lake, Shanley in his baronial dining room, Shanley in his canoe up on the lake; and the doctor wondered, as the evening grew old, where that Shanley hid himself in Sixty-fifth Street.

Cattle Round-Up, White Mountains, Arizona

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At your dealer's, and the gas company.

WELSBACH COMPANY
GLOUCESTER, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

CALL IT A DAY!

(Continued from Page 13)

Uncle Nathaniel, and Uncle Nat was not the liveliest chaperon in the world. In the first place Uncle Nat had not wanted to come, the affairs of his bank of which he was president, it appeared—having always been first with him.

But the boy had had pneumonia and the doctors prescribed a warmer climate for the spring months. A family council had chosen Uncle Nat for the job of major-domo to the heir, and Uncle Nat was taking it as he did most things, conscientiously and stiffly. The situation was complicated by three aunts at home, all of whom had been afraid for years that the boy would grow to be like his father, who had been wild. The boy's mother had died when he was a baby. His aunts and Uncle Nat had brought him up with a weather eye peeled for any signs of incipient wildness, which was very cramping to the style, as the boy said.

"Scads of money," ruminated Peachy; "old family, running to spinsters and cautious old bachelors—ingrowing consciences—just naturally hate to see anyone else enjoying themselves. Bet they have stone dogs on the lawn and dinner in the middle of the day."

And aloud she asked, "And have you enjoyed the races?"

"Haven't seen any," the boy admitted, his face growing melancholy. "Uncle Nat promised Aunt Almira he wouldn't take me to the races. Dad—well, dad was trying his best to spend the family fortune that way when he died."

"But the *jai-alai* games—you've enjoyed those, haven't you?"

"What are they?"

"My angel boy, haven't you seen anything?"

"I've seen you!"

Peachy gurgled. This was certainly a nice boy! Not even Uncle Nat had been able to repress him entirely. At the thought of Uncle Nat upstairs enjoying his virtuous siesta, a mild little devil awoke in Peachy. She looked at the boy with dancing eyes.

"Want to come out and play?" she asked softly.

Five minutes later the two of them were stepping hastily into a hired motor car. As they sat down the boy, with a flushed and defiant smile, opened one fist to disclose a hundred-dollar bill.

"That's all the cashier would let me have. Will it be—be enough?" he stammered anxiously.

"Judiciously applied it will go a long way," sang Peachy. "I know a paddock judge. He marked my card at breakfast this morning. What time does Uncle Nat wake up usually?"

"Don't let's speak of him! Oh, Miss Moore, I never would have dreamed that I'd be driving with ——"

"Now look here, boy, let's forget Cecily Moore. I get awfully tired of her sometimes. You may call me Peachy if you like."

Peachy had a card to the Jockey Club. From its wide veranda they watched the first race sedately. Peachy was listening to the comments around her. On the second race they placed fifty dollars on Candia II, playing her to show.

"We'll be conservative," said Peachy.

"And if we win you may have it all," Lawrence whispered.

"No, no! Fifty-fifty! We're partners, you know."

The boy sent her an adoring gaze of pure bliss.

Peachy, in her slim white gown, leaning back indolently in her wicker chair, looked as if it mattered not to her whether Candia II led everything by a length or straggled in with the field. But her busy head was hard at work.

"Thirty dollars to Key West—say thirty-five; eighty-something to New York; my bill at the Reguladora. If Candia comes in third ——"

"Look! Great guns! Peachy! Our horse is coming up! Oh, come on, Candia, come on! Good little ol' Candia! Look at her pickin' 'em up, Peachy! Oh, look at her, Peachy! She's fifth! She's fourth! She's—oh, Moses! Peachy, why didn't we play her to win?"

They leaned over the rail, frantically clapping as Candia, to the astonishment of everyone, stuck her nose first under the wire.

"If we'd played her to win I'd have had the price to New York maybe!" thought Peachy. "Trouble with me, I'm too conservative."

But the band was playing, the sky was like a turquoise. Over in the betting ring there was a lively milling around and around. Who could think of such things as troubles in these surroundings, with winnings in hand and fifty good dollars still to adventure with?

Peachy's spirits went up blithely. As she stuffed her share of the winnings into the little mesh bag she grinned at herself.

"I've got as far as Key West!" she thought.

Then she and the boy bent their heads over the program. The judge had suggested for the next race a horse named Candlelight to show. But if results had bettered the judge's guess once, why shouldn't the same thing happen again? They placed fifty dollars on Candlelight to win. But a draft must have blown on Candlelight as he made the turn for the last quarter, for suddenly he seemed to flicker out of that race, reared and tried to ram the fence.

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Peachy. "I'm coming back from Key West! What rotten luck, and only two more races!"

But in the third race a horse named Discord proved their adviser's wisdom by coming in a neat second. As Peachy tucked away her winnings she was radiant.

"Going home!" she sang. "I'm on the Florida Limited going north. We're somewhere in N'oth Ca'lina. Now if this next horse—what's her name? Oh, yes, Naughty Lady—wins I shall know my luck has turned."

The line of horses stepping out to the starting point, the band playing, the satin blouses of the jockeys like jewels against the clipped greensward, Peachy felt a premonition of good luck.

"Thirty-eight and forty-seven"—she did a sum in her mind—"make eighty-five, and if we win on this race ——"

At this moment, in the midst of all the flash of brilliant colors, the music, the roar from the betting ring, suddenly her heart missed a beat and stood still. For coming into the veranda through the clubhouse, accompanied by two men, was Cecily Moore. Peachy's blue-gray eyes became almost black as the pupils enlarged. They slued around to hunt for the boy. Lawrence had gone up the veranda a step or two, and he was standing at that moment half turned away from the entrance to the house. He was looking for the bookie. If he made a half turn he would come face to face with Cecily Moore, and then he would know that she, Peachy, was merely a cheap fraud.

Until that instant Peachy had not realized how much she liked the boy; what a jolly good time they had had together. For her the betting had been a serious business, but she had actually for moments at a time forgotten that she was working to accumulate the price of a ticket back to New York; she had forgotten her unpaid hotel bill and her ruined hopes in the sheer fun of watching the boy having one gorgeous time. She had seen the sulkiness drop out of his face under the stimulation of the color and life of the scene, and he adored her. He would go back to the cramping discipline of Aunt Almira and Uncle Nat with one vivid and happy picture in his mind. He would probably swagger a bit before the other boys, and perhaps sometimes he would dream of her, deliciously and romantically. He had had his moment with one of the goddesses!

Peachy's lips suddenly tightened. There was a stir and surge of spectators toward the front chairs; the horses were being ridden toward the starting wire. This was the big race of the afternoon.

But there was something bigger—an impulse in the contradictory heart of Peachy. Just as the boy was about to turn she sprang up the steps toward him.

"Lawrence, take me into the house!" she gasped. "I don't know what's wrong, but I feel faint. The heat perhaps. No, this way, please! Never mind the bookie—we'll have to let this race go."

She winced as she said it. This race was to have carried her back home. But the boy had to be whisked off that veranda before he caught sight of Cecily Moore.

(Continued on Page 56)

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children. Fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Red Cedar Shingles Save Building Money

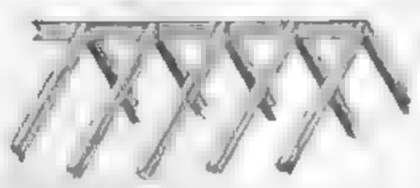
Study these figures and facts before you build. Read what you save on rafters, roof boards and other accessories over all other types of roofing.

Remember the 25 to 40 years service guarantee that goes with Rite-Grade Inspected Red Cedar Shingles when properly nailed with zinc-coated nails.

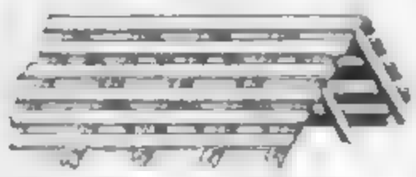
Do you know that Red Cedar Shingles have insulating qualities that retain the heat within their walls during the winter and exclude the sun's rays in summer?

Remember, also, the great architectural beauty of Red Cedar Shingles for side walls, their wonderful adaptability for colonial homes, bungalows and for modernizing old homes. Note the pleasing patterns in laying and the beauty of tone when stained.

All these are building facts which emphasize the superiority of Red Cedar Shingles for exterior walls and roof.

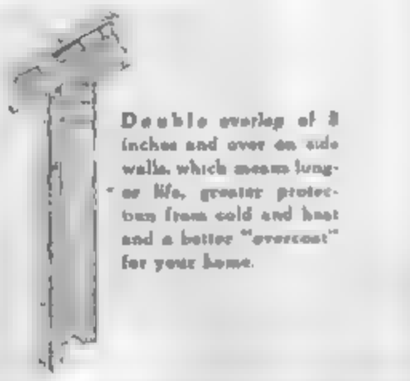


Red Cedar Shingles are light. Fewer rafters required. Saving No. 1.



Roof boards spaced—not solid. Saving No. 2. No building paper required for lining—the shingles nailed on the roof boards. Saving No. 3.

Treble overlap on roof, which gives longer life and greater protection.



Double overlap of 8 inches and over on side walls, which means longer life, greater protection from cold and heat and a better "overcoat" for your home.

HOW TO GET GOOD SHINGLES

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SHINGLES
"The Roof of Ages"

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(Continued from Page 54)

And as she sank into the depths of a lounge in the deserted club parlors she heard the gong that announced the betting was closed.

"Another hope gone blooey!" she murmured, leaning her head back. Then she rallied, sat up, patted her fluff of hair under the white Angora hat and shrugged her shoulders.

"All in the day's work, old dear," she said to herself. And aloud to the boy, "Don't look so mournful, Larry! We'd probably have picked the wrong horse anyway. Let's start back to town ahead of the crowd."

They slipped unobserved out of the front door of the clubhouse, picked up a waiting car and swung off along the white road toward town. Peachy took off her hat, put her feet up and thoughtfully eased off one white pump.

"Anyway," she sighed, "we had a good time while it lasted, and something else will turn up. It always does for Peachy."

When the boy asked her to explain what she meant she only laughed absently. She was doing a sum in her head that refused to come out right. But there was a marvelous sunset, and the world was full of a golden light. Peachy put her head back against the folded hood and sang.

As they reached the outskirts of the town they began to meet motor cars full of bright costumes, already strewn with confetti. The mid-Lenten carnival was on.

"I have a real idea," cried Peachy. "Let's drive down the Prado and out along the Malecón. We'll hit the crowd just at the right time. You haven't seen one of these outbursts? Angel child, you're going to have some fun!"

First they stopped the car and bought much confetti and many rings of serpentine paper. When they came into the Prado a long line of hundreds of motor cars was winding like a brilliant snake down the right side and up the left. Prodded from behind, their chauffeur managed to insert his car into the procession.

The boy sat forward with a gasp of delight. All along the wide Prado the balconies were thronged with people, chairs were crowded thickly on the sidewalks. And between these watching, laughing banks of spectators slowly moved all sorts of motor cars, and on the folded hood of each car perched girls in costumes like the rainbow. Each car was like a flower basket full and running over with girls.

Girls of all classes, from aristocratic little Cubans or Spaniards chaperoned for the first time only by the family chauffeur, to truckloads of screaming girls from the tobacco factories. They sat on the folded hoods of the cars in every sort of costume, from pink crêpe paper to flowered satin or the latest thing from the Rue de la Paix. Some wore mantillas over high combs, some flashed their black eyes under powdered hair. Handsome bareheaded young Cuban men stood up in their cars and snared the girls of their choice with colored serpentines. There was an enormous uproar of motor horns, shouts of laughter, remarks tossed back and forth, screams of delight at some deft shot. And over everything the deep-blue evening sky, the palms waving down the middle of the Prado, the air thick with confetti and golden dust and perfume thrown at the girls' hair.

"It's the life!" declared the boy, standing up in the car the better to perform his lassoing stunts with serpentine paper.

Peachy giggled as she skillfully removed the hat of a fat family coachman with a loop of serpentine. She, too, was having a thoroughly good time, her troubles all forgotten; and at that instant something happened that gave a final impish touch to her enjoyment.

The line of motor cars had stopped for a moment, and Peachy stood up, looking over the throng for a fresh victim to torment. Then suddenly she sat down with a gurgle and clutched at the boy.

"Get down! Get down in the bottom of the car!" she giggled. "I see Uncle Nat! He's standing right on the curb ahead there! Get down quick! He hasn't seen you yet!"

As a young quail obeys the maternal danger signal, Lawrence ducked for the floor of the car, and as the cars slowly started on again Peachy looked with interest at Uncle Nat. He was standing on the curb, drawn up stiffly, as if waiting mercy to get across the street. He was a tall man, dignified and rather handsome. Larry would look like that when he was forty and had repressed the joy of life out of himself. He stood there, hemmed in and jostled by laughter and absurdity, and his stiffened shoulders suggested a sort of bewildered wincing away from such abandonment as he saw everywhere he turned.

Then the car came exactly opposite him. He was not three feet away. Peachy suddenly gave a little understanding cluck of her tongue, for she had looked deep into his eyes and she had seen there something that astonished her—longing and loneliness.

At that Peachy leaned forward. Uncle Nat looked up. He saw the pink oval of Peachy's face framed in the white fleecy hat with the black cherries bobbing merrily over one ear, and a cloud of bright bobbed hair; he saw a pair of the merriest blue eyes he had ever encountered, and he got the full battery of Peachy's smile—her prettiest, her friendly, provocative, impish smile. And involuntarily he made a gesture. It was the merest movement of one hand upward. Was it a gesture that saluted or detained her? And unwillingly the corners of his mouth twitched. The car passed on. Peachy looked back over her shoulder once. Then hastily she leaned to the chauffeur and gave a low order.

"Shall I get up? Have we passed him?" the boy hissed from under her feet.

"Heavens, no! Stay down!" she replied. "Don't dare to move until I tell you!"

As she spoke the chauffeur turned out of the procession, crossed to the other side of the Prado and joined the thinner backflowing tide. In a block or two he once more crossed to join the stream that he had left only a moment or two before. Peachy pressed the boy's head down.

"Don't move until I say it's safe!"

"Is he following us? What the dickens——"

"Be quiet!"

There was a dancing light of pure mischief in Peachy's eyes as the car slowly approached Uncle Nat, who was gazing somewhat forlornly down the street as if looking for a white hat with black cherries that had unaccountably disappeared from sight. But he turned just as Peachy's motor came slowly along, driving very near to the curb. Peachy saw a flash of amazement pass over his face at her miraculous reappearance. She leaned forward with a chuckling laugh, her mouth a delicious challenge, and as the car crawled past she deftly looped around Uncle Nat's neck a wreath of bright crimson serpentine. At the same time she said, "'Allo, m'sieu!" very Frenchily.

What happened then taught Peachy what she already knew—that all men are alike. But just as if she hadn't always known exactly what any man would do next, she was quite astonished when Uncle Nat's eyes suddenly blazed into life and Uncle Nat's long arm shot out. It seized the handle of the door, wrenched it open and the next instant Uncle Nat was sitting down beside her.

Peachy, to avoid being sat upon, moved along involuntarily, and at this movement the boy shot up on the other side of her. He stared at the unbelievable picture of his uncle draped in scarlet serpentine, and his uncle stared back at him. It was a tight little moment.

Then, because she couldn't help it, Peachy suddenly shrieked with laughter. She dropped her pink face in her hands and rocked back and forth. The motor moved on. Peachy uncovered one eye and looked at her two companions. What she saw suddenly sobered her. Over Uncle Nat's face a deep and awful flush was spreading, as if all the years when his blood had flowed in a cool and equable manner were now getting back at him; and the boy's face was full of a white scorn.

"Oh, oh! Please!" implored Peachy, looking from one to the other. "It was my fault! I'm a piffling little beast. Larry, I dragged him in! I don't know why! I never did have any sense. And you——"

She turned to the older man. There was now a deepening frown on his face.

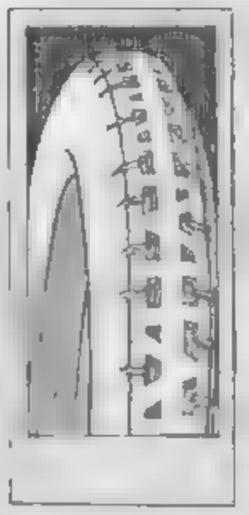
"You," said Peachy firmly, "are very silly to sit there frowning like that. Be human, man! Back there"—the corners of her lips began to quirk upward ever so provocatively—"back there you looked so—so likable. D'you know, I think that scarlet wreath is very becoming to you?"

Uncle Nat said something that sounded very profane under his breath as he snatched at the offensive decoration.

(Continued on Page 59)

MASON CORDS

THANK GOODNESS for that admirable host of men and women who are satisfied to possess only the genuine and worth while. Theirs is the joy of lasting satisfaction. Always, these gifted few reflect the yearning desire of us all. To them, mediocrity is unforgivable. Perhaps that is why Mason Cords so frequently grace their finest cars.



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It is so palatable that it encourages children to clean their teeth.

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25¢ 50¢

(Continued from Page 56)

"Let me!" cried Peachy sweetly, and she unwound the serpentine and cast it from the car.

"Will you explain, sir, what you are doing here, and where you've been?" Uncle Nat demanded of his nephew, glaring across Peachy.

"You'd better explain yourself!" Larry snapped back.

"Tut! Tut!" chided Peachy. "No one ever explains on a carnival day! Now listen!"

She laid a hand gently on Uncle Nat's arm, and her blue eyes looked at him gently and demurely.

"Now listen, Uncle Nat!" she repeated. Watching him, she was almost certain that his lips looked less stern, so she went on gayly. "We've been to the races. Your nephew was in the lobby of the hotel, very lonely. I was nice to him because I am nice to everybody. I felt sorry for him because he has an uncle who is attractive but mistaken. I think an uncle ought to be a human and jolly sort of person myself. You could be, couldn't you? Now don't tighten up! I know you could—because I"—she lowered her voice—"because I saw your eyes back there."

He puckered his fine iron-gray brows and from under them he looked at her closely.

"Who are you?" he demanded, but with more wonder than anger.

The boy broke in, "Uncle, this is Miss Cecily Moore, the famous——"

Peachy stopped him hastily.

"Never mind, my dear!" She looked at Uncle Nat with a merry and disarming impertinence. "You may call me Peachy if you like," she murmured.

"Good Lord!" Uncle Nat muttered under his breath. "If you'll be good enough to tell your chauffeur to stop—don't suppose he speaks American—my nephew and I will get out."

"Speak for yourself!" cried Larry sulkily. "I don't want to get out. I didn't come bouncing in where I wasn't wanted!"

"My good gracious!" interposed Peachy. "How rude you are, Larry! How rude you both are! Glaring and growling, when all I ask is that we should all be happy and forget our troubles. Just one little half hour! It isn't much to ask to let poor Peachy, who works so hard all week, have one little happy half hour."

The boy wriggled a bit and cast a sulky sidewise glance at Uncle Nat. Uncle Nat looked straight ahead with a noncommittal profile.

"And besides, Larry," Peachy went on sadly, "you do your uncle a wrong. He didn't bounce in where he wasn't wanted. I wanted him; I invited him."

"You did!" murmured Uncle Nat under his breath. "I never was more invited in my life!"

"But you didn't positively hate it, did you?" she murmured back.

Uncle Nat continued to look straight ahead, but he was melting. She knew it from little wrinkles that came about his eyes and from the way his lips twitched.

At this moment a bewitching little Cuban in a Dolly Varden costume leaned over from her perch on the hood of the car alongside theirs and showered a double handful of confetti down Uncle Nat's neck.

"Don't let her get away with that!" shrieked Peachy, thrusting into his hands an opened roll of serpentine. "Throw it around her neck! Hurry! See, like this!"

She was on her feet instantly, lassoing the girl's brother, who sat with the chauffeur. Larry picked the girl's pretty companion, and somehow the first thing he knew Uncle Nat had joined them. Coils of serpentine paper flew from his hand with increasing precision. Peachy encouraged him with shrieks and fresh ammunition. He threw his hat on the floor of the car and the wind rumpled his handsome gray hair. The little Cuban returned the attack with spirit. It was a goodly battle, with blood running high and in Uncle Nat's eyes a light that would have astounded his sister Almira. This light did not entirely subside even when the enemy car had drawn ahead and got out of their reach.

"If we're going to stay in this procession," said Uncle Nat, breathing hard, "we've got to have more of this paper stuff. Where do you get it?"

Larry caught sight of a vender on the pavement. Uncle Nat thrust a bill toward him, and the floor of the car was heaped. They drove on. Their car became festooned with colored paper, snowed under with confetti. The earnestness and vigor of Uncle Nat's abandonment made them a target for every coil of serpentine within shot of them.

"I didn't know the old boy had it in him!" Larry's round eyes seemed to say.

But Uncle Nat had lost almost completely his self-consciousness, a loss that seemed to warm him, to unbend his stiff neck and to take years out of his face.

Peachy, too, was enjoying herself. But that was not strange, for she had always possessed to perfection the delectable quality of being able to forget for hours at a stretch the fact that she was grown up and only half a jump ahead of the wolf.

There was confetti like tiny colored stars in her white woolly hat, confetti tangled in her bright hair. She was wound like a cocoon in a skein of colored paper. As they turned at the end of the Prado she settled back with a satisfied sigh.

"What a day! Let's drive out along the Malecón and watch the stars come out. Oh, gracious, look at my hat!"

She took it off and shook it, ran her fingers up through her bobbed hair that looked so artlessly soft and was so softly artful, fetched out of the mesh bag a tiny puff, powdered her nose, put on her hat again and crossed her slender ankles. No detail of these movements escaped Uncle Nat. He looked very human now.

"Seems to me I heard there is a hotel out here somewhere where they dine outdoors in a sort of courtyard," he began.

"In the moonlight," Peachy supplied promptly. "Chauffeur, to the Almendares!"

Along the diamond necklace of the Malecón the lights were coming out. At their right the sapphire of the Gulf Stream, above them the incredible velvety blue of the night sky. Behind the iron grilles of the flat white villas yellow lights were beginning to glow, music floating out.

Peachy leaned her head back against her folded arms and sang softly. An expression of strange contentment came into Uncle Nat's eyes, and presently as they rolled along Peachy began to talk. Tales of her nomadic life, towns she had been stranded in, bits of color and shadow from that vari-colored skein that had been her hit-or-miss existence. And Uncle Nat listened. Nothing like it had he ever heard before. In fact, no one quite like Peachy had he ever seen. His shrewd eyes came to have a puzzled expression. Sometimes as she talked they softened and grew kind, and again they were sharp like the granite of his native acres as he glanced from the boy's rapt face to Peachy.

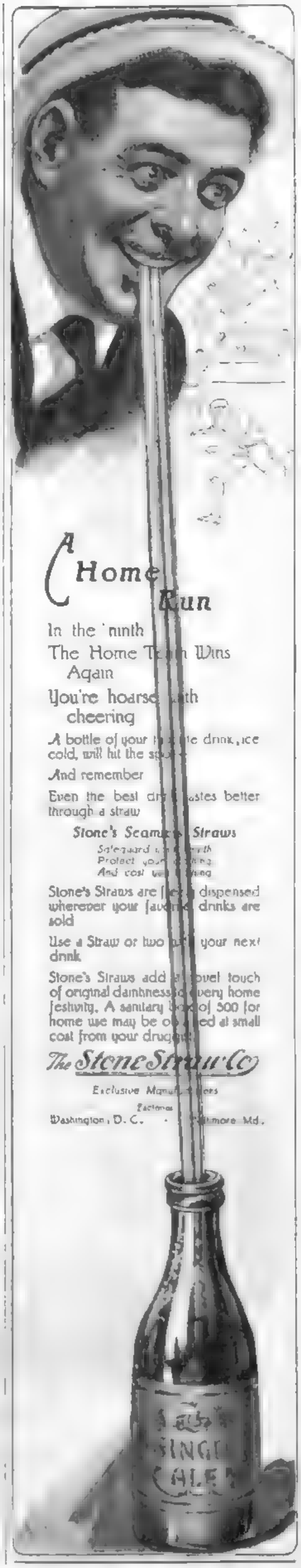
But Peachy was unconscious of these changes. She was comfortable; she was on her way to a good dinner; she had tucked away for the time being her financial problems in some fold of her volatile mind. She liked this nice boy; she felt surprisingly at home with the rather silent man; and she felt sorry for him too. She wanted him to have a good time. It seemed an awful pity that a man should miss the romance of such a night as this.

They had dinner at a little round table on the balcony overlooking a patio that was like something enchanted. The velvety darkness embroidered and jeweled with pale amber lanterns, the bars of orange light falling across the courtyard from the open glass doors, the slow waving of a jade-green fan, the pale blur of bare shoulders.

Beyond the open end of the patio the moonlight fell across the dark open country.

(Continued on Page 62)

"I—I Beg Your Pardon. Your Bag." "Thank You So Much! A Bad Thing to Lose in Havana, Isn't It?"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By virtue of exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice; attaining even soprano High "C" without "metallic" intrusion, "chatter" or vibration. Methods which apply to no other phonograph or records.

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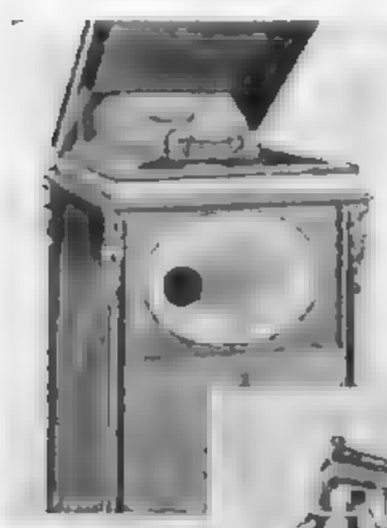

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B R U

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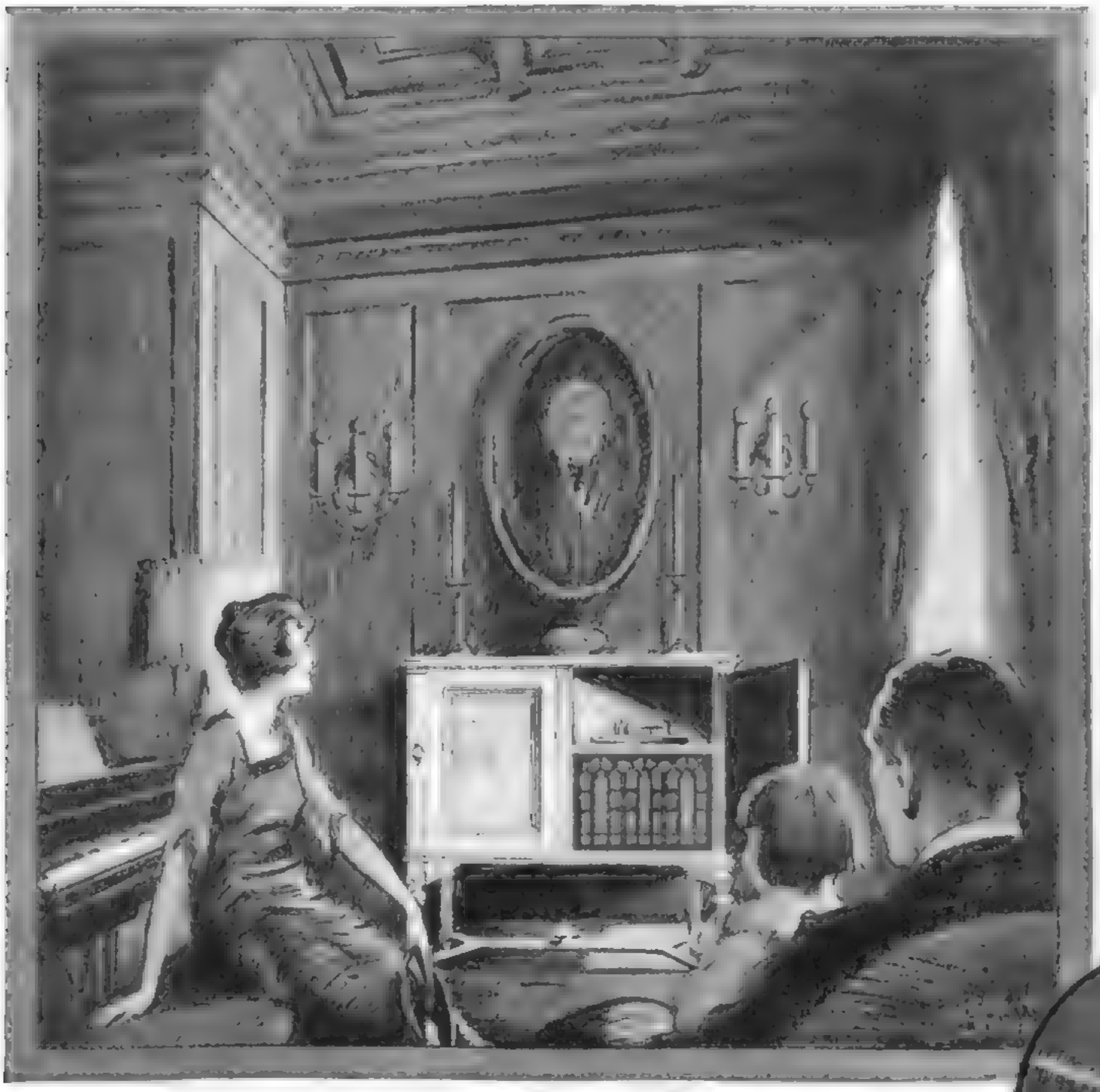

The instrument pictured is the Georgian, in which the wondrous artistry of that Period is combined with the super-craftsmanship of Brunswick cabinet makers. Note that the top remains down while playing, so that the decorative candlesticks, which lend so much to the charm of the setting, remain undisturbed—the entire operation of all Brunswicks of the Period type being through the doors.

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BRUNSWICK JULY RECORD RELEASES

(Check ✓ list below and detach for shopping memo)

10031 *Waltz in C Sharp Minor* (Op. 64, No. 2) (Chopin) Pianoforte Solo. . . . . *Leopold Godowsky*

10033 *Love is Mine* (Teschemacher-Gartner) Tenor. . . . . *Mario Chamlee*

35001 *Ah! Moon of My Delight*, from "In a Persian Garden" (Lehmann) Tenor. . . . . *Theo Karle*
When My Ships Come Sailing Home (Stewart-Dorel) Tenor *Theo Karle*

9055 *America* (My Country, 'Tis of Thee) (Smith-Carey) Mixed Voices with Orchestra. . . . . *Collegiate Choir*
Dixie Emmett). . . . . *Criterion Male Quartet*

13022 *The Swan* (Le Cygne) (Saint-Saens) 'Cello Solo. . . . . *Willem Willeke*
Berceuse from Jocelyn (Godard) 'Cello Solo. *Willem Willeke*

5053 *Still, Still with Thee* (Garrish). . . . . *Criterion Male Quartet*
Son of God Goes Forth to War (Cutler) *Criterion Male Quartet*

2107 *American Fantasie*, Part I (Victor Herbert) Concert Band *New York Police Band*
American Fantasie, Part II (Victor Herbert) Concert Band *New York Police Band*

2098 *Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows* (French-de Freyne) Tenor and Baritone. . . . . *Charles Hart and Elliott Shaw*
Somebody's Mother (Sterling-Von Tilzer) *Crescent Male Trio*

2099 *Drowsy Head* (Irving Berlin-Vaughn de Leath) . . . . . *Strand Male Trio*
Sauntering Along with Susan (Waren-Curtis) . . . . . *Strand Male Quartet*

2101 *Nestle in Your Daddy's Arms* (Herscher-Burke) Tenor and Baritone. . . . . *Billy Jones and Ernest Hare*
Down Yonder (Gilbert) Tenor and Baritone . . . . . *Billy Jones and Ernest Hare*

2104 *Crooning*, Fox Trot; Introducing "Just a Week from Today" (Caesar-Rule). . . . . *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
In Your Eyes, One Step; Introducing "Andrew" (Ringle-Dyson). . . . . *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*

2105 *I Wonder Where My Sweet, Sweet Daddy's Gone*, Fox Trot (Stark) . . . . . *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*
Saturn Blues, Fox Trot (Shields-Christian) . . . . . *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*

2102 *Tea Leaves*, Fox Trot (Whiting) . . . . . *Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians*
Jabberwocky, Fox Trot (Kendis-Brockman-Brown-Eastwood-Weslyn). . . . . *Rudy Wiedoeft's Californians*

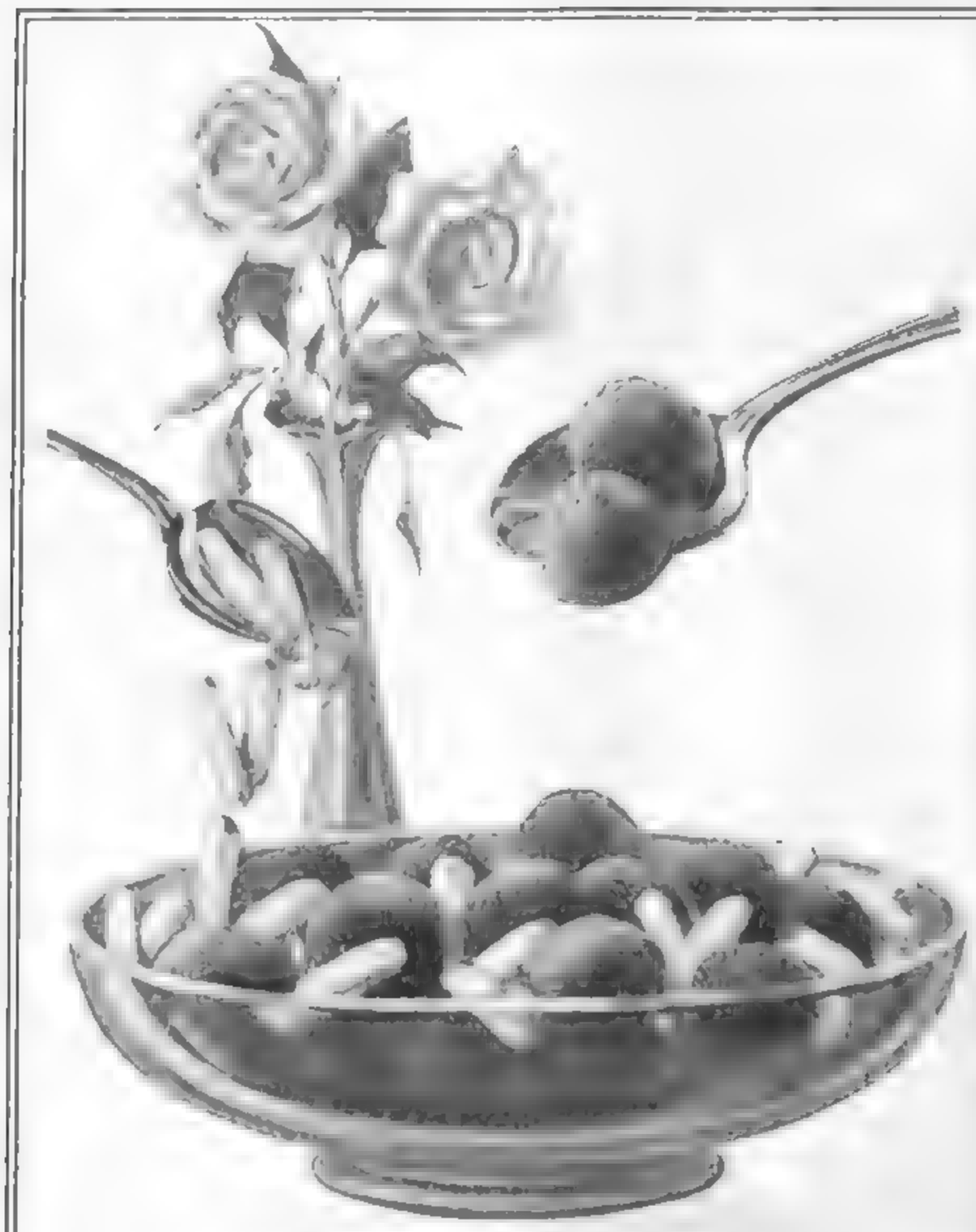
2103 *Moonbeams*, Fox Trot (Price-Stept) . . . . . *Green Brothers' Novelty Band*
I Call You Sunshine, Fox Trot; Introducing "Say Yes" (Silvers-Frey). . . . . *Green Brothers' Novelty Band*

5056 *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* (Mitchell-Meyer) Tenor Duet . . . . . *James Sheridan and James Lynch*
Springtime (Kahn-Friedland) Tenor. . *James Sheridan*

2100 *Cherie*, Fox Trot (Bibo) *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
Just Keep a Thought for Me Fox Trot; Introducing "Always" (Burtnett-Fischer-Kroll). *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*

BRUNSWICK

AND RECORDS



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Douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoons.

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But with all they are whole-grain foods, with every granule fitted to digest. Every food cell is exploded. Every atom feeds.

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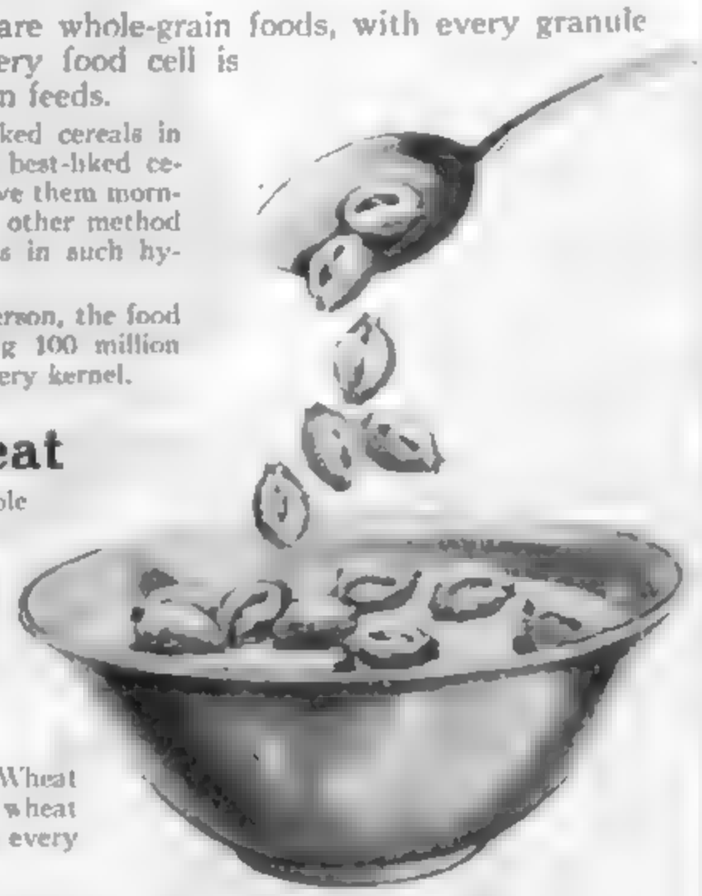
Invented by Prof. Anderson, the food expert. Made by causing 100 million steam explosions inside every kernel.



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Puffed Rice
Puffed to 8 times normal size.

At night

The ideal dish is Puffed Wheat in milk. It means whole wheat made easy to digest. And every airy grain is a tidbit.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(Continued from Page 59)

pricked here and there by the lights of a villa; and in and out of the bars of light from upper windows of the hotel floated two flags, a Cuban and an American.

As Peachy's eyes fell on the Stars and Stripes and looked beyond the flag to that dark stretch of alien country a little shiver went over her. She was so far away from Broadway! It made her feel cold to think of it. And her mind began doing again that simple little sum that had occupied her at the jockey club.

"Thirty-something to Key West—eighty-something to New York." Her fingers absently squeezed the mesh bag. "Thirty-eight dollars and forty-seven dollars won on the races, ten dollars in the life raft, that makes eighty—ninety-five."

The faintest hint of something haggard crept into Peachy's face. Uncle Nat paid a dinner check of twenty dollars. Peachy sighed and averted her eyes.

"Let's go home!" she said.

As they entered the town Uncle Nat asked politely where Peachy wished to be left. Peachy just saved herself from giving the name of her humble hotel as she remembered in time she was Cecily Moore, and Lawrence broke in, "She's stopping at the Sevilla, of course, uncle!"

So at the Sevilla they all stepped out. Uncle Nat performed his natural function of paying, and they walked into the lobby. The eleven-to-twelve-o'clock dancing hour was just finishing. The lobby was bright and full of pretty frocks.

"Lawrence, run up to my room," said Uncle Nat, "and see if they've—er—left me my bottle of spring water, will you?"

Larry went most unwillingly.

"You'll be here when I come down?" he called back to Peachy.

"Ah, no! I'm going to bed. Good night, you nice boy! We have had a good time, haven't we?"

"Sure! But to-morrow ——"

Uncle Nat stepped between them. He led Peachy behind a clump of palms. She looked up at him and saw that his face was quizzical, but rather grim. She shrugged one shoulder and smiled faintly.

"Of course I know you're not Cecily Moore," he began at once, as if it were a bit of annoying business he had to get over. "She was pointed out to me in the lobby yesterday. May I ask when you're going back to New York?"

Peachy's face hardened.

"As soon as ever I can!"

"And what is keeping you?"

"The price," replied Peachy briefly.

Uncle Nat's hand made a prompt movement toward his breast pocket and brought out a bill book. A flush spread up to the fluff of hair under Peachy's white hat. She put her hands behind her.

"You needn't pay me to keep out of your nephew's way, because I'd do that anyway, and if I didn't I wouldn't be so bad for him as you think. You ought to be thankful it was me your dullness drove him to and not someone else."

"So you think I'm dull, do you?"

"Awfully! But, you poor thing, perhaps you can't help it."

"Indeed! Why can't I help it, pray?"

Peachy made an airy gesture.

"Because you've forgotten what it means to be young and hard up and happy, and because you've let yourself grow suspicious and all crusted over with caution. I suppose you get that way from being behind the bars of a bank all day."

Uncle Nat gave a short laugh.

"But you admit that in this case I had grounds for suspicion?"

"I admit nothing of the kind!"

She spun about on her heel and with head up started toward the door. Uncle Nat, with an expression of some alarm, caught her elbow.

"Wait a minute, my dear young woman! You say that you want to get back to New York, and I agree that you ought to go. Well then, why not accept a little help?"

"If you are offering me a loan," returned Peachy with dignity, "I accept it. I don't know when I can repay it, but it will be at my very earliest opportunity."

Uncle Nat smiled with some irony and put into her hand three bank notes with yellow backs. She tucked them carelessly into the mesh bag.

"Thanks. I will give you my I O U," she said in a businesslike way, and walking to the nearest writing table she drew a sheet of paper from the rack.

He watched her write a line or two busily, nibble reflectively at the pen handle, turn the paper and finally fold it. Then she came back to him. As she gave him the paper she smiled up at him, her blue eyes very friendly.

"Tell me something honestly—you have enjoyed the evening, haven't you?"

Slowly he nodded.

"More," he said—"more than any evening I can remember."

"Oh," she sighed, "I'm glad! I'm awfully glad! Good-by!"

She turned then and walked rapidly out of the door, the fat little mesh bag swinging jauntily from her arm. A jitney stood at the door. She stepped in, told the man to drive to the Reguladora. The town was very quiet and very dark. Queer foreign smells came out from the narrow side streets. Peachy eased a white pump from one foot, took off her hat and cuddled back into a corner.

"Call it a day!" she sighed sleepily.

And in the well-lighted lobby of the Sevilla Uncle Nat first glanced toward the elevators and then opened the sheet of paper.

I O U $150
MARGOT MERRIMAN,
The Sheridan Arms, N. Y.

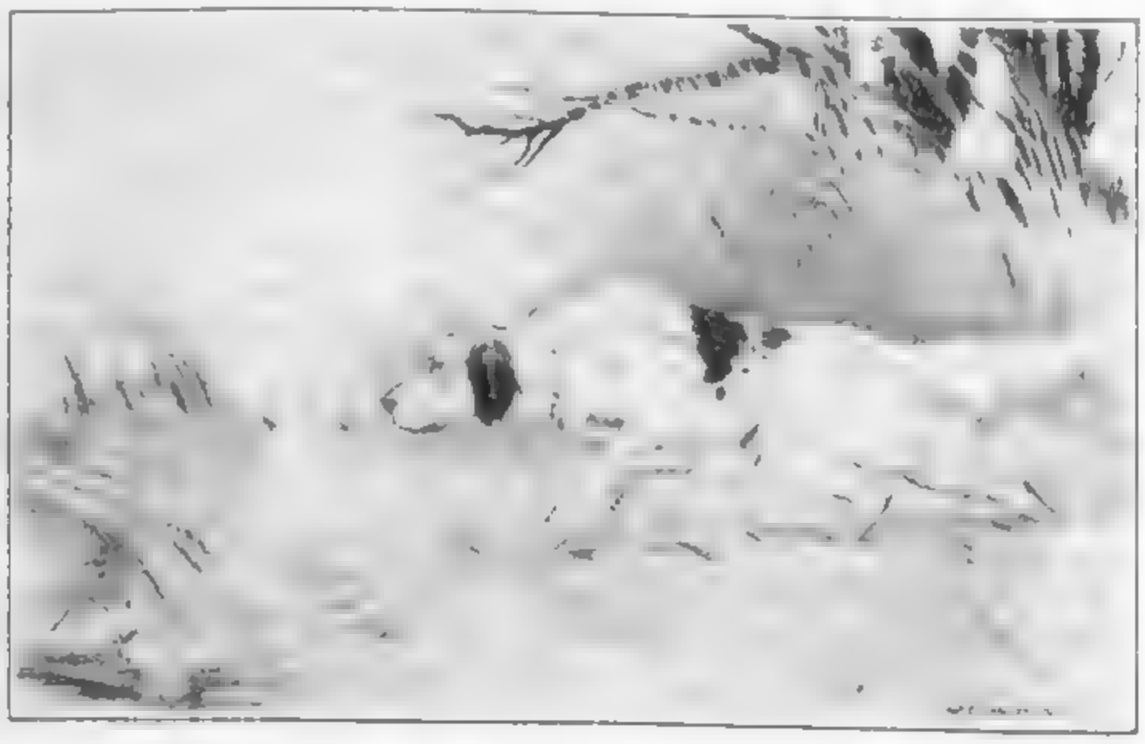
He smiled a trifle bleakly, folded the paper to tear it up, and suddenly held it nearer to his eyes. On the other side was written:

You are not dull. You are a dear!
PEACHY.

The elevator door banged. Uncle Nat started guiltily, tore the paper into four pieces and dropped them into a basket. But he could still see that last line. It glowed somewhere before his vision as if it had been written in glowworms or star dust. He started hastily toward the elevator. Larry was nowhere in sight. He rang for the elevator. He stood staring at the floor.

Then suddenly he turned and hurried across the lobby. From a wastebasket he hastily fished the torn pieces of a sheet of paper and shoved them quickly into his pocket.

"You are a dear!" his lips repeated, and his fingers caressed the bits of paper in his pocket.



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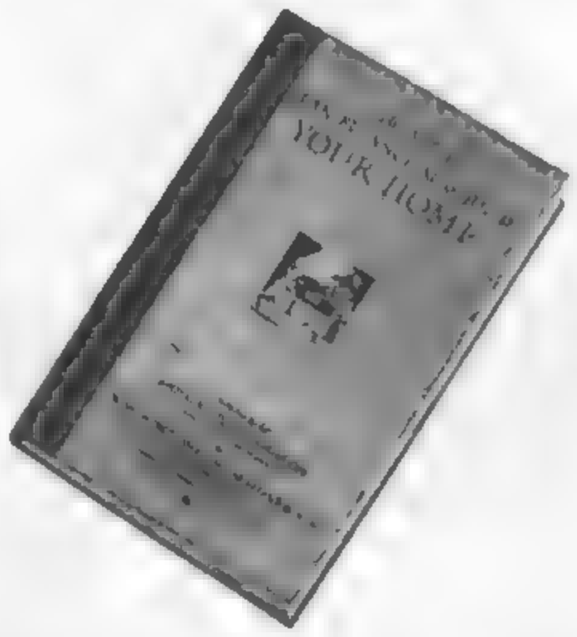

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THE SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
New Orleans, Louisiana

A FRAME-UP

(Continued from Page 15)

Red never laid a glove on him the whole bout, w'ile Nate's boy played him like a piano. But it was soft music and when it was over neither of them had a mark. The crowd liked Burke at first on account of his speed. But they razzed him the last few rounds because it looked like he wasn't trying. The papers couldn't do nothing but give him the best of it, but said he wouldn't never get nowheres till he learned to punch. Nate had begged him all through to tear in and end it, but he might as well of tried to argue with Central.

Well, Fitzsimmons was putting on a show over to Benton Harbor and he wired Nate and ast him if he'd bring Burke there for a wind-up with a Grand Rapids boy named Hap Stein. This kid had met some of the best boys round Michigan and beat them all, and, of course, Burke'd draw good in his home town, especially after what he done to Porter.

So Nate took Burkey over there and Fitz ast Nate how the kid was coming and Nate told him:

"One of the sweetest boxers I ever seen, but he ain't showed enough of a wallop to annoy a soap bubble."

"It's a funny thing," said Fitz, "because he hit Porter just once and broke his jaw. And Charley's jaw ain't glass, neither. I know a punch when I see one and I doubt if Dempsey could hit harder than this bird plugged this baby."

"Well," says Nate, "I wished we had the prescription. He made a monkey out of Harris at Milwaukee, but he wouldn't even slap him hard. And the boys he works out with, I've had them rough him so's he'd get mad, but it didn't do no good."

"I don't suppose so," says Fitz, "because he wasn't sore at Porter. Charley didn't even know him."

"But he had a reason to show Porter up," said Nate, and he told Fitz about the rube gal.

"That's news to me," said Fitz. "Maybe he'll only fight when they's a dame for a prize. Why don't you hire some chorus doll to vamp him and have her tell him she's his as soon as he's knocked all the other welters for a corpse?"

"You don't know this bird!" said Nate. "Chorus gals would be beneath his notice. He wants a millionaire society belle and I'd have a fat chance of getting one of them to play the part."

Well, the bout with Stein was a farce. Burkey was so fast that Hap thought they'd ganged on him, but nothing Nate could say or do had any effect. He couldn't make the kid cut loose and punch.

IV

WHEN they'd been back in Chi a couple of months and Burke had had one more fight in Milwaukee—he made a monkey out of Jimmy Mason—well, he begin fretting and wanted to know how soon Nate was going to take him east.

"As soon as I can get you matched," said Nate. "But if I do date you up down there, you'll have to cut out the cuddling and really fight or they won't want you a second time."

"Maybe I'll be different down there," said Burkey.

So along late in the fall Nate got him matched with Battling Igoe, in Boston.

"Now here's your chance," Nate told him. "I got Rickard's promise that if you trim Igoe he'll put you on in New York with Willie Kemp. And the man that beats Willie Kemp will get a whack at Britton and the big money."

All Burke said was:

"How's Boston for gals? Any class to them?"

"Not enough for you," says Nate. "You'd be throwing yourself away! They's no doubt but that you could go down to Scollay Square or Revere Beach and take your pick, but you'd be a sucker to do it. New York's the place. And suppose you get tied up to some Boston countess and then went to New York and win a couple of big bouts and got invited round to some of them big mansions on Mott Street or the Tenderloin, and next thing you know, you'd probably meet a dozen gals that never even heard of Boston. Then you'd wished you'd of been more careful and not financed yourself to no bean shooter."

You read about the Igoe bout? I seen it. When they was all in the ring beforehand, Nate said to Igoe, he says: "Well, Bat, we've decided to let you stay three rounds. That'll be enough to give you a boxing lesson. But in the fourth round, you're going to hear music that'll rock you to sleep." Nate had heard that the Battler wasn't no lion heart and this kind of gab fretted him.

"I'll rock him to sleep himself," he said, but his teeth was shimmying.

Burke was just the same like in his other bouts. He wrote his name and address all over Igoe's pan, and convinced the Battler that any time he wanted to he could knock him for a row of stumps. That went on for three rounds, with Nate, as usual, begging the kid to put over a haymaker, and Burke paying no attention. So when the bell rung for the fourth, Nate hollered, "Good night, Bat!" and Igoe thought sure he meant business. And he wasn't named after Nelson. So the first time Burke hit him in this round he folded up like a bass singer's chin and flopped on the floor, yelling foul. Well, we all seen the blow; it landed just under the green spot where he parks his collar button. And besides that, they wasn't no force to it. But Igoe was through for the evening, and the kid had win another soft one. Personally, I'd of rather took fifty socks on the jaw than the razzing the crowd give Bat.

Well, Nate was going to New York and stay a w'ile and he wanted to send Burke back to Chi to wait till they'd chose a date for the fight with Kemp. But Burkey said no; he could lay round New York as easy as Chicago and if Nate wouldn't take him there he was through. He says:

"Here I am, a coming champion, and what does it get me? I ain't having no fun. I want to meet some gals and dance with them and kid them."

"All right, come along," says Nate. "But I wished you'd remember one thing: When you do meet them swell East Side janes, don't treat them like toys. They've got feelings as well as riches and wealth, and I would rather see Kemp or Britton knock you lopsided than see you win fame and leave a trail of broken hearts."

"I'm no flirt!" says Burkey. "I can't help what they feel towards me, but I won't lead them on, not unless I'm serious myself."

"Now you're talking like a man!" says Nate.

So they come to New York and stopped at the Spencer. Nate had a lot of business to tend to, and guys to see, and he didn't want this rube chasing round with him all the w'ile, so he turned him over to Jack Grace, the old lightweight. You know Jack, or at least you've heard of him. He'd kid Thomas A. Edison.

Nate had tipped off Jack about Burkey, and the second day they was in the Big Town, Jack took the boy for a walk. Every time they passed a car with a good-looking gal in it, Burke would ask, "Who's that?" And Jack pretended like he knew them all.

"That's Gwendolyn Weasel," he'd say. "Her old man owns part of the Grand Central Station—the Lower Level. And that one's Mildred Whiffletree, a niece of Bud Fisher, the ukulele king. And there's Honey Hives; she's a granddaughter of Old Man Bumble, the bee man. They got a big country place on Ellis Island."

"Where could a man meet these gals?" ast Burkey.

"Nowheres only at their home," said Jack. "And they's no chance of you getting invited round yet a w'ile. Nobody knows who you are. But wait till you've hung one on this Kemp guy's chin and I bet you'll have more invitations than a roach catcher."

Well, Nate landed the Kemp match sooner than he expected. Rickard said he'd put Burke on with Willie for the wind-up, three weeks from then. And he'd guarantee the winner a match with Britton.

Nate had got what he was after, but he was worried sick.

"I know he can beat Kemp if he fights," he says, "but I never yet been able to make him fight. And if he just babies along like he done in these other bouts, one of these New York referees is liable to say he ain't trying, and stop the bout. Or if it does go the limit, Kemp'll get the decision because he'll punch harder. And Kemp'll hit Burke too. He's far and away the best boy my kid's ever been against, too good to get showed up even by as fast and clever a boxer as Burkey. Our only chance is to make this little farmer slug—tear in there and sock him like he did Porter. But how we're going to do it is more than I know."

JACK GRACE is the one that deserves the credit. He went to work the night of Miss Morgan's big show, when the receipts was turned over to devastated France. Nate had to buy four tickets and I and Jack and Burkey went with him.

Well, as you know, our best people was there that night.

The old Garden was full of the folks that generally goes there to the horse show, not to boxing bouts. The soup and fish was everywheres, and gals that would knock your eye out, dressed pretty near as warm as the fighters themselfs.

We couldn't keep Burke in his seat. He was scared that he wouldn't see all the janes, and just as scared that they wouldn't all see him. The guys behind him was yelling murder and the ushers bawled him out a dozen times.

Then, all of a sudden, his eyes jumped right out of his head and he gave a gasp and flopped down in his chair. The three of us looked where he was looking. And no wonder he'd wilted! What a gal!

She was with a middle-aged man, probably her dad, and she set in the row just ahead of us and acrost the aisle. I guess it was the first time she'd ever been to this kind of a party and she was all flushed up with excitement. But she'd of been pretty enough without that.

"There she is!" says Burke. "There's the gal I want!"

"Who don't!" says Nate.

"Who is she?" Burke ast, and Nate was going to tell him he didn't know. But Jack Grace cut in.

"It's Esther Fester," he said. "That's her father with her, Lester Fester. He's the second richest man in New York. They claim he made three or four billion during the war, selling waffle irons to Belgium. And she's his only kid. Every young millionaire in town has proposed to her, but she won't have nothing to do with them, calls them all loafers.

"She says the man she marries will have to be a champion of some thing, whether it's football or boxing or halma. She don't care what, just so's he's better in one line than anybody else."

"She's quite a boxing fan," says Nate. "I seen her here several times before. She maybe wants to look all the boys over and see which one she likes the best."

"I understand she's a great admirer of Willie Kemp," says Jack. "She's always here when he boxes and she probably come to-night expecting to see him in the audience. Maybe he'll be introduced before the main bout, and if he is, we'll watch her close and see if she's interested."

"Why can't I get introduced?" ast Burke.

"You can," said Nate. "Wait till they're getting ready for the wind-up and then climb in the ring and tell Joe Humphreys who you are."

Well, he couldn't hardly wait till the preliminaries was over so's he could get up there and have her see him. And when he bowed, it was right at her.

"Young Burke, the Michigan Flash!" says Humphreys. "He is matched to box Willie Kemp in this ring two weeks from Friday night. The winner will meet Jack Britton for the welterweight title."

Coming back to his seat, Burkey had to pass the gal. He smiled right in her face and she smiled back. I guess it was all she could do to keep from laughing.

I don't suppose they's been more than three or four fights better than that Leonard-Mitchell scrap. It was certainly the best I ever seen. But I don't believe Burke knew they was fighting.

When it was over and the gang started out he would of overtook the gal and spoke to her only for Nate holding him.

"It'd make her sore and spoil everything," said Nate.

"How could it make her sore?" said Burke. "Didn't she smile at me?"

"Well, it'd make her old man sore," says Nate.

"What could he do?" says Burkey. "If he looked cross-eyed at me, I'd bust him."

"That'd be a sweet way to start a courtship!" said Jack. "Even New York gals

(Continued on Page 68)

NEW-SKIN

For Emergencies

New-Skin is a unique preparation intended as an aid in the treatment of cuts, scrapes and little skin hurts.

It is both an antiseptic and a covering.

In the kitchen

When the liquid New-Skin is applied, it dries and forms a waterproof, transparent, flexible film over the injured place. See directions on circular.

New-Skin is put up in small packages for convenience in carrying. 15c and 30c sizes.

At the bench

Carry the vest pocket size with you. Keep a bottle of the larger size on hand at home for emergencies. There is no telling when a little accident may occur.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Be sure it is New Skin, not an inferior substitute.

NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

LONG LIFE PLATES *plus*

The Average Service Record of 4 years and 1 month made by Gould Batteries in a recent nation-wide contest was a revelation to motorists everywhere.

These remarkable long life records were established by standard-type Gould Batteries installed in cars of many makes.

It was the rugged Gould Dreadnaught Plates that made these records possible.

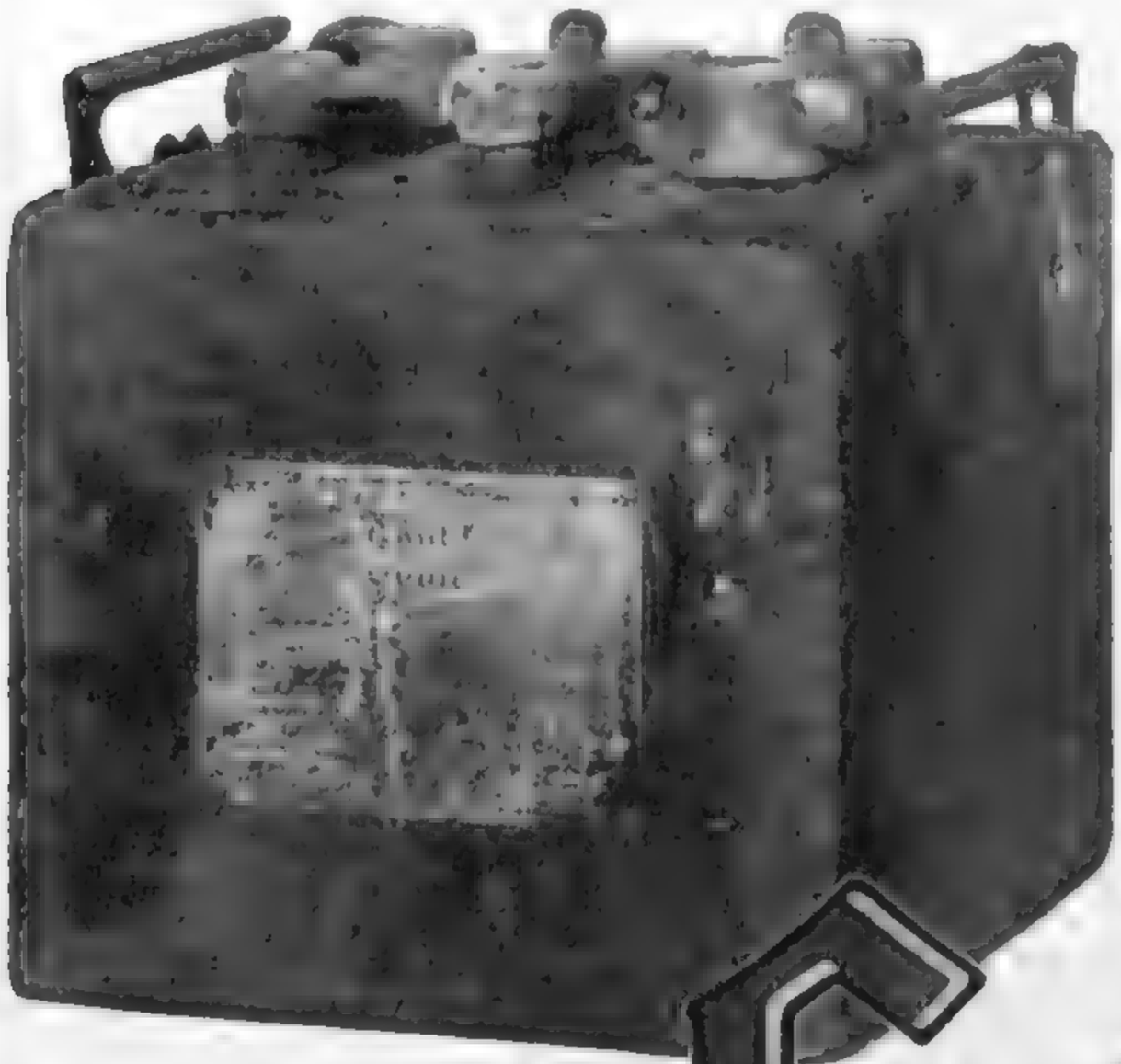
Lead oxide is the foundation of plate quality. To insure quality at the source Gould lead oxide is Gould-made in the Gould plant.

The uniform high quality of the lead oxide used in building Dreadnaught Plates gives them the stamina that means long life.

Complete control of every step of the plate-building process, from pig lead to the finished state, is the Gould way of guarding the quality of Dreadnaught Plates.

On the Job 4 Years, 11 months

Unretouched photo of the battery that won third prize in the Gould Endurance Contest. Service Record 4 years, 11 months. Battery owned by Mr. George Park, Owosso, Mich. All the Gould Batteries which established a National Average Service Record of 4 years and 1 month were equipped with the famous Gould Dreadnaught Plates.



The New

Gould

LONGEST LIFE BY

LONG LIFE SEPARATORS

The new Armored Separator gives *longer life* to this battery of "longest life by owners' records."

It is the long sought separator, combining the *ideal porosity* of wood with the *acid resistance* of rubber.

By a patented Gould process the fibres of the wood are armored with a coating of pure rubber, while the pores of the wood remain unobstructed for the free passage of the battery acid. The rubber protects the wood from the ravages of acid and strengthens it structurally.

The result is a long life separator combining the advantages of rubber and wood—the greatest advance in battery manufacture since the discovery of Dreadnaught Plates.

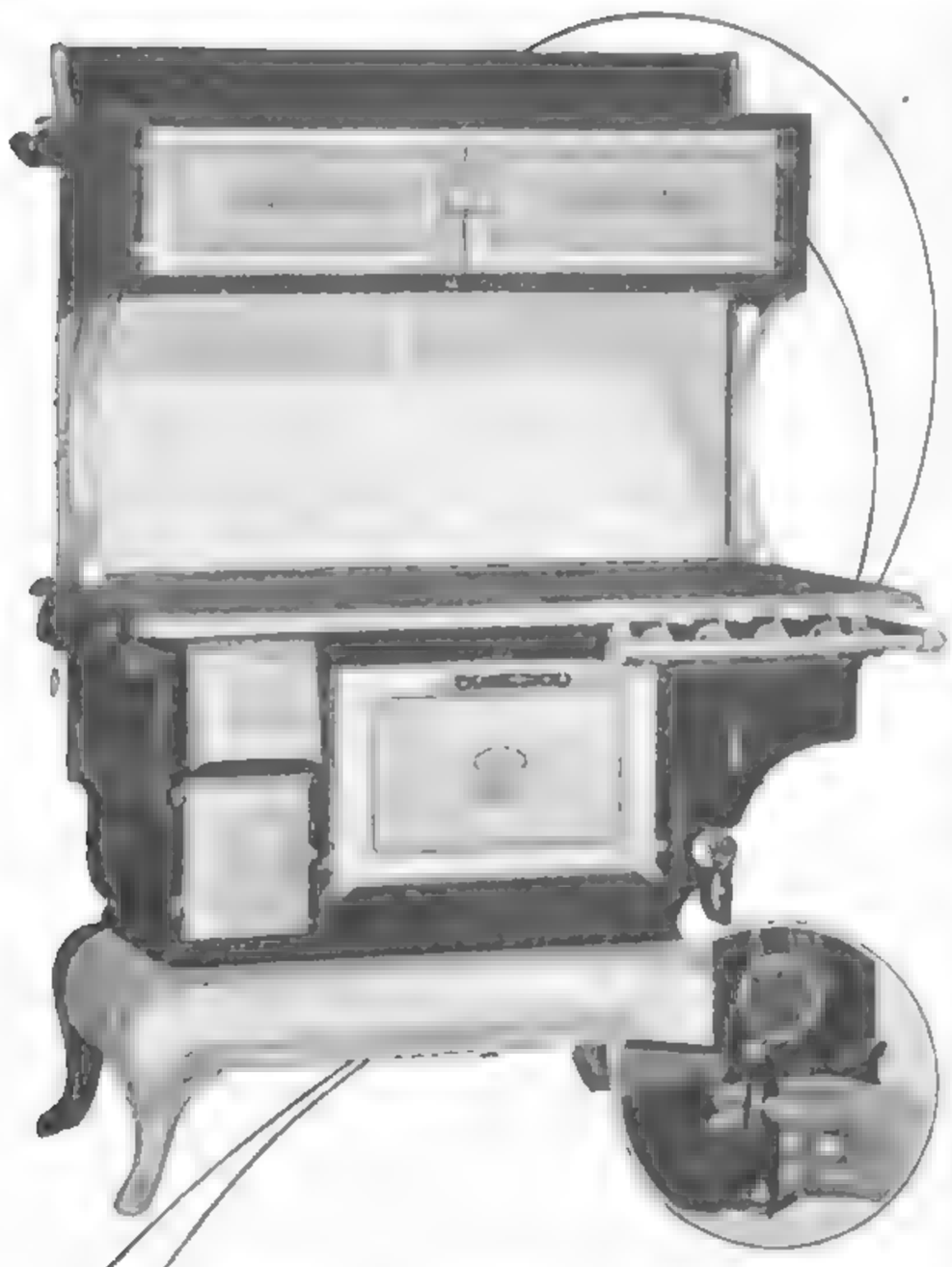
Dreadnaught Plates *plus* Armored Separators mean an even more economical, long-lived Gould Battery.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO.
30 E. 42nd St., New York Works: Depew, N. Y.
Chicago Detroit San Francisco

The New Gould—Shipped Bone-Dry

The New Gould Dreadnaught Battery with Dreadnaught Plates and Armored Separators is shipped *bone dry* to the Gould dealer in sizes for all cars. When he puts one in your car it is as fresh as the day it left the Gould plant. Send for interesting descriptive booklets.

Dreadnaught
TRADE MARK
Battery
OWNERS' RECORDS



Literally hundreds upon hundreds of American homes have never had other than a Garland range in the kitchen.

As Garland progressed from wood and coal to gas, and now to combination coal and gas, these homes have progressed with it.

Their faith in Garland is stronger than ever today; for Garland efficiency and economy have steadily improved through fifty years of manufacturing experience.

Aside from its proven greater efficiency and fuel economy, the utter simplicity of the Garland Combination Coal and Gas Range accounts for its great popularity with American housewives. The lever is pulled out for gas, pushed in for coal—and no alteration is made for either fuel in the size or capacity of the perfectly heating oven. Illustration shows this range in semi-enamel finish. It is also furnished with full-enamel finish.

The Garland distributor in your locality is a good merchant

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit

Makers of the famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

Nathan-Dohrmann Co.—Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.

Pacific Coast Distributors

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES The World's Best

(Continued from Page 65

ain't so far ahead of the times that they fall in love with every handsome young bud that introduces himself to their father with a smash in the jaw."

"But I just want her phone number," says the kid.

"You can get it at the hotel," says Jack. "The phone company got out a book three or four years ago that gives the names of a few of their rich subscribers, and what their number used to be, and if you call it up, they'll tell you what it's been changed to."

So as soon as we was back at the Spencer, Burkey run for the book. And he couldn't find no Lester Fester.

"I didn't think it'd be in there," says Jack. "They's very few New York millionaires has their number in the phone book. If they did, their wifes would bother them to death, calling up."

"But they must be some way to locate them," said the kid. "Somebody must know where they stay. A man as rich as him must have a big mansion somewheres. And you got to find out where it's at. If you don't find out for me to-morrow, why I'm through! I won't box Kemp or no one else."

And they knew he was cuckoo enough to mean it. But Jack Grace had his plans made already.

"I'll locate them to-morrow," he said, "that is, unlest you hear from the gal herself."

"But she don't know where I'm staying," says Burke.

"She might maybe call up Rickard and find out," says Jack.

So the kid went to bed and Nate and Jack set up and talked it over.

"It looks like we got him," said Jack. "If we can make him think him and Kemp is rivals, he'll fight."

"But that gal can't be framed," says Nate. "I don't know who she is, but she ain't the kind we could get any help from."

"We don't need her help," says Jack. "He'll get a special delivery to-morrow afternoon, with her name signed to it; that is, what he thinks is her name. I'll dope out the letter yet to-night. If necessary he'll get a letter every day till the day of the bout."

"And then what?" says Nate

"Why, nothing," says Jack. "What do you care, if it does the work?"

"It don't seem right," said Nate. "I don't want to break the kid's heart."

"You got as much chance of breaking his head!" says Jack. "What about the gal in Benton Harbor, that he was so stuck on and got over it in a day? But as far as that's concerned, we don't have to kill this gal off when we're through with Kemp. We can keep her going till he meets Britton. We'll have her tell him first that he's got to trim Kemp, and if that works, we'll send her to Europe or somewheres, leaving him a farewell note that she's been called away, but she'll be back in time to see him win the title."

"He's a sap," said Nate, "but I doubt if he's dumbbell enough to swallow this."

"You don't appreciate him," said Jack. "Where him and the fair sex is concerned, they's nothing so raw that he won't eat it up. But suppose he don't? You ain't got nothing to lose."

"Just him, that's all," says Nate.

"Well, he's no loss if he won't fight," said Jack. "And this may be the way to make him."

VI

BURKE had started training at Daley's. When he got back from there the next afternoon, they was a special delivery waiting for him. It said:

Dear Mr. Burke: You will probably be surprised getting a letter from one who you have never met, but still I suppose you get many letters from silly girls of my sex that has seen you and admires you. Hope you won't think bad of me for writing to you, but am a girl that acts on their impulse and sometimes am sorry afterwards that I done so and wished I was not so silly, but you know how girls are and especially in regards to affairs of the heart.

Well, Mr. Burke, you don't know me, but I was to the Garden last night with my daddy and set right near you and noticed you when I first come in, but didn't dast look at you and didn't know who you was till you was introduced from the ring. And then when you was returning to your seat I thought you smiled at me and I smiled back. Oh, Mr. Burke, was it me you was smiling at? If not I will feel very foolish for smiling at you and hope you won't think the worse of me for doing so.

Well, anyway, it's too late to mend and this A.M. I had my secretary get where you are staying from Mr. Rickard and am writing you this letter and suppose you will say it's just another fool girl writing mash notes, but I flatter myself that I am a little higher class than most girls as I am a society girl and don't write these kind of letters as a rule. So please don't think I am a fool and tear this up. Am just a girl that sometimes lets their feelings run away with them.

Am going to make pa take me to see the bout between you and Willie Kemp, but am afraid you are going to be beaten that night, Mr. Burke, as have seen Mr. Kemp fight and believe he is going to be the champion. I admire him very much and up to last night, admired him more than any other man, but now am not so sure. There I am afraid I have been too bold and you will think I am a perfect fool.

Well, Mr. Burke, will not take up no more of your time though I don't suppose you have read this far, but hope you don't think I am a fool, but know you do. Pa don't approve of me writing to men to who I am not engaged and would be very angry was he to find out I had wrote to you, so can't let you answer this letter or call me up for fear he would find it out and be very angry. But maybe will write you again and certainly will see you fight Mr. Kemp and if you see me that night, please smile at me again so will not think you [illegible]. But maybe you will not feel like smiling after you have boxed Mr. Kemp, as I think he is a wonder.

Well, Mr. Burke, good-by for this time and please don't think I am [illegible].

Yours truly,

ESTHER FESTER.

Well, Jack Grace had guessed right. Burkey swallowed it whole. He begin reading it down in the lobby, but when he looked back and seen the name signed to it, he took it up to the room to finish it. And if he read it once, he read it twenty times—and looked sillier every time he read it. He surprised us one way, though. We was expecting he would show it to everybody. But he kept it to himself. Of course, we'd read it before it got to him. Jack had wrote it and had one of the phone gals copy it off.

Nate ast the kid at supper how he felt.

"Great!" he says.

"You want to keep working to improve your wind," says Nate. "This is your first fifteen-round bout and you may get tired."

"I won't have time to get tired," he says. "I'll knock him dead in a round!"

It was the first time he'd ever made a speech like that.

"Looks like you was right," says Nate to Jack, afterwards. "He's eat it up. The only thing now is to be sure and not overplay it. Just give him a couple more short notes between now and the bout."

"What shall I say in them?" says Jack.

"You don't need my advice," said Nate. "I think you wrote that one from memory. You must of got a few mash notes yourself."

"No," says Jack. "All the time I was boxing, I only got letters from one gal. And she always said the same thing: 'If you're a man, you'll pay me back that eight dollars and sixty cents you stole.'"

Well, Burke pestered the clerks to death asking if they was sure no mail had came for him; and he went for the phone every time it rung, and was scared to go out for fear a call would come while he wasn't there. Finally it got so that Nate couldn't hardly drag him to Daley's for his work-out, and they seen they'd have to spill another note or he'd worry himself out of shape. The second one was short and said:

Dear Mr. Burke: It has been all as I could do to keep from writing you before this, but was afraid if I wrote too often you would think I was a fool.

Well, Mr. Burke, it's only five days now till your bout with Mr. Kemp and suppose you are excited. I know I am and can't hardly wait for the big event, though to be perfectly honest am in a funny position as I don't know if I want you or he to win. You see I am an admirer of the both of you. Suppose you will say to yourself I must be a funny girl to not know her own mind, but you see I have admired Mr. Kemp a long time and only seen you the other night for the first time, so don't know which I like best. Guess I will let you two decide the question for me and may the best man win.

Pa is going to take me to the fight and only hope I will not faint or something with excitement. Suppose you will think me a fool for feeling this way in regards to two parties who I have never met, but as I told you before, am a girl that always lets their feelings get the best of them, though sometimes am sorry when it is too late. Hope you won't make me sorry, Mr. Burke. That is, if you win. Am afraid for your sake, however, that you are doomed with defeat, as Mr. Kemp has a punch and you are just a boxer that can't hit hard.

Well, Mr. Burke, must say ta ta for this time as am going to a toddle party at the Ritz.

Yours, ESTHER.

And the morning of the big day he got this one:

Dear Mr. Burke: Just a line to let you know am thinking of you and if you beat Mr. Kemp,

(Continued on Page 71)

Climate "kills" a million cigars a day but never an EL DALLO

You know from experience that CLIMATIC changes affect people, affect growth and affect food. No matter what your CLIMATE is, then, it stands to reason that it is going to affect the ***flavor,*** the ***aroma,*** the freshness of cigars. For tobacco is peculiar for its sensitiveness to CLIMATIC conditions. Whether you pay 50c or 8c for a cigar—it loses some value each day that it is exposed to CLIMATE.

"Old Man Climate" Challenged at Last

In 1912 a man who does his own thinking realized this and declared war against ***CLIMATE.*** His first problem was one of weapons to fight with. He found that the tin box was not CLIMATE-tight. (Once opened, CLIMATE rushed in.) He found other forms of wrapping a little more brave in ***show*** but just as weak as a protector.

Then The Idea Came—"Each Cigar In Its Own *Humidor*"

Brains and Determination triumphed. At last an INGENIOUS MACHINE—never before seen or heard in any cigar factory in the United States—was originated and invented by Wertheimer Bros. This ***new*** machine soon began whirling and twirling in the big factory in Baltimore. Cigars with the armor ***really*** to ***protect*** their flavor and aroma were made at last. "Each cigar in its ***own*** humidor," from which the cigar is easily removed by one pull on the tissue ends.

No Mere Fancy Foil Wrapper

The El Dallo cigar is not wrapped in a mere fancy foil wrapper but in a real CLIMATE-tight protective humidor. The cost of making the humidor by the ingenious machine is *no more* than the cost of "banding" other cigars.

More Flavor and Untouched Freshness

The El Dallo cigar is a long filler cigar—a perfect blend of imported and domestic tobaccos—genuine imported Sumatra wrapper. Its flavor and aroma are different from any cigar in the world. Why? Because the El Dallo humidor wrapper keeps all this flavor and aroma held in and keeps "old man CLIMATE" barred out. "Not a mere foil wrapper for looks—but a protective humidor for ***keeps.***"

To You Smokers: *If your dealer doesn't handle El Dallo send $1.00 for a sample box of 12 Invincibles or 90c for a sample box of 12 Straights. Postpaid. And please send us your dealer's name.*

Wertheimer Bros., Baltimore, Md.

Large Invincible Size—3 for 25c
Straights Size—2 for 15c

To Cigar Dealers

El Dallo is a protected cigar. No loss from breakage or handling. No broken wrappers. Therefore a bigger profit to you.

For quicker, easy sales and more profits keep a box of El Dallos open on your counter. If your jobber doesn't handle them write us; we'll tell you where you can get immediate delivery.

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

Practice putting on- WEED Tire Chains in the Garage

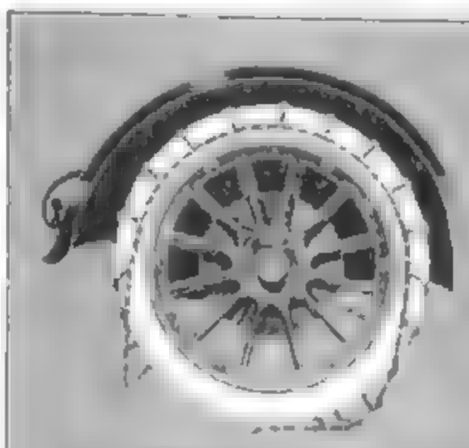
It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions, illustrated on the right.

Women drivers are very numerous nowadays. They are driving out into the country over all sorts of roads—*they surely need protection against the dangerous skid.* How many of them know how to put on Weed Chains? Have you ever instructed your wife, your sister or your daughter?

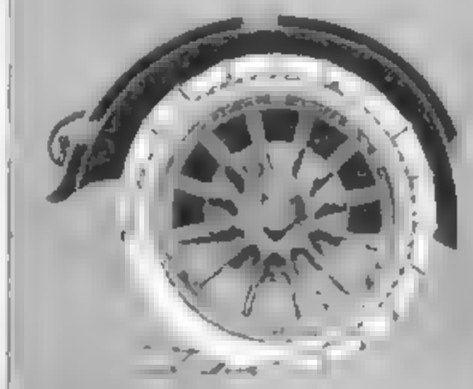
The directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple yet most important.

Avoid annoyances on the road—learn how easy it is to put them on correctly—*practice in the garage* and give the women instruction. It will amply repay you in security, satisfaction and comfort.

Observe these three fundamentals



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.

Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES:

Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore. San Francisco

(Continued from Page 68)

will call you up and see if we can't meet somewheres and have a dance, or maybe you don't care for a dance, but we can have a little chat if you don't think me too much a fool.

Well, Mr. Burke, I won't bother you when you must be already worried and nervous over the bout and will just say that I will be at the Garden and will see you even if you don't see me and wished I could tell you where I will set, but don't know.

Well, Mr. Burke, good luck and may the best man win. ESTHER.

On the way down from the hotel that night, Burkey ast Jack and I if we'd bet on him. We told him no. So he says:

"If you want to make some easy money, bet some of these wise crackers that I'll stop this bird in a round. I'll slap him dead!"

VII

SO I AND Jack did get down a couple of bets, fifty apiece. We bet the kid would win by a knock-out and we got three to one. The smart guys had looked over his record and didn't see how he could stop Kemp.

But when they got in the ring, I wished for a minute I hadn't bet. Instead of paying any attention to what was coming off, Burkey was looking all over the house trying to locate the little peach. I was scared he'd still be doing it yet when the bout started, and Kemp'd sock him before he got down to business. But Jack Grace seen the danger, and leaned over and w'ispered to the kid:

"You remember that Fester gal? She's up in a box with her old man."

"Where at?" ast Burke, all excited

"It's pretty dark," says Jack, "but I'll try and point her out between rounds."

As you know, they wasn't no "between rounds." In the first two minutes Kemp made five trips to the floor, and he liked it so well the last time that he decided to sleep there.

And in the excitement, Jack pretended he'd lost sight of the gal.

VIII

BURKEY staid in the room all the next day, waiting for the phone call. The papers had went nuts over him and said he was the Benny Leonard of the welters, and that it was just a question of the date when the title would change hands. But for all the effect it had on Burke, they might as well of said he'd opened a bird store.

Meanw'ile, Nate and Jack Grace talked it over and decided to go through with Jack's scheme—keep Esther alive till the Britton bout, but send her to Europe where she wouldn't be so much trouble. So late in the evening, w'ile Burkey was still waiting for his call, a special delivery come for him that said:

Dear Mr. Burke: Have bad news or at least hope you will agree with me and think it is bad. By the time you receive this note, will be on the old pond with pa, bound for Europe. He got a cable this A.M. calling him to the other side and insisted on me going along. So we hustled round and got rooms on the ship that sails this P.M. I cried when he said I would have to go and hope you feel as bad as I do. But it's only for a short time and will be back in time to see you beat Britton and win the title. After that—well, Mr. Burke, I won't say no more.

You was wonderful last night and am proud of you. Wished I could tell you in person how much I admire you, but will do that later on. Will drop you a note just the minute we get back. In the mean time, don't forget one who is proud of you and wished I could meet my coming champion. ESTHER

Well, it was a blow to the kid, but it would of worked out all right only for the toughest kind of a break. Nate had to hurry back to Chi, but before he left he seen Rickard and closed for the Britton bout. Burke's end was to be $10,000

So the second day after the Kemp bout, they was taking the Century home, and I and Jack Grace was over to see them off. They'd just shook hands and was starting through the gate when Burke seen her, the gal he'd went wild over at Miss Morgan's show! She was saying good-by to another pip.

"Wait!" says Burkey, and before Nate could stop him, he'd grabbed the gal by the arm.

"Esther!" he says. "Miss Fester! You didn't go after all!"

The poor gal was speechless.

"Don't you know me?" said the kid. "I'm Burke, the boy that beat Kemp, the boy you been writing to."

She jerked her arm loose and found her tongue

"I'm not interested in who you are," she said. "I don't know you and I don't believe I want to."

By this time, Nate had him.

"Come on, boy," he says. "You've made a mistake."

And he dragged him through the gate, w'ile the crowd stared goggle-eyed.

"Well," says our gal to her chum, "you're going to have a thrill—a trip with a crazy man!"

Burke was numb, Nate tells me, till the train was way out of New York. Then he said:

"Maybe she didn't recognize me. Or maybe she just didn't want her friend to know."

"That was probably it," says Nate.

"But why did she lie to me and say she was going to Europe?" says the kid.

After a w'ile he got up from his seat.

"Her friend's on this train," he said. "I'm going to find her and ask her something."

Nate tried to coax him out of it, but he wouldn't listen. So Nate went with him to see that he didn't get in no trouble.

They found the gal's pal a couple of cars back. The kid stopped and said:

"I beg your pardon, lady, but I want to ask you just one question. That gal that seen you off, is her name Esther Fester?"

The jane laughed and says:

"I'm afraid it's nothing as poetical as that. Her name is plain Mary Holt."

Without another word, Burke followed Nate back to their own sleeper. He didn't open his clam again till they hit Albany. Then he made some remark about wanting some fresh air, and got off the train.

That's the last Nate seen of him till the other day, when he showed up in Chi, after money.

So you see why the Britton show had to be postponed. They's no plot for it.

PHOTO. FROM TAHOE TAVERN STUDIO, LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

Moon Lake, California

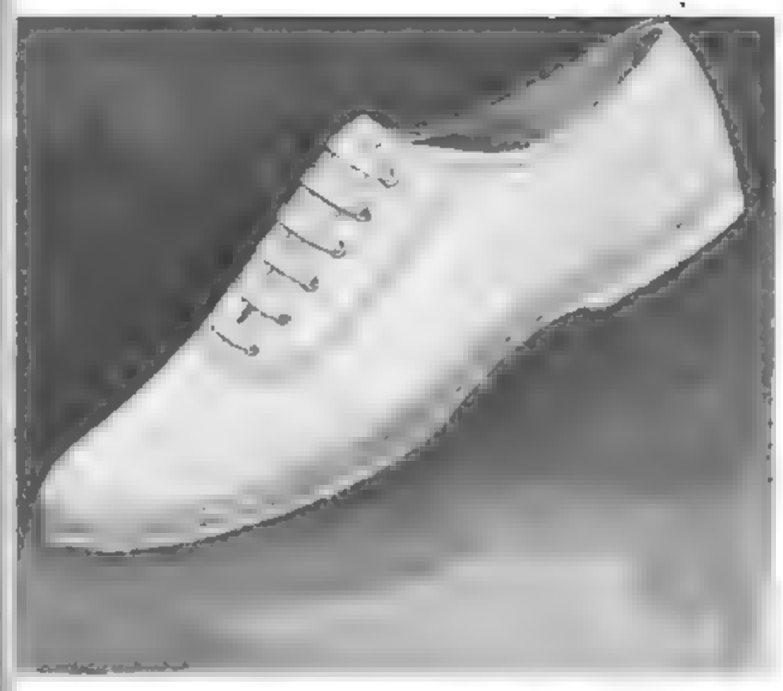
On Guard!
Your banker stands guard, ceaselessly providing your funds with protection
Help him defeat the check-raiser and protect your bank account by using these Super-Safety checks.
Apprehension is eliminated when you write your checks on Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks. You are then protected by a bond against fraudulent alterations and changes.
Your banker will provide this protection to defeat the check-raiser and safeguard you.
LOOK FOR "THE MARK OF SAFETY"
Protected by individual bonds of The American Guaranty Company
These checks are the safest you can use
SUPER-SAFETY
PAPER
SUPER-SAFETY Insured BANK-CHECKS
The Bankers Supply Company
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World
NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO DES MOINES DENVER SAN FRANCISCO
Copyright 1921, by The Bankers Supply Co.

One of 8 "Leather-trim" models

For sports [illegible] school, for everyday hard [illegible] Heavy canvas uppers with brown [illegible] leather [illegible] trimmings. Black [illegible] and rubber [illegible], corrugated [illegible] tread grip

Comfort and style combined

For many people comfort requires a heel. This model has a low springy rubber heel and carries an exclusive steel and fibre arch support. An economical shoe for vacation wear as well as for everyday [illegible] work. High or low, all sizes for men, women and children



One of the largest selling shoes in the world

Carried by almost every shoe dealer in the country. In high and low models, all grades and sizes for men, women and children. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles. A standard summer shoe.

They're converting a nation to a new comfort

Astonishing growth of Keds—from the old-fashioned "tennis shoe" to a complete line for every summer need.

FIGURE it out for yourself. There were over 20,000,000 pairs of canvas rubber-soled shoes made and worn last year—an average of one pair for every five people in the United States.

In this tremendous market Keds led all others by a wide margin. Keds have become the national summer shoe. From the "tennis shoe" you knew as a child has developed this whole complete line. Special types of Keds for all outdoor games, Keds for yachting, Keds for neatly dressed men and women on the street and in the home, Keds for the fleeting feet of childhood—Keds for every possible summer need.

The illustrations above show three of the most popular types of Keds. There are many other styles for men, women and children. They range all the way from a Boy Scout's hiking shoe of real tire duck to a woman's smart oxford with leather trimmings—feather-light sport and tennis shoes, "Leather-trim" models for all-round summer wear, types with welt construction soles that have all the smartness of the finest white buckskin.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the oldest rubber organization in the world.

You can find Keds at every good store where shoes are sold. Try on the various models—notice how light and cool they all are. If your dealer does not have the type for your particular need, he can get it for you in a day or so. Be sure to look for the name *Keds* on the shoe—the guarantee of quality and service.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.

HAVING SEEN ENOUGH

(Continued from Page 19)

food with eyes sunk deep in pain-pinched faces have just about broken my heart. They are only Chinese perhaps, but one wants that they should be fed just the same; one wants that they should be permitted to grow healthily and after their own fashion happily if may be.

The hideous, hungry hordes living from day to day on husks; on worse than husks; on dried leaves and the bark of trees; on the ground-up cobs of stunted kao-liang; on millet meal by the thimbleful mixed with millet chaff; on nothing at all! On nothing at all for days and days—and then comes death. Outside the walls of many cities and towns and villages I see acres of new-made graves, and beyond the great west gate of one city I see a heap of swollen corpses and many human bones that prowling pariah dogs and the hovering birds of prey have picked and scattered—bodies and bones of men and women dead of starvation and denied even the privilege, so dear to Chinese hearts, of decent burial. The kind of music that is floating up to my ears from the floor below seems not to be the kind of music that should be made incidental in one's mind to such scenes as these.

Dear old Whang Taitai, who went with me into the nether regions, has been in to see me. I call her mother because she is such a motherly sort, and I think she rather fancies herself in the rôle. She thinks part of her job is to fuss around a lot and keep herself all wrought up with fear lest she may be overlooking some possible want of mine.

She nearly lost her mind over the grandeurs of this proud and pompous place. She had never been in a great modern hotel before and had never seen an elevator. She was particularly interested in the elevator, and it was fun to get her into it and hear her giggle as it started down. She is a little, ancient Chinese woman who gives Bible lessons at a Christian mission in a village forty miles away, in the country where she was born and has lived all the years of her life.

Travel by Mule Team

To her I am E-ee Taitai—E-ee being my honorable Chinese name and Taitai being just plain Mrs.—and the burden of her comment, wonderingly translated for my benefit by an English-speaking room boy who was consumed with curiosity about us, was that if she had known what E-ee Taitai was accustomed to she would have been much more worried about what E-ee Taitai had to put up with on the terrible journey which E-ee Taitai had just completed.

As for herself—well, she had been Chinese all her life; she was used to Chinese customs and accommodations and really regarded our foreign way of making a trip into the interior as somewhat extravagant, not to say positively luxurious.

According to her view we seem to have made a kind of triumphal progress, though I recall that even she was reduced to occasional spells of variously expressed emotion by the sights we were compelled to see.

At any rate we made good time. My carters were somewhat unduly impressed by my importance and the necessity for hurrying me from point to point; so they made everybody else get out of the way. If anyone wanted to keep ahead of us he had to be making at least three miles an hour. Otherwise it was off into the deep sands or the soft plowed ground for him while we rushed past.

I had two mules tandem to each of my carts, and the best way to describe the narrowness of the highways is to say that to hitch two mules tandem to a cart is the only possible way a two-mule-power conveyance can be rigged. Two mules abreast would be a good deal like two engines trying to run side by side on the same track. There is a mule or donkey footway between two deep ruts about five feet apart, and this describes the average Chinese roadway in as much detail as is necessary.

Crossing the Shifting Deserts

There are variations of course, but they are usually for the worse and seldom for the better; as, for instance, when the hard-packed ruts across a cultivated plain are left behind and you plunge into shifting sands across which your trail is just barely discernible, into which your cart wheels sink almost to the hub and through which your mules labor by just a few struggling, straining steps at a time. And across such vast flat sand fields the winds blow as they blow no other where. In Peking they talk about the dust storms—which I grant are terrible enough—and ask if you have ever lived through one of them. It would please me greatly to select a few of the softer sort of foreign Pekingese and take them out into a real storm on one of these shifting Chi-lian deserts.

In bitter February such a storm is exactly like a Dakota blizzard except that that which darkens the day and cuts stingingly into human flesh is sand instead of snow. Your mules lurch on into it. At times you cannot see the leader, but you can hear him sputtering and protesting, and to lighten his load to the utmost you yourself get down and walk, though walking means sinking ankle-deep in soft sand with every step you take. And you keep close up to a cart wheel, too, because in the thickness of it, in the close-pressing whining, whistling silence of it—if such description is permissible—you are afraid.

You struggle along for miles and miles—for hours on end—then suddenly the ground under your feet begins to harden and the first thing you know you are out of it and your carts are bumping along again in hard, beaten ruts across a cultivated plain, while the sun shines palely upon you through a veil of dust that has lifted itself heaven high and spread itself out across illimitable distance.

If I should say that the people in Peking know as little about the actualities of the

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great famine as the people in New York or Chicago or San Francisco, would I be accused of making a misstatement, I wonder? I suppose so. Yet, strangely enough, it is true. Moreover the Pekingese are a suspicious lot and imagine they see something in the nature of political intrigue in every earthly thing that happens, something sinister in every move that is made. There are foreigners who have not even yet quite given up the idea that the famine was invented by subtle Chinese politicians as a means of strengthening their own position and of concentrating upon China universal attention and sympathy.

When I arrived in Peking early in February this was the first note that was struck for my benefit, and it left me for a time quite thoroughly bewildered. I protested that I had come up from the south through a part of the famine area and that I had seen for myself enough to convince me that the actual fact could not be exaggerated, but I was told that I was permitting myself to view as something extraordinary a condition only slightly worse than normal; that the Chinese starve to death and freeze to death by the thousands every year and that it is a jolly good thing they do, too, because otherwise there would be too many Chinese. Such persons see no hope for China in anything but continuing epidemics, organized and vigorously encouraged race suicide and a tolerant attitude on the part of the law toward the slaughter of innocents.

When I came in from my first short ventures into the regions designated by the relief organizations as affected I was smilingly asked—in private, of course—if I had found the famine. And, mind you, the persons who asked me this were themselves all busily engaged in famine-relief work, though I gathered that a good many of them were so engaged because famine-relief work happened to be the thing that was being done in Peking at the time. I was both puzzled and annoyed, and having seen much and having committed myself to a general acceptance of the reports that had come in and upon which an international committee was basing its activities, I really hesitated to go on with the program I had laid out for myself, for fear I might find that I really had been induced to assist in the wide dissemination of a monstrous exaggeration. But don't you worry. What I have to tell is the truth. I went out and got it, and the only thing I have to apologize for is the necessarily incomplete character of my information. I could not cover all China, but surely that which I have observed is sufficient to indicate a general condition. And besides we have from other areas the testimony of as trustworthy witnesses as I could ever hope to be.

The Gantlet of Plague and Bandits

I would not mention this at all if it were not for a fear that someone will try to get across to the American people a suggestion that they have been unnecessarily appealed to. An American army officer down on the Red Cross road in Shan-tung told me that he intended to cable to the State Department that the situation in China was quite normal. He had been only a few days on the job and I doubt if he had been a mile either way off the Red Cross works; so the only Chinese he had seen were the thousands of workmen under the direction of the Red Cross, who had been getting sufficient food since the beginning of November. I suppose he wanted to see them all collapsing on their shovels.

It reminds me of Mr. Hoover's experience in connection with the Belgians. When the curtain of war was lifted on the Western Front the "poor little Belgians" were revealed as a people in far better condition than most of the peoples in Europe, and instantly there was a widespread protest to the effect that we had all been deceived and that the Belgians were not starving—no such thing! Mr. Hoover was actually reduced to the necessity of saying something in his own defense, and what he said was that it would be a poor commentary on the work of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium if at the end of four years the Belgian people had staggered out en masse and dropped dead for the benefit of people who like that sort of thing.

When I announced my intention of making a cross-country trip through certain districts that were dyed deep black on the famine map with which the International Committee had supplied itself for working purposes, I found that a number of good friends were undecided whether to cheer me on my way or attempt to restrain me by force. They assured me that what I proposed to do was dangerous.

"What do you mean—dangerous?" said I.

Well—there were smallpox and typhus and vermin and filth and wholly impossible living conditions to be encountered everywhere I proposed to go. Pneumonic plague had not yet come down from the north, but the country west and south of Peking was infested with bandits who were doing perfectly frightful things. And what better prize for a band of bandits than I? They would capture me and hold me for ransom and I would become an international complication and an embarrassment to my Government.

"Oh, very well," said I.

Sticking to His Old Name

In the meantime my little expedition was being organized by people who knew exactly what they were doing, who had discounted all the risks and had taken for granted that I was prepared to accept them. My willingness to undertake a first-hand investigation in some of the more inaccessible regions, to report conditions in these areas and assist in carrying out certain measures of direct relief was regarded as entitling me to the fullest measure of support and protection that could be provided, and it was therefore that our minister detailed two American marines from the legation guard to accompany me. They were Sergeant William Brzozowski and Private Lewis Cater, and top-class marines they are too. The sergeant has been twelve years in the service and goes through life telling people how to pronounce his name. I advised him to change the spelling to Brozofski and thereby relieve himself of a continuous annoyance, and he said by gollies that was a good idea and he would do it. Yet no, he was not quite sure. As Brzozowski he went through Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, St.-Mihiel and a month in hospital with shrapnel in his back; and in Chicago his brother's name was inscribed as Brzozowski on a monument to the fallen. Come to think of it he guessed he was pretty keen about his identity, even if he did have to elucidate it every time a stranger crossed his path.

These boys came back to barracks in Peking wearing self-adjusted halos and with stories to tell that will give them a special standing for many a day. They, too, have been to see me in this grand hotel. And I hardly knew them. They had got out of their rough and dusty khaki and turned up with a very evident bath and haircut apiece in the nifty blue uniforms provided for dress occasions. The sergeant was gorgeously banded with yellow and gold service stripes and many decorations, while Private Cater held in his waistline and puffed out his chest under a row of ribbons and an expert rifleman's badge. They were full of talk.

"Say," said the sergeant, "we've sure been tellin' 'em! And d'ye know, they're jealous of us. They want to know where we got our drag to be sent off on a job like that! I been tellin' 'em that the trenches was a picnic to what we've been up against. And believe me, that's the truth! The fellows in France used to be all the time kickin' about billets. Say, I'd like to head a bunch of 'em into that inn we stopped at night before last. They'd be a mutiny, that's what they'd be!"

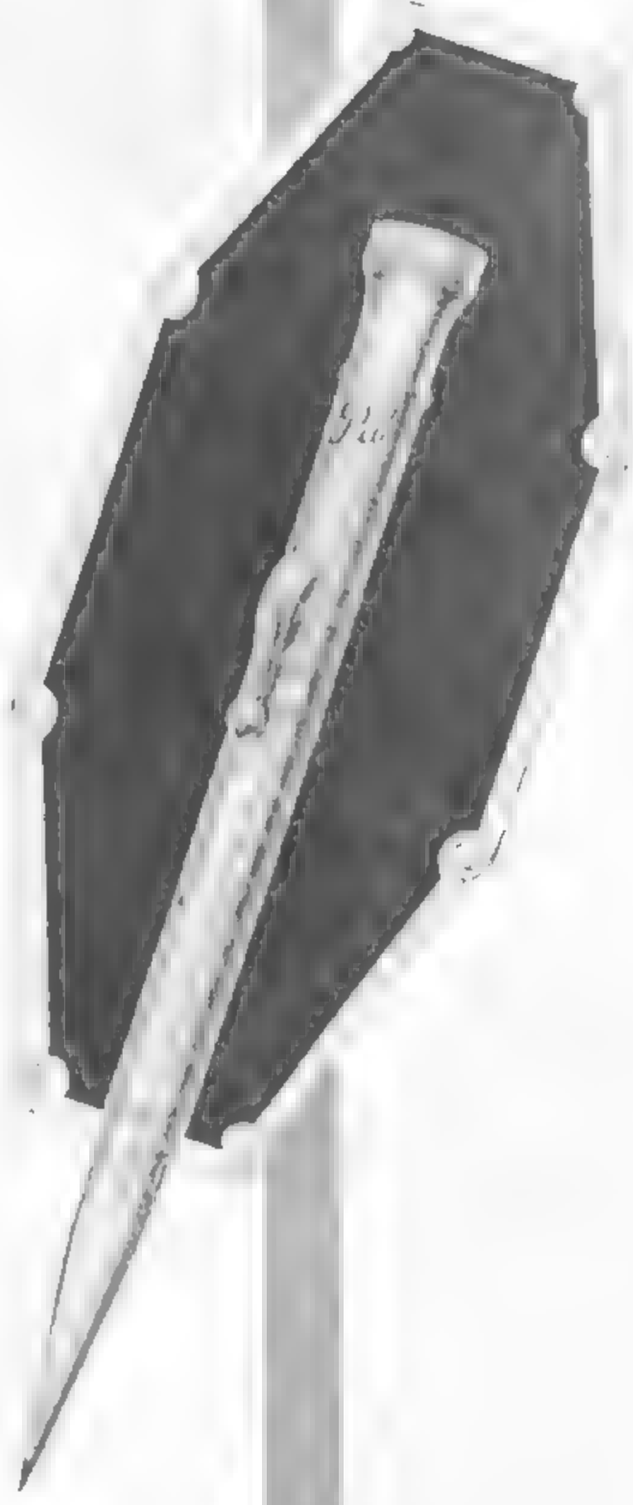
"Have any of them asked you if you found the famine?"

"Say, Taitai, ain't that a funny question! Yes, sir! Nearly everybody asks us that. But the fellows must believe in it because in this drive they've been havin' since we left every man in the corps has been workin' and every one of 'em has given part of his month's pay to the fund. Well, we've been tellin' 'em that there's a famine all right!"

The general director of our expedition was Dr. George D. Wilder, a veteran in the Christian mission field, who speaks most of the Chinese dialects and whose goodness is a dependable and easy-to-get-along-with quality. Then there was mother, quaint and queer to the last degree. Mother grew up with bound feet, so she is not able to walk very much, but we wrapped her up in a goatskin rug and she sat huddled up in a cart looking for all the world like a smiling old Eskimo.

(Continued on Page 77)

Pal
—the pencil



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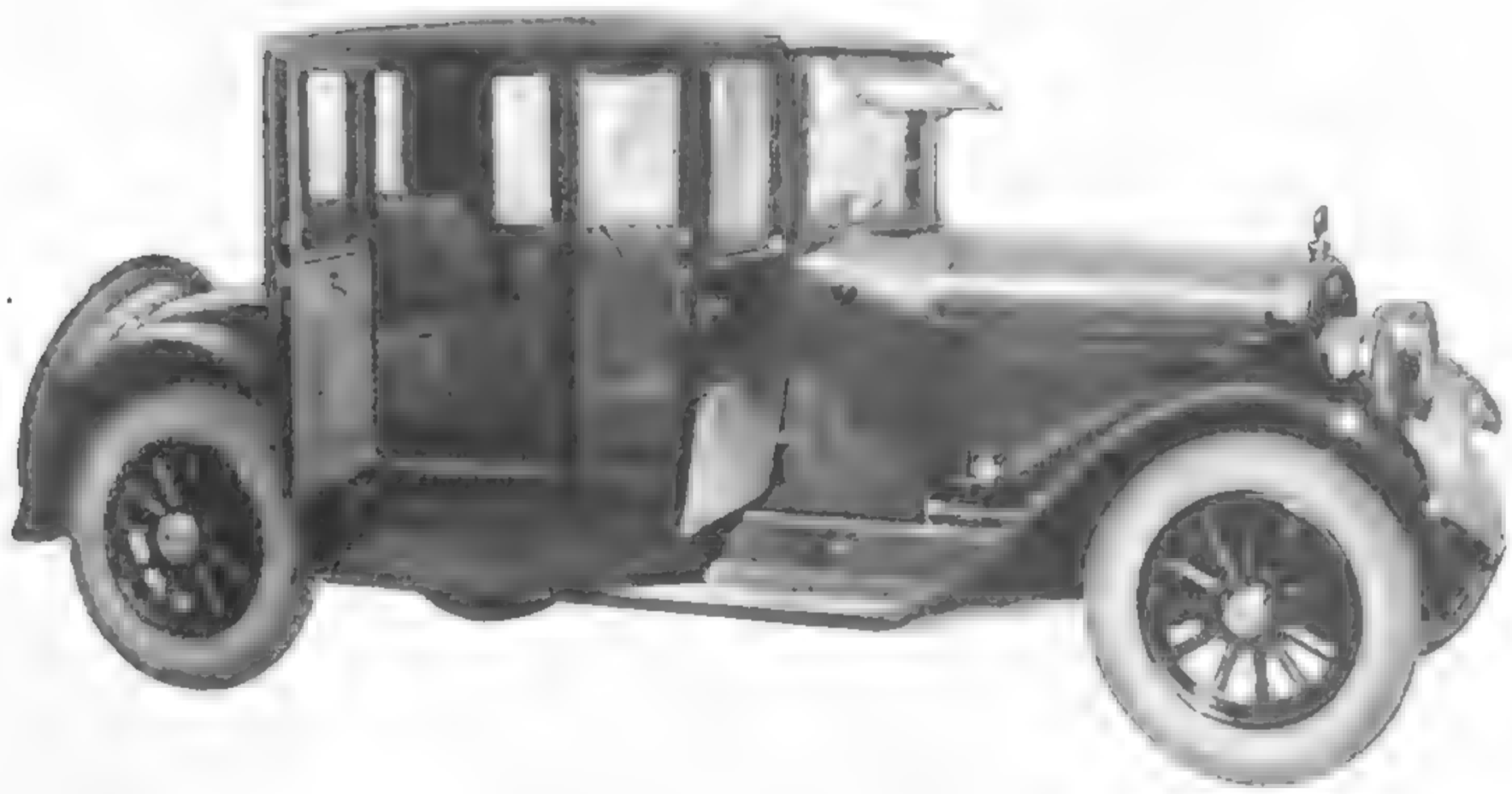

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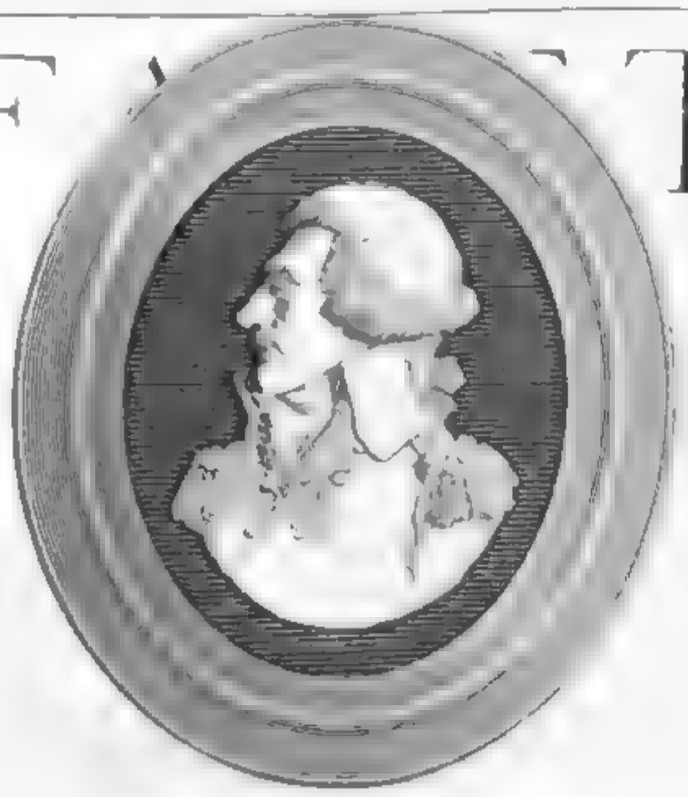

(Continued from Page 74)

Wherever we stopped a dense crowd gathered about us, and on all such occasions mother got down and preached a sermon. The people by the hundreds would fall upon their faces at our feet imploring us to give them food. But their falling upon their faces was a thing mother could not endure. She would lift them up bodily and tell them quite sternly that they must kneel to no one but God. I thought it a great pity that so many of them should ask her why the God she believed in had permitted such a fearful calamity to befall in China. Her intelligence is at least normally limited and I noticed that this question, being often repeated, rather disconcerted her, but by sticking stubbornly to her texts and pinning her faith to the Sermon on the Mount, she managed to get through. It was an interesting performance to observe.

It is a good thing for me, I suppose, that there is a screw loose somewhere in my mental machinery which disconnects my active consciousness from all considerations of distance, because otherwise I might occasionally hesitate to venture into strange regions. But so it is. When at the gateway of the American Board Mission at Tehchau I packed my bedding in under the prairie-schooner top of my rigid, impossible vehicle and climbed in on top of it, my thoughts may have been hazily engaged with an interminable and tedious out yonder to the westward across which I was starting to make my way; but mostly I was thinking about the bandits and quaking just a little with an apprehension that I would not at the moment have been willing to confess. It is at Tehchau that the road starts which is being built by the American Red Cross with famine labor, and the two engineers of the enterprise who make their headquarters at the mission had declared their intention of saddling their horses and going along with us, because in their opinion it was simply foolhardy for us to start out with only three guns. Such talk could hardly be expected to add to one's feeling of confidence.

"You'll get into trouble as sure as anything," said one of them; "and I can't help thinking we ought to muster three or four more guns and see you through the bad lands at any rate. You look entirely too easy to handle!"

"Well," said Doctor Wilder, "if we meet any bandits I'll rely a good deal more on my tongue than on my gun. In fact, I think we should be better off without any guns at all. Unless they attack us before I get a chance to talk to them we'll be perfectly safe."

"Why, do you carry a gun?" I exclaimed. He grinned and lifted his coat to reveal to me a bulging hip pocket.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Even a preacher has a right to believe in preparedness."

Visions of Bandits

Well—of course—naturally! But it was his casual attitude toward the bandits that had given me all my confidence, and I now began to see visions of myself in the midst of a fierce band of slant-eyed, vicious outlaws negotiating for my life by means of propitiatory gestures and forced smiles, as much as to say: "But see here now, you know I'm a friend of yours, and you wouldn't hurt me, now would you?" I thought vainglorioously of getting across to them in some way a fine blast of American nationalism to the effect that if they touched a single hair of my sacred head my great and powerful Government would send an army across the wide, wide ocean and wipe them all off the face of the earth. That sort of thing. But somehow I couldn't manage to be very enthusiastic about what might happen afterward in case they got hold of me and decided to do their worst.

We trundled out through the gate of the mission compound, down through the ancient, curious town with its medieval walls; its deep-rutted, filthy, narrow streets; its graceful, gray-tiled, overhanging roofs; its many open temples revealing great, grinning, dusty gods; its soft-voiced, silent-footed, blue-clad, thronging population; its mystery to us and the meaning of it if it has one, and so on, under a splendid, age-old, double-storied portal and out into an altogether flat and ugly yellow, dust-veiled distance.

The rising sun looked like a setting moon trying to shine through a widespread blanket of thin, feathery mist. And it was cold. The doctor said that according to the thermometer it was twenty degrees above zero, but inside my heaviest suit, two sweaters, a leather coat lined with camels' hair, and a goatskin bag, I was inclined to regard the thermometer as being a good deal of an optimist. Mother rode in the cart with me and I had a few words of Chinese with which I could communicate with her, but the one I made use of the most was the word for cold.

"*Lung*, mother?" I would ask her every now and then, and "*Pu lung*" she would reply. Which means "not cold." Whereupon, while she giggled with great enjoyment, I would read her a little lecture in carefully chosen English about how wicked it is for nice little old Christian Chinese ladies to tell fibs.

My mind was pretty much occupied with visions of the bandits, but I said nothing to betray my uneasiness until we reached the bank of the Grand Canal. Then I permitted my anxiety to get the better of my pride.

When we were standing on the bank waiting for our mules and carts to be ferried across one by one I turned to Doctor Wilder and asked: "Do you really think we are likely to get into difficulties with the robbers?"

He looked down upon me and smiled the kind of smile that no minister should have in his repertoire, and his answer was: "Do you know, they built this canal some seven hundred years ago. Wouldn't you think that by this time they would have made some improvement in their method of getting across it?"

Trouble at the Ferry

The ferryboat was nothing but a flat floating platform about five feet wide and ten feet long, while the gangway consisted of two narrow planks that were thrown out on the bank just far enough apart to accommodate the wheels of whatever vehicle might be going aboard. And they were not placed together for the benefit of the mules either. Each animal, being unhitched, had to do a tight-rope act on a single plank while it wabbled and bent under him in a most terrifying way. One mule slipped with his hind feet and fell in, and then there was a tremendous to-do to get him out. In his frantic struggles I was sure he would break a leg or his back or something, but after they had tried all the impossible methods of handling him that could be thought of, a half dozen coolies waded into the cold, shallow, muddy stream, picked him up bodily and flung him aboard as though he were a bag of meal, while the crowds of interested spectators on either bank shouted with laughter.

And though I have some belief in the idea that China is waking up and speeding up with an intention of getting abreast of modern times in a few at least of her processes, I can imagine this kind of performance going on at this particular point for perhaps another seven hundred years.

Because of an oversupply of all but free labor China can or could build roads for less money than any other country on earth, and it may just be that she is entering on a road-building era, but when it comes to building bridges there will be the innumerable high-masted cargo junks to take into consideration, and it will be many a long day before these give way to more modern craft in the tremendous labyrinth of canals in the interior.

In its narrower sections the Grand Canal lies between very high and very steep banks that are for the most part treeless, and when you are away off across a flat yellow prairie which is bare even of so much as a tuft of grass, it is an interesting sight to see a long line of ribbed and fluted brown batwing sails moving in stately procession against the far horizon. The water in the canal is very low, so there are no boats to be seen, no suggestion in the landscape, as a matter of fact, of any waterway at all, but there are the sails against the sky, huge, majestic, magnificently graceful—luring one to fine imaginings of a wonderful life which might be lived in their splendid shadows.

But the trouble is that no such life as one loves to dream of seems possible anywhere in China. Under every noble, sun-goldened sail are sordidness and misery; that you may be sure of. Within every battlemented and tower-crowned city wall there is little else but sordidness and misery. In the shade of great ancient temples, in the shade of many-storied pagodas that fairly thrill one with their upreaching loveliness, in the shade of vast palaces and in the palaces themselves are sordidness and misery and

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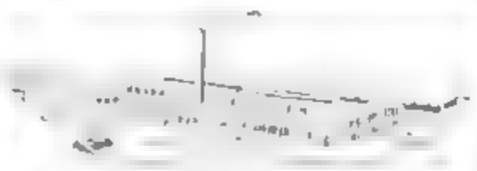

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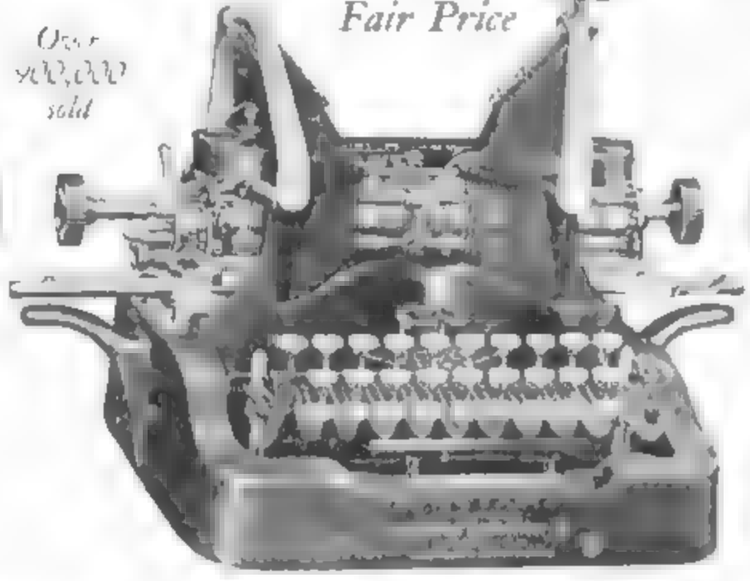

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filth unspeakable. It is high time for China to rouse herself from the lethargy into which she has been lulled by an age-long monotone of self-praise for past perfections.

The one-time sacred temples and shrines are nearly all falling into ruin, and even the best of them are left to a dense accumulation of cobwebs and dust; the wonderful city walls throughout the country are crumbling into masses of unsightly rubbish; monuments to the illustrious departed and huge memorial gateways everywhere are collapsed or collapsing into hopeless dilapidation; deterioration and dry rot are evident on every hand and unless a government is established which can be induced to recognize the value of ancient splendors and take measures to preserve them there will be little enough left to remind a new and practical China of her really great and very colorful past. Such thoughts might not occur to one in Peking perhaps, because in Peking the famous walls and gates and the magnificent old palaces and temples and tombs are not so neglected. But they did occur to me lumbering across the country.

I liked getting into towns after nightfall, because by the soft starlight only that which was beautiful could be seen. The far-flung line of loopholed and crenelated wall; a lofty ancient gateway under a massive, uptilted, double roof; against the dense blue of the sky—studded with stars that shine more brightly than stars ever shine in our land—the curious roof line of a narrow street; a bobbing luminous lantern here and there, but otherwise deep shadows in which all the hideousness and horror, the dilapidation and decay lay hidden.

Chinese Inns

You might think that after bumping along in a springless cart on a Chinese road for thirteen straight hours, with a few surveys of famine-stricken towns and villages as the only variation—which was the usual day's work—one would be minus all interest in one's surroundings and would be thinking chiefly of supper and a bed. But though we carried our supper with us we were never quite sure that we would find shelter under which to spread our sleeping bags. And do not imagine that we ever rolled into any town in a dreamy way either. However soft and silken the starlight might be and however medieval and alluringly mysterious the things it revealed, there were always the execrable roads, which became more execrable as streets, and in the streets there were always the stenches and the quagmires of filth.

The first thing to do was to find an inn. I suppose a day may come when a traveler in China will be able to telegraph ahead for a room and bath, in the more important cities at least. But not yet. It is only in the so-called market towns that there is any kind of accommodation at all for travelers, and this is where I am tempted to fall back on unimaginable, unbelievable and indescribable, because I do not believe I shall be able to convey the faintest idea of what this accommodation is like. I know I didn't discover China and that hundreds of other persons have written about it, but I have read practically everything I could lay my hands on and I assure you nobody ever told me anything about it. The average person who travels in interior China is too deeply engrossed with his own interests to remember afterward the ordinary, everyday inconvenience that he had to put up with.

The inns, designed for the most part to shelter carters, wheelbarrow coolies and carriers generally, are usually situated in the outskirts of the towns. You drive through a gateway, over which nearly always hangs a quite imposing tiled roof, and come into a big yard. The front of the inn is all kitchen, which almost invariably spreads out under a reed awning into the street, the cooking being all done in full view of the populace. In the yard are open sheds for mules with rows of feed boxes, and adjoining these sheds are the guest chambers. All I have to say is that invariably the mules have the better of it. The room you are shown into has no floor and no ceiling. The bare earth is under your feet, usually strewn with the remains of somebody's food and stinking with somebody's foul refuse, while the roof of kaoliang stalks is festooned on its under side with an accumulation of soot and dust-laden cobwebs the sight of which causes you to hope and pray that you don't sleep on your back with your mouth open.

Across one end of this room there is a *khang*, a boxlike brick structure on which you are supposed to stow yourself for the night and under which a fire can be built. There is a greasy untouchable table and a narrow bench perhaps, and nothing more. As often as not there is neither door nor window, only openings over which you must hang something if you happen to be interested in securing a little privacy.

We never found a fire under any *khang* of course, nor could we anywhere get one made for us. On account of the crop shortages for two years past there is no fuel—at least not in this part of China, where the only fuel the people know consists of the dried stalks of kao-liang and large millet and twigs clipped from the branches of the few trees which grow in the towns.

It is a most pitiful thing to see the efforts that are made by hundreds of people to secure a handful of wisps of something to burn under a cooking pot or water kettle. Ordinarily in winter time the countryside is littered with the dried stubble and stalks of the principal crops, while every household within its little compound is amply provided with fuel piled upon the roofs, shocked in huge shocks against the house walls and stacked in deep layers around the courtyard. One of the chief things to be observed now is that all the villages and towns are clean; there is no litter of fuel anywhere; none of the usual untidiness of plenty; while out in the fields everywhere are many anxious-looking women and children forever picking, picking, searching as though for some lost treasure, gathering into tiny sheaves bits of burnable stuff no larger than pine needles.

The Chinese refer to a period of famine as a period of clean teeth. We learned that it is also a period of clean fields, clean courtyards and clean hearthstones. Doctor Wilder was moved frequently to observe that although he had been in China twenty-eight years and had seen a good deal of famine he never before had seen any part of the country absolutely bare.

The well-to-do as well as the poor have had to get through the winter without heat, but the well-to-do at least have bedding and clothes, while the poor by the tens of thousands have not the wherewith to cover their nakedness even in the night. You can suffer an awful lot from cold before you freeze to death, but before you know it you can freeze your feet or your ears, and such cases unattended to develop into damnable horrors. The winter has filled Northern China with them and when I have encountered them, as I frequently have, I usually have been coward enough to hide my eyes.

In Eastern Shan-tung

Before we started on this trip we went on an equally unpleasant but less extended expedition into Eastern Shan-tung, and one day, in a farm village about thirty miles from the railroad, I encountered a case I shall not soon forget. This village had been made headquarters for relief operations in its district, the local Confucian temple having been appropriated for the purpose; investigations had been made in villages for miles around and tickets had been distributed, to the end that day after day the people in orderly long lines were filing past the distributors of grain and going back to their homes and families with filled sacks on their shoulders; this being a very wonderful sight to see when you know something of what these people are living through. But without a ticket no one can obtain food at any relief center, and I had discovered that in making their surveys the relief agents had overlooked a great many persons who without relief would undoubtedly die. Such oversights were inevitable. I shall not attempt to explain why. To do so would involve me in details with regard to hurried investigations and necessarily vague references to general conditions—half-dead victims hidden away in hovels—destitute men, women and children out in the highways and byways begging at the time the investigators passed by—all that sort of thing.

Anyone can see that in tremendous starving throngs many deserving ones would fail to secure relief even when it became available. And in such persons I was particularly interested because a small fund had been intrusted to me to be distributed among them at my own discretion. And I was pretty stingy with it, I can tell you, because I found crying need for it at every turn and my idea soon got to be that I would make it go as far as possible

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

and that when I returned to Peking I would make vigorous representation to the International Committee in hopes of getting a similar fund placed at the disposal of every responsible relief agent.

With my little party I came down out of the Confucian temple that was so filled with human woe, and we began to make our way as best we could through the crowds to where our carts were waiting. As usual the people blocked our way, falling upon their knees and touching their foreheads to the ground—some in token of gratitude, others in heart-chilling appeal, the appealing ones clutching at us with terrible hands. Oh, the hands, the hands! I think I could write volumes about hands. I have seen so many in the past few years reaching out hungrily. I dream sometimes of a sea of hands—each pair expressing eloquently a distinct and always despairing need. We lifted up the grateful ones and, constantly reiterating to the others that no alms could be distributed in the street, we walked on.

But there was one old man who caught and held my attention. He was just so terribly earnest and insistent that I could not escape him; so I stopped and asked that the plea he was making should be interpreted to me. He was begging us to go with him to the house of his nephew, his nephew who was ill and had no ticket for food. We had already spent hours going from house to house and I was fairly sick with longing to be out of it all and away into the distance where I could breathe and rest my mind in the clean emptiness of the countryside. But I said, "Come on; let us go and have a look."

A Sad Case Relieved

With the old man running joyfully ahead of us we dived into an alleyway and went on round corner after corner until we came to a low door in a mud wall. We went through this and came into a narrow courtyard and thence into a doorless, floorless, windowless hovel. It had two rooms. Across the opening between them hung a filthy blue cotton rag that had once been a curtain. The old man lifted this and invited us to enter. We crossed the threshold. I shrank away and fled into the open, shaking with horror!

The room was all but dark, but up from the *khang* in the gray light rose a ghastly creature uttering unearthly shrieks. He reached out to us long shriveled arms and threw aside a thin ragged cover to reveal to us his swollen legs and frozen feet.

When I was able to command myself I found that I was very angry. I wanted someone to tell me and tell me at once why this case had not been attended to. There was a Christian hospital at Tehchau, only thirty miles away; why had the man not been taken there?

The simple explanation was that he had no money and that no one who might be held responsible for him had any money. I asked how much it would cost to get him to Tehchau and was told that a wheelbarrow would cost a dollar. That anyone should be willing for a dollar—less than fifty cents in American money—to walk thirty miles trundling a wheelbarrow laden with such a load rather surprised me. Yet a wheelbarrow coolie would do it and never think of regarding it as anything more than an ordinary day's work. Does that suggest another difference between the two great republics?

I knew our friends at the American Board Mission would receive the case, however crowded they might already be, so we made the necessary arrangements at once.

I do not wish to dwell too much on the hideousness of it, but it shook me all to pieces, and I could not help thinking that I would much rather die and be done with it than make such a journey in the kind of agony the poor man was suffering.

Two weeks later I saw him in the hospital.

He was walking about with the stumps of his feet swathed in bandages. He had little left but his heels to walk on, but it was a joyful thing to him that he could walk at all. He had been plentifully fed and was slowly returning to normal health. I was astonished to find that he was young—a young farmer of a very admirable type.

But to get back to my other story. We carried with us, along with a bag of charcoal, a curious kind of stove made out of a five-gallon gasoline tin, and when the cold was just more than we could possibly bear we would rig this up and gather round it. It was nice to set it going in whatever room we chose to dine in. We took a cook with us and, to begin with, we started we had visions of good hot suppers provided from our box of tinned victuals, but we seldom found a fire sufficiently substantial for our purposes; so we were compelled from the beginning to content ourselves with a constant repetition of cold corned or chipped beef, stale bread or crackers, very energetic butter, and cocoa. The cook could nearly always scare up a pot of hot water, and when he couldn't he had a little patent gas stove of his own, which worked most unwillingly and filled the air with a smell that got along very badly indeed with the smells long established and native to their environment.

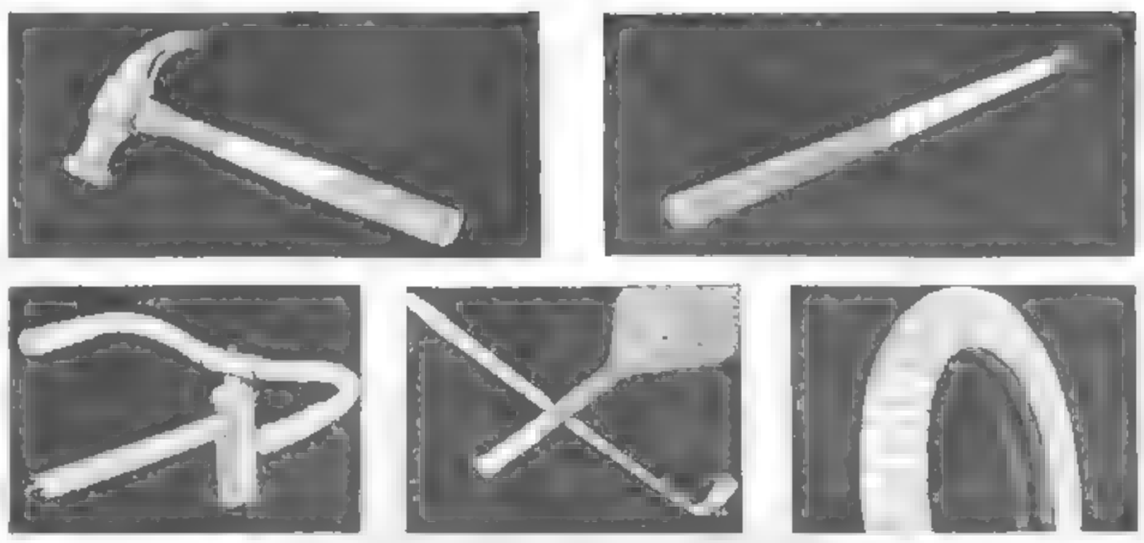
Mother and I always got the best room, but I never could share her approval of the *khang* as a place to sleep. She would spread her rugs out on the bricks, crawl into her goatskin bag and go to sleep like a lamb; but I had a marine-corps canvas cot with me and I had to set it up if it took all night. Considering my usual state of fatigue I might not have minded the hardness of the bricks, but I maintain a most unfriendly attitude toward insects and I could not believe that however cold it might be they had all frozen to death. In the mule yard there were always a good many donkeys, and not one of them ever but had a most restless disposition. They brayed incessantly, and I may be wrong but I think that in the bray of a Chinese donkey there is something peculiar. It is a kind of desperate-sounding protest—a weird wail. I never thought much about being waked up by it, because I had to get up at an unearthly hour anyhow, but I did object to it as a lullaby.

We had not traveled far to the westward of the Grand Canal before we began to meet long lines of people carrying little bundles of bedding—or empty-handed as often as not—and tramping eastward. We learned that they were people fleeing from the famine areas. They had heard of the American Red Cross road work in Shantung and most of them were headed hopefully for possible jobs. We decided not to offer anything in the way of discouragement, so we did not tell them that under the agreement that had been made only men of Shan-tung could be employed by the Red Cross. Most of them were men of Chi-li and we wondered what would become of them. We supposed that those the Red Cross would be compelled to turn down would tramp on up to Tientsin or back into their own province—and that unless they fell by the wayside, as we were sure many of them must do, they eventually would land in the awful refugee camps which we had inspected and which I have already described as wholly desolate areas in which thousands of people were living exactly like so many prairie dogs. Who said that half the world knows nothing about how the other half lives?

Off the Beaten Trail

Our objective as a sort of halfway station was Wethsien, where there is a Christian mission. And will I ever forget our arrival there? We had been laboring all day across sand fields, one after another, in such wind and dust storms as had tested our courage to the utmost and reduced us to almost unrecognizable lumps of sheer weariness. It was terrific, and to make the day more memorable we had passed through a number of villages in which conditions were such that no modifying word can be used in describing them. They were the utmost. We had seen people dead that day, and people dying. We had been caught in fearful crowds that had clawed at us and made our blood run cold with their beseeching cries. We had been in and out of a hundred hovels and huts searching for food and finding none. These places, far away from the main lines of communication, had not yet been reached by investigators, and we sent back messengers the way we had come urging instant relief for them, though knowing that nothing in any way describable as instant could possibly be expected. It was so far off the beaten trail, and the ways of moving things were so slow!

There was one town that had a peculiarly prosperous look. Its walls were well-built and well-kept; its roofs were nearly all of tile instead of thatch, and it had a number of houses of the kind usually occupied by very well-to-do families. I had



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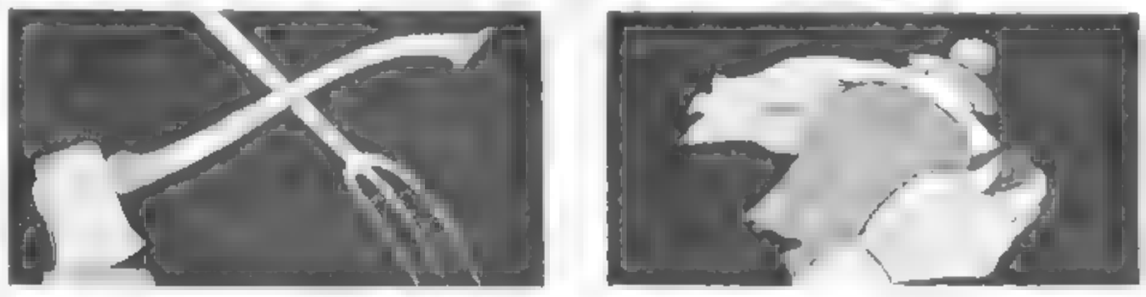

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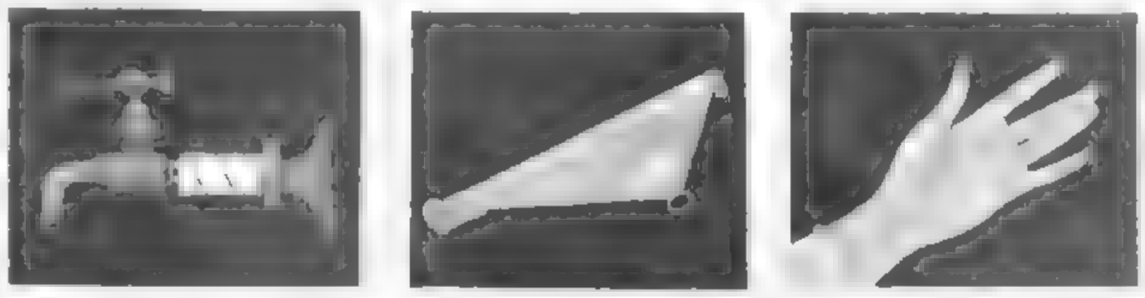

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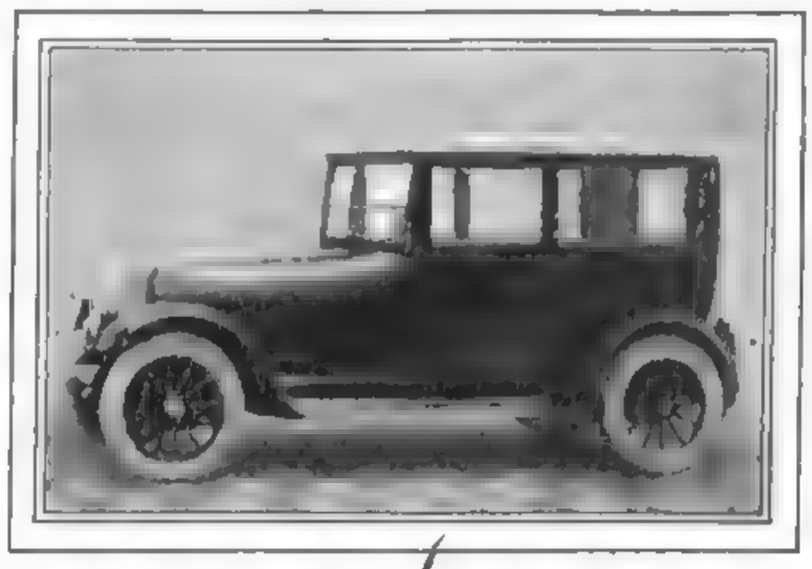

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seen about as many hutches as I could stand, and knowing that the famine was affecting the rich as well as the poor, I wondered if it would not be a good idea to see something of the better homes. My suggestion was conveyed to the headman of the town, who was going about with us, and he invited us to his own house, where he was able to prove to us at once that he was not hoarding any supplies. His food bins were about as empty as anyone's, and there was very little fuel in his rather spacious and picturesque courtyard, although he was the owner and cultivator of thirty acres of land—which is a very big farm in China. He had suffered a succession of crop failures, and because in his family there were many mouths he had nearly exhausted his resources. He said he had very little money, but that he was rather glad of this in a way, because otherwise he might meet the fate that had befallen his near neighbor. His neighbor had been visited by the bandits.

Ah, the bandits! I had almost forgotten them. And could we see this neighbor? Yes, we would go along and call on him. And I may say that if I had been a bandit and had been raiding that particular town his house would have been the one that I should have selected as offering the likeliest possibilities. As we passed under the finely carved and splendidly roofed arch which formed the gateway to his premises and entered the paved court round three sides of which his house was built, he came hurrying out of the main doorway to welcome us, while just behind him tottered a very fat little old lady with exceedingly small bound feet all done up in the tiniest of tiny black satin shoes. They invited us in, and during a medley of much talk they showed us the kind of food they were eating, which was not much better than the husks that the poor were living on, and complained bitterly of the hardships they were enduring.

Bandit Victims

But I was not going to be done out of the bandit story, so I maneuvered the conversation round until I got the subject introduced. The little man was positively shamefaced about it and said something very cross to the poor old lady. It was she who had given way to the bandits and told them where the money was hidden. Eight hundred dollars they had taken, and eight hundred dollars is a snug little sum in China! As they warmed to the subject, however, they got quite garrulous, and by degrees we got the whole story. They took us out across the court to their sleeping room and showed us where the delicately grilled door was partly burned. But had the bandits started to fire the house? Oh, no; worse than that! They had hung the old man by his hands to the beam above the door and had set fire to him—that is, they had tortured him with a candle flame.

He pulled up his loose trousers and showed us. His whole side from his ankle to his hip was one ghastly fresh purple scar, and he assured us that the scar ran all the way up to his shoulder. But while they were torturing him he refused steadfastly to tell where the money was, so they turned to the old lady and tied her up, and while one fiend kept her husband properly agonized another proceeded to coax her with a flame which he played round her neck. He was going to burn her head off. Unless she told him where the money was, that was exactly what he was going to do. She lifted her chin and showed us the awful scars. I declare she was a pathetic old soul! It was as though she was apologizing all the time for being a weak creature—and no good nohow! She said she stood it just as long as she possibly could and then she gave in. It seemed that her husband had never forgiven her, but when Doctor Wilder made some joking remark about the value he evidently attached to eight hundred dollars he joined in the laugh at his own expense with the utmost heartiness. There is one thing the Chinese know better how to do than any people in the world—they know how to laugh. We sometimes say of a man that he would laugh if he were being hanged. That could be literally true with regard to a man of China.

And we were headed straight for bandit headquarters! As we labored across the desert stretches and through the bitter cold sand storms that afternoon I thought that on the whole I rather approved of the weather, because surely no self-respecting bandit would venture out into it.

And then we came to Weihsien. We were very late getting in—two hours after nightfall—and the great gates of the city were closed. They were closed and strongly guarded against the robber bands. It looked very much for a while as though we might be compelled to spend the night outside, but eventually some gatekeeper had the intelligence to realize that being foreigners we hardly could be enemies; so the massive, nail-studded, ancient portal was swung back for us and we entered.

In a moment our carts were surrounded by a group of people, their faces being lighted up in the dense shadow of the towering gateway by paper lanterns held high on banding bamboo poles. It was a fantastic scene. We inquired the way to Miss Moberg's mission, and they all began to talk at once in eager, friendly tones. Each of them wanted to give us the necessary directions, and when we finally got under way we had two or three volunteer guides going on ahead of us with lights. Weihsien is a large county capital which contains a magistrate's proud yamen and a great Confucian temple, but everybody in the town knows and respects Miss Moberg. She has lived there seventeen years and has succeeded in establishing an institution which has come to be recognized in these days as the only gate of learning through which it is profitable for a young Chinese to pass.

Considering the kind of day I had just lived through—and the days and nights that had preceded it—it is not surprising perhaps that in remembering this institution my memory dwells first upon the bedroom into which I was ushered by a charming American woman while she repeated warm and homy-sounding words of welcome. Miss Moberg is not an American; she is Swedish. But Miss Brann is her American assistant and they represent an American missionary organization. The room with its white enamel bed and spotless linen, its pretty blue-and-white rug, its net-curtained windows, its little stove with a kettle of hot water singing on top of it, its complete and utter comfort, nearly caused me to break down and weep.

I was just one mass of dust and I hesitated at first to enter. It seemed to me that my place was out with the mules until I could get myself cleaned up a bit, but first thing you know we had slipped off the outer layers of dust-saturated garments and a little girl student had come along and carried them out to be beaten, and then I sat down in a big easy-chair and decided that I had arrived at my final destination. I thought that if I could possibly make myself useful in any way that mission could have me for a new recruit. And I never would want a furlough either, because going on furlough would involve going back the way I had come.

Miss Moberg's Mission

There was a good, wholesome, hot supper in a cozy dining room that had a big bay window filled with flowering plants—just think of it; in the midst of that kind of a desert world!—and afterward we sat round the table and talked. Miss Brann had to be up and down a lot looking after her rescued baby girls, of whom she had several tucked away here and there in the house, and finally she brought one of them to the table and proceeded matter-of-factly to feed her very slowly some warm milk.

She was a helpless little blanketed bundle. She had come into this terrible world some five years ago, but so far as her actual life was concerned she was only two days old. Thenceforth, if she lived at all, she was to live the life of Christian childhood. Two days before, an old man had brought her to the gate of the mission, begging to have her taken in and cared for, but the Christian women had to harden their hearts; they could not take her; they were already overcrowded; they had exhausted their famine-relief money and had no idea where more was to come from. No, the old man must take the child somewhere else. He pleaded. He said that he and she were the only members of the family left. The others had all died of starvation and he himself was about to die. They left him for a moment in order to discuss the situation, and when they returned to the gateway he was gone. He had laid his little burden down and fled.

Miss Moberg's idea is that if the Lord thrusts tasks into Christian hands He will provide the means for their accomplishment. And that is how she manages to be so cheerful all the time. We replenished

(Continued on Page 85)

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25c (in stamps)
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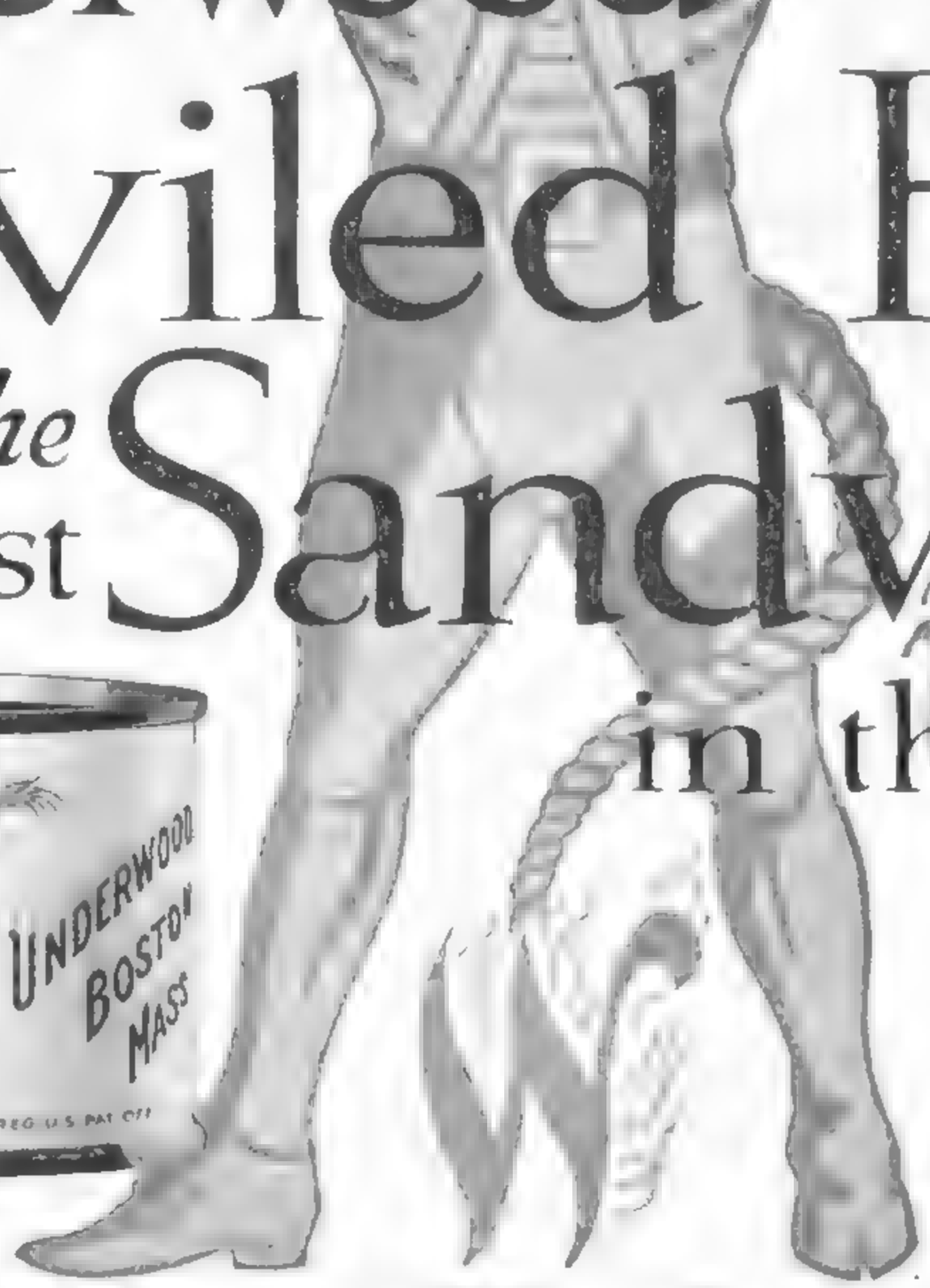

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"The Little Red Devil Recipes" FREE

New sandwich combinations, new salads, entrees, etc., for the summer menu. Send post card for booklet today.

STOP at your grocer's today for a supply of Underwood Deviled Ham and carry Underwood Deviled Ham sandwiches on your next motor, fishing, hunting, camping trip or other outdoor occasion. So easy to use—you spread it like butter. So economical—costs *less per sandwich* than sliced ham. And so *delicious!* Tender ham, cooked en casserole, chopped and deviled with the wonderful Underwood spiced dressing.

AT GROCERS' EVERYWHERE.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD CO., 56 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Only *The* KOHLER *Automatic* Gives You This Kind of Electric Power and Light

No Other Type of Electric Plant offers the same ample flow of standard 110 volt electricity with automatic control. The Kohler Automatic finds its field of usefulness on farms, country estates, summer homes, garages, stores, hotels, lumber camps, oil fields, mines, boats and ships, wireless apparatus, traveling entertainments—wherever electric current is required.

No Storage Batteries to Buy and Replace. The Kohler Automatic delivers current direct from the generator, constantly, uniformly, and without waste, reducing personal attention to a minimum. The only battery is a small automobile type for starting the engine.

The Automatic Start and Stop allows you to instantly start or stop the engine and the generation of current by simply turning any switch or button anywhere on the circuit.

Standard 110 Volt Current allows you to use standard appliances, available everywhere and costing less than those of lower voltage; wiring cost is correspondingly low.

1500 Watt Capacity (2 electrical horsepower), ample current for lights and numerous power appliances, without danger from overload.

Four Cylinder Engine, remarkably free from vibration—results in smooth operation and long life.

Operating Costs Are Kept Low by the automatic governor which tapers the consumption of fuel to the amount of current being used.

Manufactured Complete in Our Own Factory, in order that the Kohler Automatic shall embody in every part the well-known Kohler standards of quality and dependability.

Backed by 48 years of conscientious and successful experience in the manufacture of high quality products.

Reduced from $750 to $595

Send for Interesting Booklet. Dealers: Your territory may be open—write or wire.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, Wis.

Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.

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SEATTLE
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ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

(Continued from Page 82)

her fund—in a small way, but sufficiently for the moment—and she said: "There now! Didn't I tell you! The Lord sent you to our door just in the nick o' time!" And she believed it.

The little girl was nothing but a wee skeleton. She had the face of a child of five, but her body was the body of an emaciated infant. She could move only her eyes, and, feebly, her tiny hands, which were transparent and made me think of X-ray photographs. It seemed to me that she could not possibly live, but Miss Brann was quite cheerful about her.

"Oh, she'll be all right," she said. "She isn't much worse than many of the others were when they came to us. We have fifty of them, you know, and three hundred little boys."

I learned that she shared her own bedroom with the worst of the little-girl cases in order that she might look after them in the night, and I wondered when she permitted herself to rest. Such Christian faith and devoted service may be common enough, but it is not often that one comes in direct contact with it.

The Confucian Temple

Their boys were sheltered in the great Confucian temple. When the famine situation developed and these small refugees began to come to her door Miss Moberg went to the city authorities and demanded shelter for them. They told her, in effect, to help herself, and whether or not they were surprised when she selected their most sacred edifice as being the largest and cleanest and most easily established place I cannot say. At any rate she selected the Confucian temple and as a preliminary step had all the ancestral tablets removed and stored in a safe place. She was not going to risk having any of them destroyed. Then in the long ancestral tablet hall she laid a pallet of straw on which her boys were to sleep, at the same time having constructed in the great courtyard a clay furnace, in which were set half a dozen big kettles for boiling millet gruel, this being the only thing she had to offer in the way of nourishment. After which she cleared out some of the other temple buildings and fitted them up for schoolrooms.

Above the wide, wonderful doorway of the main temple building, which towers majestically over all the others, is a splendid tablet of black lacquer lettered in tremendous, bold ideographs of gold, and translated the legend says, "Its chief elegance lies in its benevolence"—meaning, I suppose, the Confucian doctrine. It seemed a most appropriate signboard for that institution, but I doubt if the benevolence of Confucius would be sufficient to tide him over the heart attack he surely would have if he could hear three hundred little Chinese boys in one of his own proud temple courts singing He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star in the language he did so much to shackle for all time with a too great reverence for the things and the thoughts of the ages that are dead.

In the middle of the night I was waked up by what sounded to me a good deal like a battle. There was a volley of rifle fire with a chorus of far-away shouts and cries—and every dog for miles around barking furiously—then a few scattered shots and another volley. I lay listening intently for a few moments, but it would have taken more than a battle to keep me awake; so the first thing I knew I didn't know anything, and all of a sudden it was daylight and I had to get up. When I got down to breakfast Miss Moberg was quite concerned about me.

"Were you disturbed by the raid?" she said.

"Was it a raid?"

"Yes; and I understand the soldiers put up a pretty good scrap."

"Anybody killed?"

"Very likely, but the casualty returns haven't come in yet."

And that reminded me of a question I had been intending to ask. If they knew so well where the bandits were located, why didn't the soldiers go out and round them up? The simple answer was that there were only about five hundred soldiers in the entire district, while there were at least a thousand outlaws, most of whom were themselves demobilized soldiers or deserters, retaining their arms and uniforms and being under most excellent leadership.

Miss Moberg was in cahoots with the desperadoes. She had to be. All the grain she was using for relief purposes and all the supplies for her institution had to be brought by cart from the railroad several days' journey away over a trail—the trail we ourselves were following—which ran directly through the village which the robbers had occupied for headquarters; and when they began their operations in this section she hardly knew what to do. Then it occurred to her to make a direct appeal to them. No sooner thought of than undertaken. She wrote a letter and addressed it to the "General of the Army of Protectors of the Poor"—meaning the bandit chief—depending on some of her own scouts to see that it was delivered. It was, and the "General" returned a most courteous answer, telling her to go right on with her work and fear nothing. He assured her that if anyone dared to molest her agents or lay hands upon her food caravans he himself would personally mete out just punishments and that he would issue an order that the Famine Relief and Red Cross flags were to be respected on all occasions.

In the Bandits' Camp

After which there is little for me to tell about the robbers except that we reached their village and decided to have lunch there. They surrounded us in the inn yard, and while the cook got out the corned beef and crackers Doctor Wilder talked with them about the dreadful conditions we had encountered in their country. We were startled suddenly by some scattered shots a short distance away, and as we looked up the people around us began to laugh rather unpleasantly. It was not nice. I was standing by my cart with Private Cater.

"That was rifle fire," he said.

"Well, suppose it was," I answered. "Don't look so serious about it, else they may think we're afraid." Then it occurred to me to add, "Suppose they should decide to rush us, what should we do?"

"What could we do?" he replied.

Whereupon, for the benefit of the audience, we both laughed as unconcernedly as we could and as though our talk had been about the most casual thing in the world. I was glad to get out of the place, I can tell you, and another half day's journey away, where we came into a zone that was occupied by regular soldiers.

And this surely is far enough. Another volume, if I should write one, would not be very different from this except in details as to wearisome days and wretched scenes of suffering and death. When we reached the railroad I think nothing on earth could have induced me to retrace my steps.

Select One of These TEPECO Water Closets

THERE is just as vast a difference between the working qualities of certain types of water closets as between high priced motor cars and cheap ones. But each serves its purpose and should be bought according to the purse of the purchaser.

The Trenton Potteries Company is in a peculiarly favorable position to win your confidence when you need to buy a water closet. Unlike most other makers who produce but one or two types, the size of our plants enables us to economically manufacture *all* leading types. We do not come to you advocating one particular style, but impartially offer all, pointing out the advantages of each.

Tepeco water closets offer no price advantage. But sanitary engineers tell us we are offering what you cannot be sure of getting elsewhere—a combination of closet construction which the measuring tape demonstrates to assure the best water closet, a tank of glistening white china with its surface unaffected by stain, acid or soil, and its tank fittings of the sure "stand-up" kind.

In designing each of these water-closet outfits our engineers have endeavored to produce primarily a better closet. Si-wel-clo, Welling, Merit and Saxon—each has a bowl size fully two inches greater from front to back than similar types of average manufacture. Each has a consequently larger water surface, meaning less liability for soil to adhere to the surface. Each has a deep-water seal, the guard against sewer gas passing up from the soil pipe into the room—often a serious menace to health. Each closet has a larger trapway than usually found, which means there is that much less likelihood of the outlet's becoming clogged and the fixtures put out of commission.

The outside surfaces of these Tepeco closets are smooth without the commonly seen dirt-catching angles and ledges.

And because the whole is no better than its parts, we have perfected a set of tank fittings that will save you no end of trouble and annoyance. A seamless float that cannot leak. No rubber balls that will not seat properly. A supply fitting that will fill the tank without undue noise and gurgle.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

World's largest makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

TEPECO TANK FITTINGS

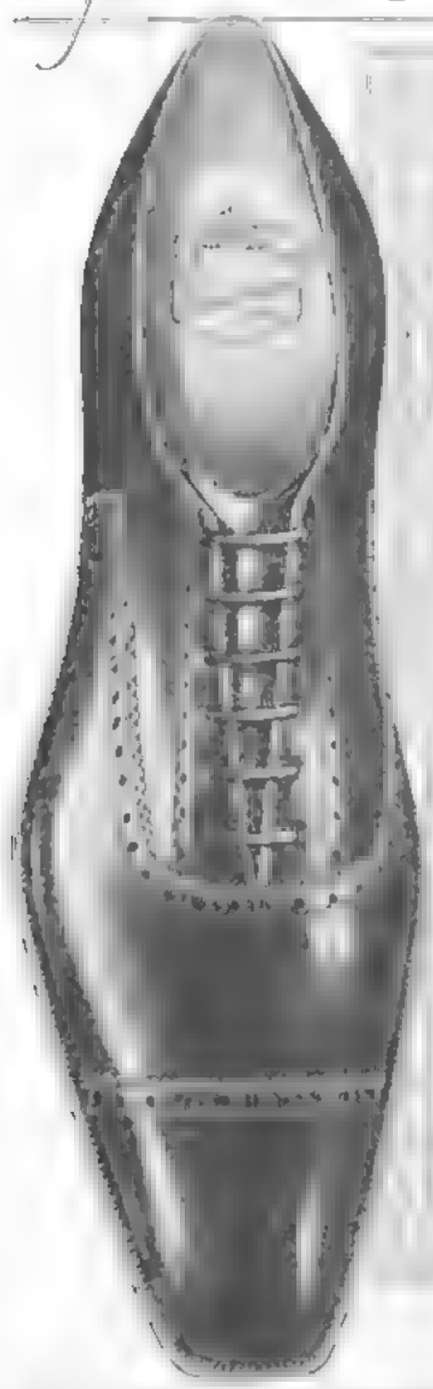
Whether you look in the Silent Si-wel-clo or in the Saxon you will find these marvelously constructed fittings. And you will have a chance to forget the days when you called the plumber or tinkered with the fittings yourself

SEND FOR LITERATURE

Truly these things are worth while. We do not pretend to tell you what you can afford to spend

Whatever it is, from these four closets you can pick out one which you may be sure is the best of its kind. We want you to write us for our booklets on the subject of water closets and our other All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



THE FESLER

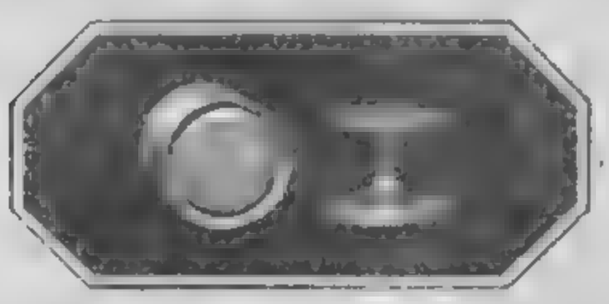
A Florsheim quality oxford for the man who knows and wears today's style. Square toe effect, yet not extreme—snug at the ankle—hugs the heel—skeleton lined for cool comfort. Florsheim style is extraordinary.

Florsheim dealers are showing The Fesler

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
BOOKLET OF STYLES ON REQUEST

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

The Fesler—Style M-70



CORRECT JEWELRY FOR MEN—
SPOOL LINKS

You can buy spool links with the name "Krementz" stamped on the inside!

Krementz the name which has back of it a world-wide reputation built upon fifty years experience in making fine jewelry and Krementz spool links live up to this reputation.

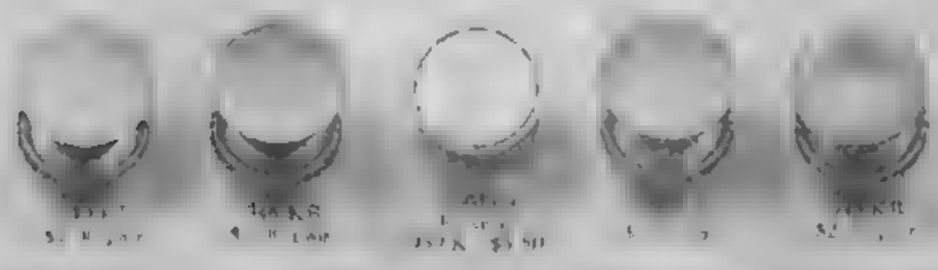
They are of the strongest possible construction with nothing about them to break or get out of order, and no rough edges to cut the fabric.

Beautiful enamel finish in shades to match the linen no chips or cracks.

Why take chances? Most good dealers sell Krementz, for wherever jewelry is sold, Krementz jewelry is known for its superior design and workmanship

KREMENTZ & CO., NEWARK N. J.
Makers of the famous Krementz collar button

Krementz



MILE HIGH

(Continued from Page 17)

Nita's face was very dubious as she listened to these staccato remarks. Chris was proposing to do precisely what she would have wished him to, and yet now the thought of his near departure struck her through with a pang of dismay. She had made a good many friends in Denver and liked the place, but the awful doubt struck through her now as to how much she was going to like it without Chris. He was, like herself, a good deal of a cosmopolitan and they had much in common, not only in experience but in point of view. Their natures were in fact rather similar, but with this tremendous advantage, that their ups and downs struck intervals, so that the things that annoyed Nita were taken lightly by Chris, and vice versa.

They had the rare faculty of keeping each other in cheerful spirits and they laughed a good deal when together. Nita realized suddenly that she was going to miss Chris tremendously and she wondered if really she were not acting foolishly to let him go.

"When do you expect to leave?" she asked.

"As soon as we close up shop at the hangar. That may be almost any day."

"Well," said Nita, "it might still do with a little thinking over. Peru is an awfully long way off."

Her hand as if swaying carelessly at her side touched that of Chris, which immediately inclosed it. And thus in silence, but each conscious of a sense of impending loss, they reached the bungalow, where they loosed hands and stood rather miserably, unwilling to part. It was one of those critical moments that needed but a spark to ignite the mixture of volatile essence that emanated from each, and this spark was even then proceeding in their direction like a meteor, but leaving a trail of dust that was not of the same luminous quality as that of the stellar fragment.

But this was still at a considerable distance, and as they stood there, reluctant to separate, yet with no apparent reason for not doing so, they heard the bell of the telephone, which was in the living room, and the butler came out.

"Mrs. de Forest is calling, mademoiselle," said he.

"Wait a minute, Chris," said Nita.

VIII

AFTER the sheriff had sped his parting guests with the assurance that he would probably overtake them on the road to Denver he went into the house and, flinging himself into a big chair, was plunged immediately in profound reflection. His infatuation for Patricia was of a cyclonic character, and now as he seated himself he wondered if he were ever going to be content to live on there as before. He did not deceive himself as to the nature of his passion. It was not love as he had ever conjured this sentiment in his mind; nor was it, as he felt thoroughly convinced, of a base, unworthy character. He desired Patricia as he could not have believed it possible that any man had ever desired a woman. But he wanted her for always, for infinity.

This strong man was conscious of a cosmic difference between them, not only a lack of sympathy of thought and instincts but a spiritual disparity. He was fully aware of a gulf between their natures, a deep abyss of which the depths were hidden from his understanding. She seemed to him like the puma which he had dominated, a creature of alien race, beautiful, vitalized with hidden fires inconceivably charged with hostile impulses, yet tamable were the opportunity to offer.

He put her on no pedestal of either social or moral superiority. The former he ignored with the frank American disregard for class distinction. Knowing himself to be of good colonial stock, well if self educated, well read, a gentleman in every honorable instinct, clean-souled and very rich, he would not have admitted it presumptuous on his part to aspire to any woman. He fully believed what Léontine had told him of Patricia's intolerance of love. The sheriff saw her rather in the light of an unsailed sea, primeval forest or scornful snow peak, of heights inviolate; and no doubt she might hold for the explorer dangers similar to these. The attempted conquest of her would be fraught with elemental perils, but the blood of pioneer explorers flowed through the sheriff's veins and he was not dismayed. He meant to try again and yet again in different settings, where the desolation of a prairie which had so repelled her would not weigh against him and where she might see in him not merely the rough-clad successful rancher but a strong man in a bigger world and in contrast with other men who were less strong and less dominating.

It had been his plan to give them a couple of hours' start rather than trail along in their dust at a pace that irked him, for his car was a big high-powered one. But he had not sat long in meditation upon the strange alien, almost eerie, type of the girl who had dropped into his world like a visitant from some other planet, when the Chinaman came to him, smiling softly and gently rubbing together the palms of his hands.

"Well, what is it, Charley?"

The beady eyes of the Chinaman twinkled at him merrily.

"Mis' Hartwell!"

"Well, shoot."

"Him piecy girl velly bad."

The sheriff eyed him in astonished anger. "What's that?"

"Him piecy girl, allee same bad lot."

The sheriff roused up in his chair and glared in amazement, his blue eyes round and wide.

"Why, drat your yellow hide! What are you trying to say?"

The Chinaman bobbed his head. "They all bad. Piecy girl want kill you along road—steal 'em diamonds. Charley listen talky-talk. Men he like. Big lady she no like; say no can do."

The sheriff stared at him wildly, then burst into a laugh.

"Well, of all the locoed slant-eyed Chinks I ever saw ——" he began, then paused. "Go on—go on, Charley. What else did you dream? Never knew you hit the pipe."

The Chinaman's eyes twinkled. "No pipe dleam, sar. When you go along office—all talky-talk. Me kleep up top side." He made a little gesture toward the ceiling which separated the room from the low attic. "They talk Flench—me talk Flench plenty—me Tongking man—Flench China—one time cook lestaulant along Saigon. One time, two years mess boy on Messageries ship—know Flench allee same English."

"Well, that ain't saying much," snapped the sheriff, but his face began to harden. "What did you think you heard them say?"

"No tink. Allee samee know. Me listen top side longside., Miss Melton she say, 'Suppose we stop on load? Sheliff he come along stop. We shoot 'im up plenty, takee bag diamonds. Evelybody tink hold-ups get 'em.' Big lady she say, 'No good. Policeman find out we klooks.' 'Sides, she no likum killins ——"

The sheriff sprang to his feet, eyes glaring, face lurid. But beneath his rage and utter amazement was a rising suspicion. He was well versed in criminology and knew that beneath exteriors the most smooth and polished there might lurk often the most sinister natures. Incredible as was this information, he could not believe that the Chinaman was giving it without good reason.

"All right," said he harshly. "Put my stuff aboard the car. I'll go now."

"Light away, shelliff," said the Chinaman, and padded out.

The sheriff stood for a moment with a somber face, scowling at the floor. He roused himself abruptly, strode into his office, took out the bag of diamonds and tossed them on the table of the living room. Then stepping to his desk he took from a drawer two pairs of handcuffs and two automatic pistols, which he pocketed.

Then as he stood there with a darkened face his eyes fell upon a length of steel chain hanging from a nail. It was such a chain as might have been required to hold a great Dane or mastiff plunging at its kennel. But it was longer—two such dog chains joined by a shackle—with a brass padlock at one end, and two feet of it was scored and polished and gleaming from the furious contact of the puma's teeth where this animal in rage and despair had vainly mouthed it.

The sheriff's face grew even more grim. He stepped to the wall, took down the

(Continued on Page 89)

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS

"Safe to buy and safe to travel with"

The strength of a trunk is only proven by actual travel!

Any good trunk will withstand ordinary travel use; but it takes Indestructo-strength to bear the brunt of somebody's carelessness or neglect.

Underneath the beauty and conveniences of the Indestructo is a structural perfection that is the result of highly developed and specialized manufacture; its jointless, round corner-and-edge construction, designed to meet and absorb the severest shock, is an exclusive Indestructo achievement.

Even if he were so inclined and owned the valuable Indestructo processes, it would take years of development and unlimited capital before another trunk manufacturer could duplicate an Indestructo Trunk; and then, the best he could hope for would be duplication.

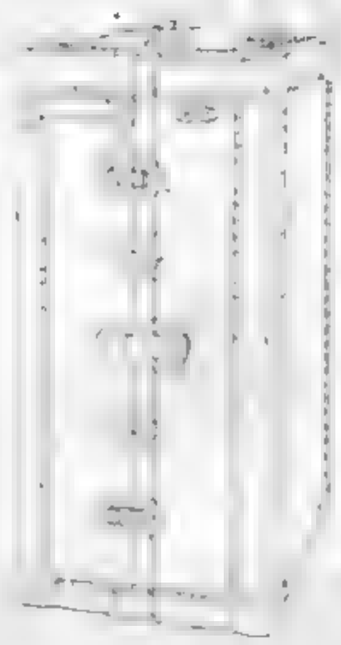
Indestructo-strength has been travel-tested for 15 years in the hands of hundreds of thousands of Indestructo owners. We are so sure of its travelability that every Indestructo dealer is authorized to say, "If your trunk is damaged beyond repair, while traveling, within five years from the day you buy it, you will get a new trunk of the same size and quality without cost."

Buy an Indestructo on the basis of getting the most real travel value for the price you pay—refuse any trunk that does not offer you equal protection—equal strength:

For Indestructo-strength has made possible the positive assurance that your trunk will go its way safely—surely—and with the greatest possible travel convenience.

Built in all reasonable styles and sizes—of remarkable carrying capacity—easy to pack—safe to buy and safe to travel with—a trunk you will be proud to own—and always sold by reliable dealers—write for Portfolio of Trunk Portraits.

Built by THE INDESTRUCTO TRUNK MAKERS, Mishawaka, Indiana



N.V.P. Standard Trunks, costing less than genuine Indestructo models, and not of the jointless corner-and-edge construction, are the equal in strength and convenience of any ordinary square trunk—all Indestructo dealers sell them.

The New Columbia CHALLENGER

Price $1495 F.O.B. Detroit

Five Other Columbias to Choose from

Sport, Special Touring, Roadster, Coupé and Sedan

MEASURE THEM ALL

This is probably a different type of automobile advertisement from what you have read before.

It presents a new Columbia Six Cylinder model—The Columbia "Challenger." Its price is $1495.00—a price that we believe is the lowest at which you can buy any car in its class

We want you to buy a Columbia, of course. But we only want you to buy it after you have measured other cars in its class by the most accurate scale of values you can devise, and have made up your own mind that the Columbia offers you the greatest value for every dollar invested

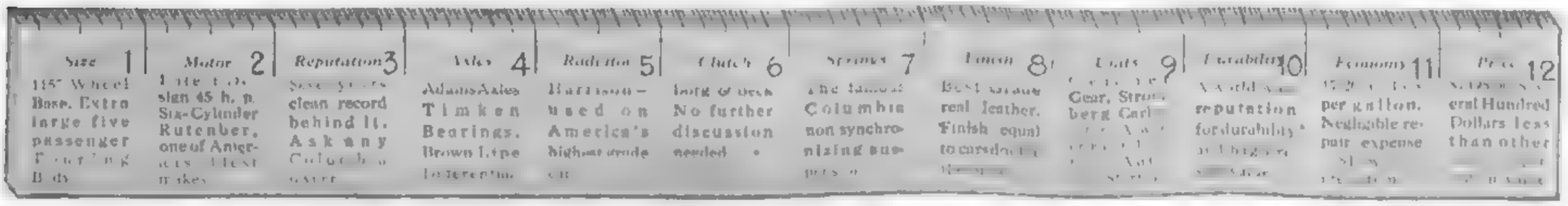
But it is difficult for the average buyer to set up an accurate scale for measuring motor car values. So many factors are involved—so many individual opinions and preferences.

Consequently in this advertisement instead of arguing the advantages of the "Challenger" we are suggesting below a scale of measurements by which you can accurately judge the value for yourself. Use this or make your own.

Measure them all by this scale. Then come and measure the Columbia.

We urge you not to be influenced by hearsay—by your friends' opinions, or even by your own personal prejudice this year. Know the facts regarding comparative values by measuring them for yourself. That is all we ask. We are entirely willing to let the sale of the Columbia-Six "Challenger" depend upon such a comparison.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.


Size 1
115" Wheel Base. Extra large five passenger Touring Body
Motor 2
Duplex Design 45 h. p. Six-Cylinder Rutenber, one of America's best makes
Reputation 3
Axles 4
Adams Axles Timken Bearings. Brown Lipe Differential
Radiator 5
Harrison—used on America's high-grade cars
Clutch 6
Long & Dean No further discussion needed
Springs 7
The famous Columbia non synchronizing suspension
Upholstery 8
Best grade genuine leather. Finish equal to cars double the price
Gears 9
Gear, Stromberg Carburetor
Durability 10
reputation for durability
Economy 11
per gallon. Negligible repair expense
Price 12
Hundred Dollars less than other

THESE ARE THE "VALUE MEASUREMENTS" OF THE NEW COLUMBIA-SIX MODEL—THE "CHALLENGER"

(Continued from Page 86)

chain, let it fall into his palm, a jingling, gleaming heap, then thrust it into his pocket.

Three minutes later the big roadster was leaving a yellow streak over the still prairie and in half an hour the sheriff drew up at the railroad station. He leaped down and went inside.

"Hello, Bob," said the station agent. "What's up?"

"I want to get a wire right off to New York, Eddie," said the sheriff. "Suppose you let me rap it out myself."

"Sure," said the agent, and taking the hint strolled out upon the platform.

The sheriff seated himself at the keyboard and sent a long detailed message to police headquarters, New York, requesting that the answer be wired without delay. He then set himself to wait. An hour passed. A big through train stopped for water and as he strolled up and down the platform the sheriff glanced without emotion at several pretty Pullman girls who descended to stretch their silk-stockinged limbs. The train rumbled off and presently the ticket agent called him.

"Here's your answer, Bob."

"All right, Eddie." He hurried to the keyboard and received the following:

Three of parties referred to dangerous international crooks. Have not sufficient grounds for their arrest. Know nothing of Sir Harold Trimble. Probably crook also. Advise you keep them under observation and warn police of Denver and Slope.

The sheriff said good-by to the agent, got into his car, and as he sped westward his face was bleak; but there was a hot, slumbrous glow in his blue-black eyes. The deep, strong nature of the man had never been in such a state of furious revolt. He had combated a fickle and as it sometimes seemed a treacherous Nature, and many savage and treacherous men. He had often felt that there were arrayed against him in his efforts to wrench its yield from the face of the earth a horde of hostile powers of darkness, while men in whom he had trusted proved themselves cheats and liars. Frankly avowed lawbreakers whom at times his official duties required him to suppress had seemed honest in comparison with these last.

But in his struggles for more than a mere existence his inner emotions had never been involved. He had accepted the vagaries of climate or the curse of insect pests in the pioneer spirit, and the tricksters, who had sought vainly so far to profit by his reverses, as a species of human coyote whom to trust too far was a mistake of inexperience, and the results were to be accepted as such. The sheriff's whole attitude toward the ups and downs of his past life had been governed by the pioneer spirit and had brought him no rancor.

But here it was different. He had sheltered strangers in a hospitality as broad as the region in which he lived, and in one of these he had found, as he thought, the woman for whom he had waited so long; and while fatuously studying the problem of how to win her the core of his desire had been proved not rotten but poisonous. His revolt was now directed less against Patricia than against a society that could make such a thing possible.

For he was in a state of revolt, not revulsion. He found to his amazement that despite what he had learned his sentiment toward Patricia had undergone no change. He still desired her as much as ever. It was rather as though the puma, after being fed by hand and permitting tentatives of friendliness, had, when his back was turned, been possessed of an impulse to launch herself upon him and bury her fangs in his jugular. As he drove along he began to understand the cosmic difference which he had felt between this strange girl and himself. She was of other clay, alien soul, ruthless and sanguinary impulses and nature. Like the puma she would not permit the touch of a caressing hand, his or any other man's, and like the puma she must be trapped before the process of subjugation began.

If the sheriff had fallen in love with Patricia it is probable that his discovery of her criminality would have reacted entirely otherwise. As it was he could think of her only as a creature to be dominated and subdued. Her ruthless suggestion that he be murdered on the road rather maddened than disgusted him. He thought of her cool mocking courage and superhuman strength when charged by the bull and of the trick she had played him on the top of the butte. This had amused rather than shamed him. He looked at his powerful wrists resting on the rim of the wheel and chuckled inwardly. "Some girl," he breathed, and said to himself that here was apparently such a case as he had read of in his library of crime, where the moral obliquity was specified to a sort of feral, sanguinary impulse and limited to that. Patricia did not seem to him wicked in the way of most of her sex. He did not believe that she was either vicious or depraved, but rather in the nature of the puma or she-wolf. But at the thought of her male colleagues his face grew set and grim. As for Léontine, she was probably a woman who had been led to crime through the agency of some man, and had formed the habit of it as the result of circumstance.

Before he had gone many miles the sheriff had his emotions well in hand, and as he approached the Mile High City and saw ahead a gradually thickening cloud of dust his future course of action was well established. He decided not to warn the local authorities immediately but to keep the dangerous quartet under his eye during their sojourn in Denver, and on their departure to warn them that their identity was known and that they had better mind their step. It did not enter his mind to set a trap for them. They had tricked and might have killed him but for the veto of Léontine, and the sheriff was sportsman enough to be a little amused at his own simplicity.

He rapidly overhauled the car ahead. The road was now excellent and he stole up so silently that his presence was not discovered until he forged abreast.

"Well, folks," said he genially, "you made a good run of it."

Léontine gave him a little wave of her hand, and he thought he saw Patricia's elfin smile behind her veil.

"Come and see us at our hotel," said Léontine. "We shall probably be there for two or three days. We want you to dine with us."

The sheriff bowed his acknowledgments, and there being no reason to linger he swept on past.

IX

AMONG the new friends Nita had made in Denver was a rich and charming widow with a propensity for doing good in a Lady Bountiful way, from which she extracted a great deal of interest and pleasure while diffusing practical assistance. This lady, Mrs. de Forest, had taken a great liking to Nita and found much to attract her in Chris, whom she had met at Nita's house. She was fond of entertaining, and had established a sort of salon. She had conceived this idea from winters spent in Paris, where through friends in the American colony she had made French acquaintances, and being a clever woman was quick to see the advantages of the French social idea in bringing together under her roof not merely the rich and fashionable but the great or near great, people in the public eye, whether professional, political, artistic or scientific.

Chris was waiting with his usual cheerful patience when Nita came out and looked at him with a smile.

"We are roped in for the charity ball," said she. "I bought some tickets the other day but declined to assist personally because I don't feel much in the spirit for a spree. The last ball I went to was in Paris and it rather put me off such parties."

"Why the change of heart?" asked Chris.

"Well, Mrs. de Forest has been very kind, and she's a patroness and insists on having me for decorative purposes."

"Mrs. de Forest is right," said Chris. "But did I understand you to say we?"

"You did. She wants you too; and I've got to have an escort, so it might as well be you. She wants me to wear my most spectacular gown and all my jewels and contribute generally to the size of the splash. The Mile High City is sending a delegation or commission or something to represent it in the food distribution for Armenia, and there are to be some tableaux and other high jinks."

"That sounds amusing," said Chris, "but it's rather short notice, isn't it?"

"Oh, I've got a trunkful of joy clothes that have never been unpacked, and a lot of gewgaws that are in safe deposit, so I can manage somehow. Let's go in to town for tea."

Chris readily agreed to this. The car was summoned and a few moments later they were rolling over the broad plateau.

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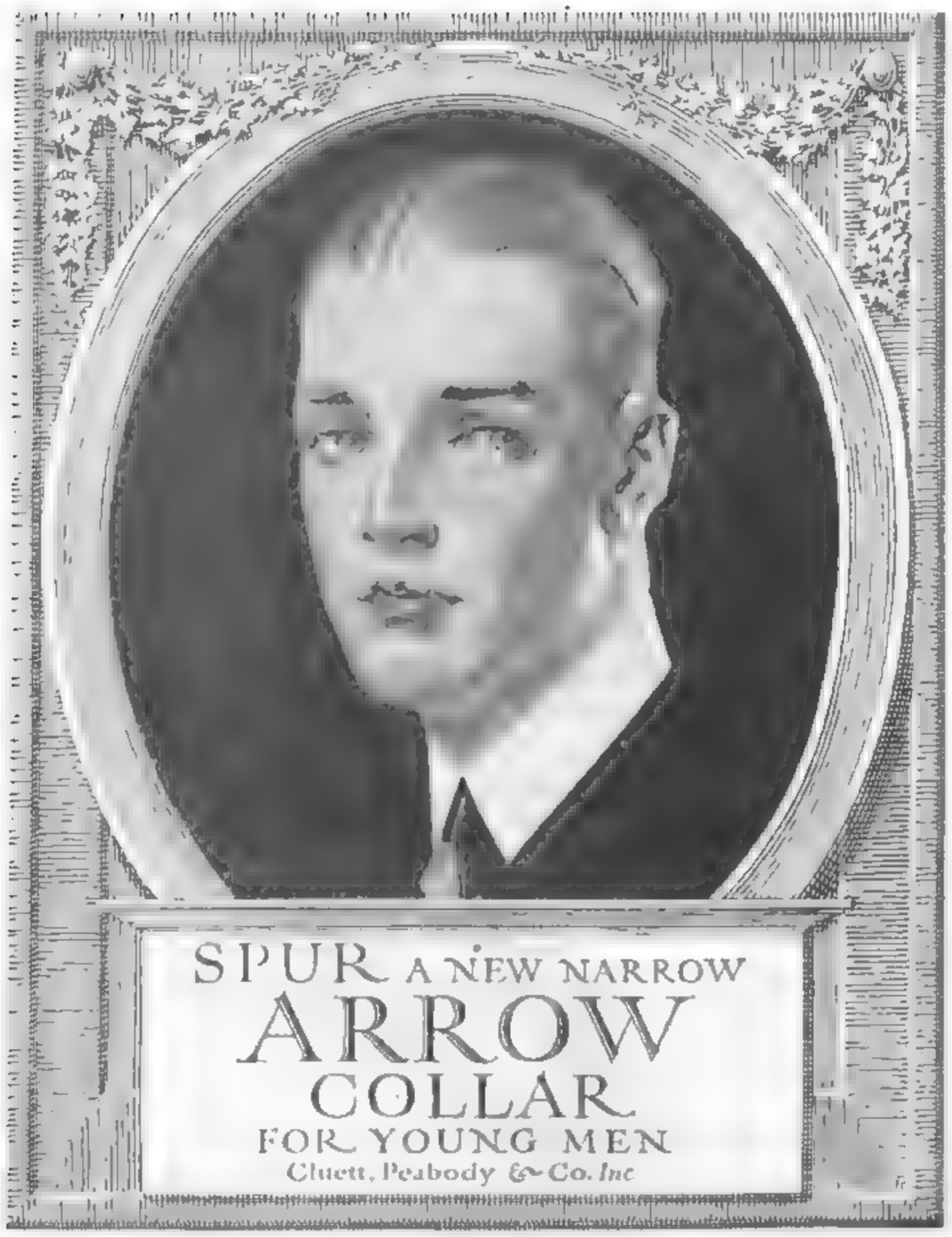

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"Haven't danced since I graduated from the sanatorium," said Chris. "It will be a good test for my wind. I'd thought a little of putting it to the proof by taking up my favorite sport again."

"Mountain climbing?"

"Yes. I never missed a season at Chamonix in the five years I lived in Europe. It came in mighty handy when I was with the Alpini. Then that bullet in the leg made me distrust it for rock work, so I took up flying. But it's all right now. Every time I look at that heap of Rockies over there it makes me restless."

"Doesn't flying take the place of it?"

"No, that's different. Of course you get the height, and then some. But you see in flying you put your faith a lot in the artisans who made your plane, while in rock climbing you have to put it entirely in the Great Artisan that made yourself. Aside from that it's all up to you. I don't think I've ever had quite the same sensation as that got on overcoming a dangerous Alp and feeling the crest of it under my feet. It's a personal triumph instead of a mechanical one." He turned and looked at her with a whimsical smile which had a wistful accent in it. "It seems to me there could be only one thrill of exaltation greater than that of conquering an inaccessible peak."

"You needn't say it," said Nita. "Besides, I don't believe it."

"It's true, though," he answered. "It would carry one to greater heights."

"I think you'd better put both out of your head for the time being. Imagine a man complaining about the tameness of flying!"

"Well, it is a little tame after going up to pepper and be peppered at."

"You'd better tell some of the men on the hangar to get their rifles and take a few shots at you just for old time's sake."

"'Fraid these Western boys might be better shots than Heinie."

They quickly covered the five miles to town and entered the broad streets of the Mile High City. Most of the tourist traffic was over for the season, but there was, as usual, plenty of activity. As they drew up in front of the hotel a touring car just ahead of them was discharging its passengers.

Nita leaned forward, looked intently at a girl who was getting out, then said to Chris:

"I know that girl. I met her once in London, and afterward in Paris, the second year of the war. Her name is Patricia Melton, and she was serving as publicity agent and propagandist for the French."

As she spoke the girl in question turned, and Chris was struck by the peculiar elfin beauty of her face. The long eyes, which, though of similar amber color to Juanita's, were quite different in being of a lighter and yellower tone, flashed with a gleam of recognition, and the left eyebrow slightly raised at the outer corner. Then she turned away and spoke to the man driving, apparently a gentleman. He glanced back over his shoulder, and Chris saw the profile of a handsome face with a close-cropped mustache. Then, his passengers having dismounted, the car moved ahead, to be replaced by their own. The girl seemed to linger and said something to her companions, a beautifully shaped woman of early middle age and a tall man of distinguished foreign appearance.

Nita opened the door and stepped out, Chris following her. They overtook the others as they paused to let pass some people coming out of the hotel.

"How do you do, Miss Melton?" said Nita. "Don't you remember me?"

The girl's wide smile whipped back and she held out her hand.

"Of course I do, Miss Heming! The last time we met was at Mrs. Givens' in Paris at dinner. Don't you remember how we finished the evening in the cellar?"

"Of course. Fancy seeing you in Denver!"

Patricia presented Léontine and Stephan, Nita introducing Chris. Nita, whose only knowledge of Patricia was that of a very interesting girl, engaged in her work as an Allied propagandist whom she had met at two exclusive houses, was naturally pleased at the encounter, while finding her now with two Europeans of distinguished appearance, Russians as she correctly guessed them to be, gave to Patricia an added *cachet*.

"I've become a resident of Denver," said Nita. "My brother, Captain Heming, started a tubercular process in his lungs after the war and I've had him in a sanatorium until quite recently. Captain Carmichael had a spot too, but they've discharged him cured. Are you touring? We're just going in for tea. Won't you join us?"

The invitation was accepted and they were shown to a table in a dining room well filled, despite the lateness of the season. After a few moments of conversation Patricia told them of the accident to the car shortly before reaching Denver, and the hospitality shown them. Chris laughed.

"You played in luck," said he. "Bob Hartwell does himself and his guests mighty well. He's the typical big-hearted, big-fisted Westerner. Everybody knows Bob and respects him. He'd be one of the important men out here if he cared to bother with it."

Léontine in her charming, cultivated voice described their tour across the continent. "You must know, Miss Heming," said she, "that we are now soldiers of fortune."

Her quick wit at once appreciated the fact that, since Chris knew the sheriff and as the sheriff had followed them to Denver the two were very apt to meet, they must stick to their story of being war victims who had conceived the idea of finding occupation with the moving pictures; wherefore in her fascinating way she explained their plans, to which Nita and Chris listened sympathetically.

"Well," said Nita, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't make a success of it."

"Nor I," said Chris. "Everybody's doing it nowadays that can do it. I only got a glimpse of Sir Harold, but if he can ride and shoot and swim he ought to make good."

Patricia's limpid voice took up the conversation. "He's going on to Salt Lake by train to-night," said she; "but we shall probably stop a day or two in Denver."

"Then you must let me show you about a little," said Nita. "There is to be a ball here to-morrow night. I'll send you cards."

Somebody tapped her on the shoulder in passing. It was Mrs. de Forest, whom Nita pressed to join the party. Chris, rather fascinated by the unusual type of Patricia's beauty, wondered at the singular lack of expression in features so mobile when from time to time her eyes rested on Nita. If thoughts had been as palpable as theosophists would lead us to believe, he might have got some inkling as to the doubts and fears projected from the mind of this baffling and beautiful archcriminal. For Patricia was puzzling her brain to account for the terrible expression that had flashed across Sir Harold's face when she had spoken to him after his backward glance through the glass of Nita's car, and the meaning of his muttered words, "I must keep out of this." And Patricia's subtle brain was beginning to guess at the truth. If her suspicion was correct she wondered how far their joint influence might go in keeping Howard's vengeful passion within safe control.

The tea party broke up presently, Nita and Chris driving back to the bungalow.

"What do you think of those people, Chris?" Nita asked.

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "The women are pretty, though there is something about the girl that rather puts me off, gives me sort of dog-and-cat feeling, as if I'd like to take her in my jaws and shake her and feel her crumple up."

"She doesn't look as if she'd crumple very easily."

"No more do some cats. Once in a while the dog gets the worst of it. I like Madame de Vaux, though. Her brother looks a tin-horn gambler."

"He struck me rather that way, but they must have had a pretty hard time of it in Russia, and she has all the marks of a *femme du monde*. I've heard something about her war work. She was right in the thick of things. The girl is fascinating."

"I'll admit that," said Chris. "She's not the vamp sort, though, but she's got an inhuman quality about her which might be attractive to some men but works the other way on me. Still, they seem well bred and they're interesting; and I must say I admire their pluck in bucking the movie game. They ought to succeed, I should say. Are you going to invite them to the house?"

"Yes; why not? I've met her, properly introduced, and one ought to observe the customs of the country in the matter of

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

hospitality. It's rather nice to meet Europeans again when one's lived over there as long as I have."

"Tell me, Nita," said Chris suddenly, "do you ever get nervously depressed?"

"I used to when I first came here. They tell me that it's not unusual—the dryness or altitude or something?"

"I don't think it's the altitude. I'm accustomed to being a mile or so high, but for these last three days I've scarcely been able to sit still, let alone sleep. Had a sense of impending ill. It got me so badly just now while I was sitting at the tea table talking to those people that if I hadn't been with you I'd have jumped up and beat it."

"But they seemed to be very nice people, Chris, and you like pretty women."

"Not that sort. I'll admit they're pretty, but there's something about them that got on my nerves, like snakes or witches in disguise or poisonous orchids or something of the sort. I seemed to feel the presence of forces that were malevolent for you."

Nita laid her hand on the back of his. "That's because you've decided to go away, Chris," said she. "You feel that once your protective influence is removed all the bogies are going to come crowding in. To tell the honest truth I feel a little bit that way myself. Perhaps I may not let you go, after all."

A wave of color that was in no way hectic swept over Chris' face. His hand turned and clasped Nita's, and so, holding hands for the second time that day and scarcely speaking, they presently arrived at the bungalow.

x

A CONSULTATION on ways and means was in progress in the rooms of the quartet of social parasites. The three had found Townley waiting for them with a grim face and pale eyes in which gleamed a murderous light.

"That's the woman that just missed sending me to the guillotine and has now made the world unsafe for me to live in," said he. "What's her name? Who is she?"

Léontine turned upon him in a threatening way. "Listen, my friend," said she coldly. "I saved your life in Paris and made it possible for you to get over here. If you are fool enough to let your desire for revenge endanger us now you need count on no more protection from us."

Townley's eyes fell before her dark blazing ones. "You needn't be afraid of my taking any chances," said he.

"You had better not!" Léontine's voice was such as she had not employed since the days of her active function as one of Ivan's principals, when, next to the chief and Chu-Chu, she had been the most feared in the wide ramifications of their organizations. "The trouble with you, Townley," she went on, "is lack of the training which furnished the rest of us with the finesse to keep our liberty. In Ivan's school of crime we were taught to disregard personal revenge—to keep out of it just as we kept out of any active participation in the doing of the job. We were the minds and they directed other hands than ours. A personal danger to any one of us was regarded only when it became a common danger to the band. In that case there were those detailed to remove it."

"But Chu-Chu?" Townley interrupted.

"When Chu-Chu killed, it was in a manner not to implicate any of the rest of us. We were not involved. With you it is different. Any attempt you might make for personal vengeance is bound to inculpate us all. So you had better decide what you propose to do. Unless you swear to take no action we shall part right here and now."

"Besides," muttered Stephan, "what good would it do? We cannot live on revenge. We must have some money, and very soon."

Patricia's clear, limpid voice contrasted strangely with the tense ones of the others. "That girl has come into a fortune since I last saw her. She was hard up then. I suspected her of being a spy of the British. To-day we meet her with the costliest car to be had and a sable-coat and a wonderful rope of pearls. She tells us she has a little bungalow out on the plateau. Her name is Juanita Heming."

Townley sprang to his feet, eyes lurid, tanned face a congested purple. So frightful was his appearance that even his three companions, accustomed as they were to raw and criminal passions, far worse than primitive ones, eyed him with a sort of watchful reflection of his own.

"Juanita Heming!" Townley snarled. And then at Léontine's warning glance he lowered his voice and changed his diction into French.

"But Heming was the name of that American officer who was one of the four heirs whom my act made millionaires. He was the man suspected until this girl tricked me into betraying myself. So that is the source of her wealth." And he used a name that cannot be translated.

In the moment of tense stillness which followed Patricia gave her liquid mocking laugh. "*Ma foi*, but you are right!" said she. "You told us that this fortune was in oil lands, and no doubt they have been boring wells ever since. This is, of course, the sister. She told us that she had brought her brother, Gerald Heming, here because he was tuberculous."

Stephan blew a cloud of cigarette smoke at the ceiling. "*Sapristi!* But they owe you a lot, *mon vieux*. Still, I do not see just how you are going to collect."

Patricia leaned forward, rested her bare round elbows on the table and dropped her chin on her folded hands. Her expression was that of a sea nymph in a reverie, a siren gazing out at the wide horizon through veiled eyes, wondering perhaps when the wind of circumstance might waft the next mariner within the orbit of her lure.

"Léontine is not going to approve," said she, "but we have reached a point where it is no longer possible to stick to her trained technic. You must remember, my dear"—she turned to Léontine, and her wide smile flickered up at one corner—"we have no longer any skilled craftsmen to accomplish what our minds and social entrée make possible. We have no one but ourselves to depend upon and, as Stephan says, we are in an impasse—a cul-de-sac. We must have money, and very soon."

"*Ma foi*, but she is right!" growled Stephan.

"It seems to me," Patricia continued, "that fortune has thrown a prize in our path. We know that this Heming girl has wonderful pearls, and no doubt they are not her only jewels, but we shall know more of that after this ball that she spoke of. She tells us that she lives in a bungalow in a half-built section out on the outskirts of the town."

Léontine stared at her with a frown. "*Eh, bien?*"

Patricia threw out her hands with a deprecating gesture. "Of course, my dear, I know that it has been a matter of strict technic with you never to take any active part in a crime, and our last miserable failure, when Clamp the peddler so outfinessed us, proved you to be right. If we had not stuck to your principles we should not be here now. But you must remember that then we had a reserve to fall back upon; also that we did not know ourselves to be playing the game against two of the most astute minds in this country, Clamp and Rosenthal. Besides, we have no longer our skilled operatives."

"That is true," said Stephan; "we are at the end of our string and we have nobody to depend upon but ourselves."

Patricia paid no attention to this interruption. "I do not want to boast," said she, "but I had always worked successfully alone until I went against Clamp. But this does not seem to me a very difficult job. Stephan, Howard and myself ought to be able to manage it easily. You, Léontine, need not take any active part in it at all. You are simply to play your rôle as you have always done, and consider us the operatives."

Léontine shook her head. "I don't like it," said she, "and I don't trust Howard if he gets within striking distance of this girl."

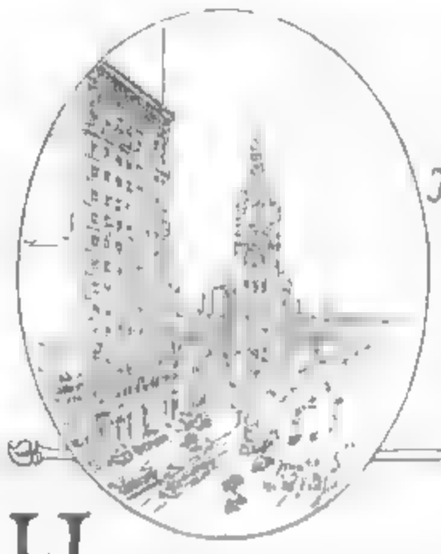
Townley shrugged. "Don't let that bother you, Léontine," said he. "I'll play the game as Patricia frames it up. My own little private score can wait."

"If I could be certain of that," said Léontine reluctantly—"but I have always been opposed to bloodshed, and since the war I hate it worse than ever."

"Nobody need get hurt," said Patricia smoothly.

"Have you any plans?" Stephan asked.

"Nothing definite as yet. It would be a simple burglary. Léontine should be somewhere in evidence when it occurs, and we must manage in some way to do the job quickly and rejoin her. You probably heard Mrs. de Forest asking the Heming girl to wear her prettiest gown and jewels, as they want to make the affair as brilliant as possible."



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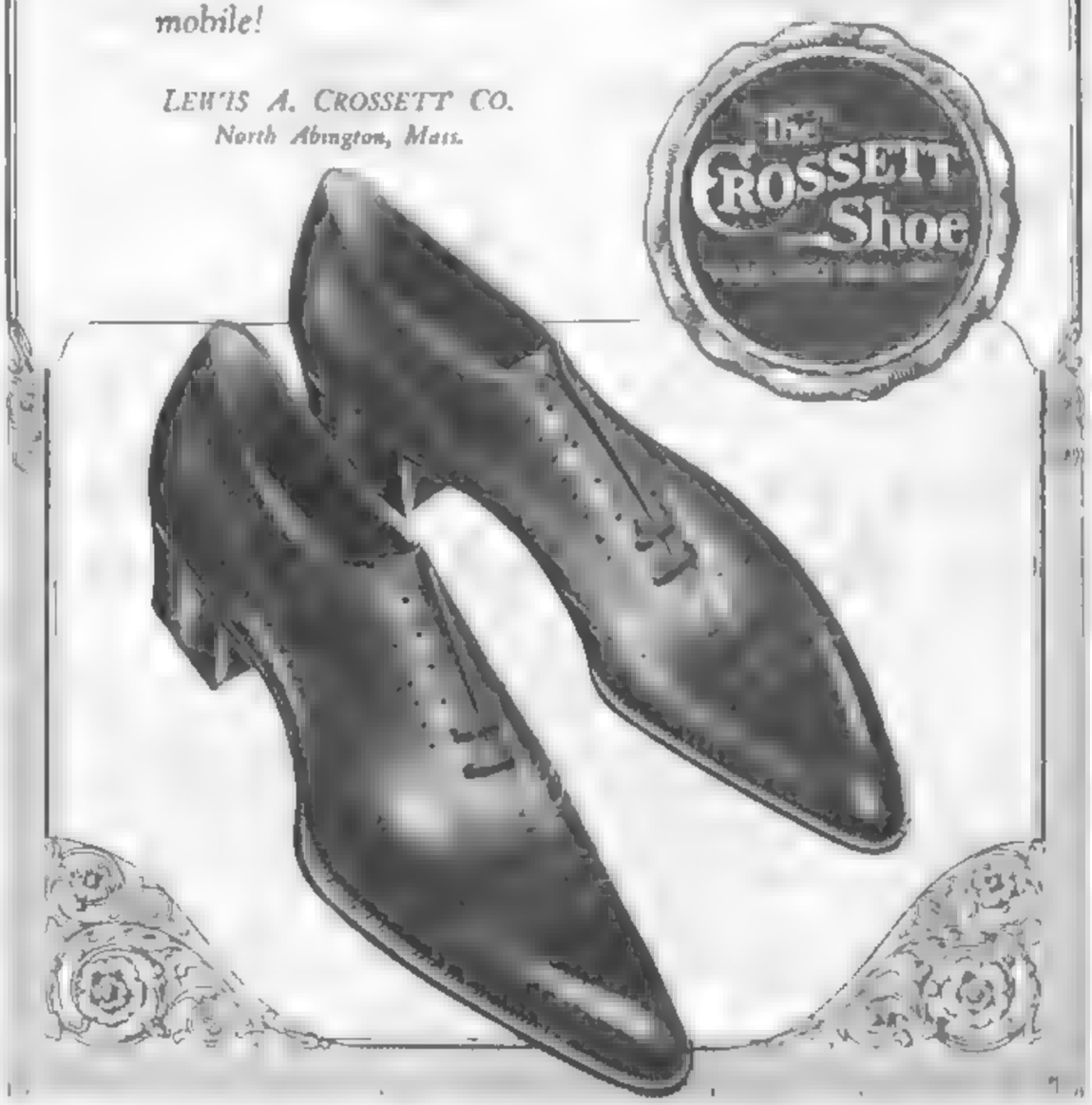

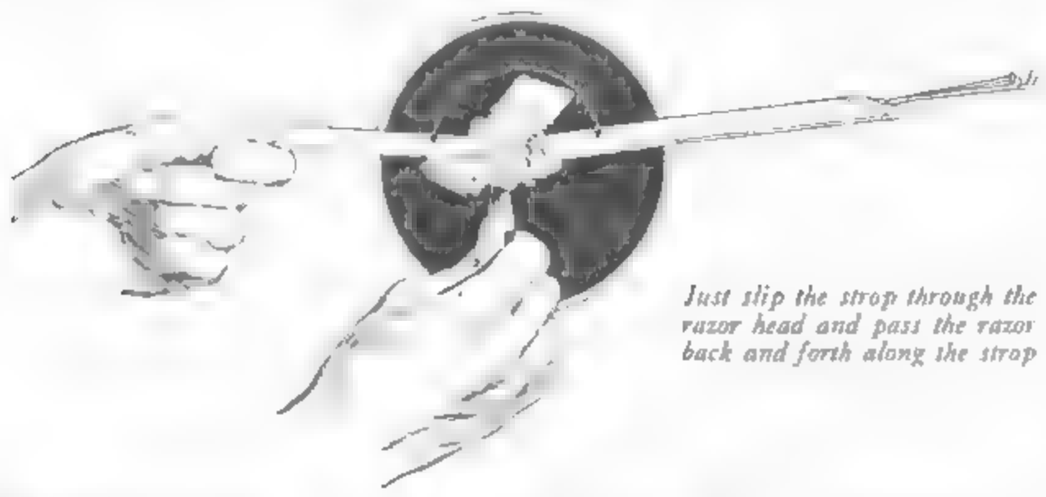

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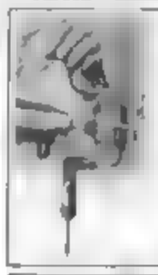

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Stephan nodded. "I caught that," said he; "and Mrs. de Forest saying she'd do the same. We might make a double job of it."

"Precisely my idea," said Patricia softly.

But Léontine was not content. Once before, and not so very long ago, she had emphatically vetoed a similar proposal because it entailed the murder of an innocent person, and Patricia without her knowledge and consent had persuaded the supine Stephan to ignore the counsels of their more experienced associate. Stephan, it is true, had not exposed himself to any personal risk, though he would have shared alike in the profits of the undertaking.

But this insubordination of Patricia had shown Léontine that she could not count on the girl's obedience, and to Léontine a lack of discipline in such a pack as hers must inevitably result in disaster. For a moment she was almost in despair. Hers were the emotions of the she-wolf on finding herself no longer able to control the savage, predatory and sanguinary passions of her cubs. In that moment she felt herself helpless to restrain them, yet impotently convinced that they were fatally wrong.

And there was another vital factor in Léontine's censure of what was being so slyly suggested by Patricia. Léontine's personality had been changed by the last few years of tragedy and efforts first undertaken to shield her character from the attacks of those who knew it for what it had been. But these very efforts, conducted in the stress of war and directed in behalf of stricken humanity, had finished in a real sincerity of purpose which would have resulted in her salvation but for the ineradicable memory of police records. Her *dossier* was undestroyed, and after the war she had suffered a resumption of police espionage which had driven her back into her career of crime. But with this difference—that all sanguinary acts had become repellent to her. She might steal, but she could no longer find it in her heart to countenance killing on the part of her associates. She had conceived a horror of destructive violence directed toward her fellow humans.

So now, fearing the worst and feeling her helplessness, she made a final appeal, this directed not toward the moral natures of her colleagues—because she scarcely believed such to exist—but to their reasons and dread of retribution.

"You must put all such ideas out of your head," said she; "there are too many conditions against us. Remember that we are not in Paris or any other great metropolis where avenues of escape are to be found. We are in the heart of a great continent, where the distances between populous centers are very long and the routes subject to closest scrutiny. As individuals we are conspicuous, unlike the other people of this country. We are well known to the police on the Eastern coast, and no doubt our descriptions have been furnished in detail to the Western. The slightest *faux pas*, the least ground for suspicion, and we should be seized and closely examined and required to account for every moment of our time."

Stephan nodded. "*Sapristi!* But you are right, Léontine," said he. "At first sight these Americans give one the impression of being childish and good-natured and slipshod in their methods, but the war proved that this is not the case. They are no fools, *ma foi*, however much they may look it."

Patricia nodded and appeared to be convinced. "I have proved that myself," said she. "Phineas Plunkett looked an imbecile, while Clamp the Peddler made us all believe that he was a garrulous, gossiping tinker. Yet at the *dénouement* it was I who played the fool."

"Precisely," said Léontine, "and I had hoped that it might be a lesson to you. There is only one way to conduct a robbery in such a country as this, and that is in the high-handed manner of its bandits, brazenly, openly, and then a dash across the border or into the mountains. But we are not that kind of outlaws; and, besides, we are a long way from the border and know nothing of the mountains. If we were to be silly enough to make any such attempt as you suggest we should only be seized, and spend the best of our years in some of these Western penal institutions."

Stephan appeared unquestionably convinced, but Patricia's eyes encountered those of Townley for the fraction of a second, and in that instant some subtle message was exchanged.

Townley drew out a cigarette and lighted it. "I fancy Léontine's jolly well right," he drawled. "She hasn't taken the trouble to mention the most dangerous feature of the case. This Heming girl is keen as they make 'em. I've got to grant her that. One glimpse at my phiz and she'd have me ticketed. Besides, women have got sort of a flair. I'd best trek on to the next station."

Léontine looked relieved. "You certainly had, *mon ami*," said she. "You must leave to-night for Salt Lake City."

Patricia appeared to reflect for a moment. "I'm not sure but that we had all better go," said she.

Léontine made a gesture of weariness. "I am terribly fatigued," said she, "and I must say that I should like two days of rest. Besides, we have accepted invitations for this ball and it could do us no harm to make some friends of known standing in this city. It might help us later when we try to leave from the Pacific Coast."

"Or perhaps to turn a trick before our departure," murmured Stephan.

Patricia raised her head. "Dear Léontine is always right," said she limpidly. "Let me now suggest a plan: Howard shall leave to-night by train. We three may attend the ball, and when it is over Stephan and I can change and leave early in the car for Salt Lake City. Léontine may follow by train that night. It is probably a hard pull over the mountains, and if Léontine will take the luggage with her we can travel light and make better time."

Léontine looked even more relieved. It seemed to her that her good counsel had prevailed.

"That sounds to me an excellent idea," said she, "so let us make our plans to carry it out. I think now that I shall go in and rest. Remember we have asked our late host, the sheriff, to dine."

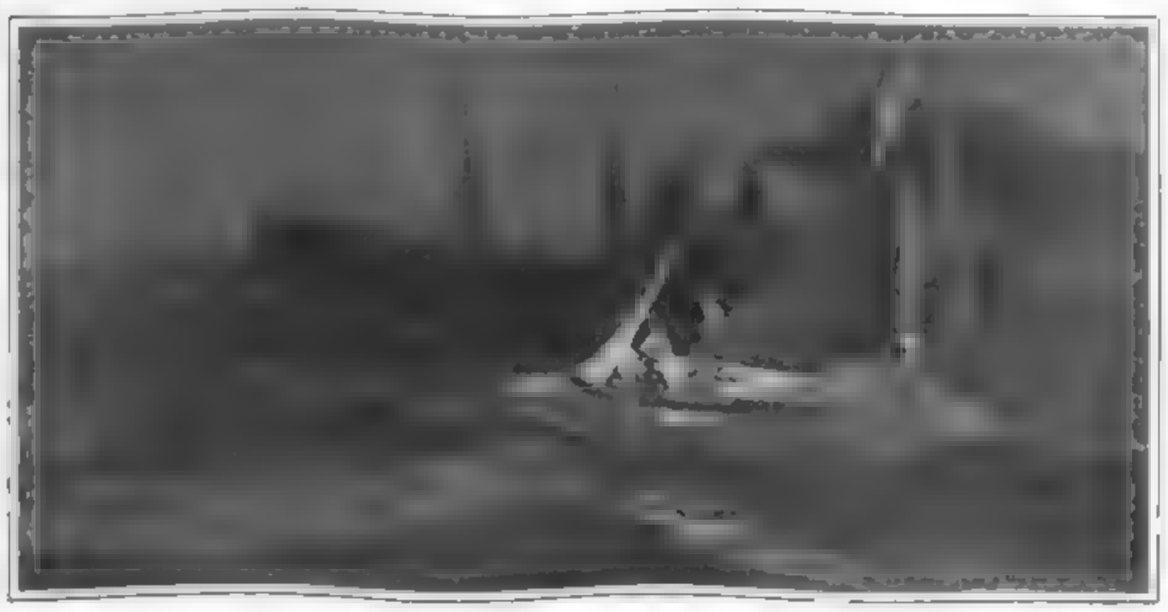
She rose and went into an adjoining room. Patricia sprang lightly to her feet. She glanced from one to the other of the two men, then laid her finger on her lips. Her eyes held an expression which Stephan knew, and it sent a shudder through him.

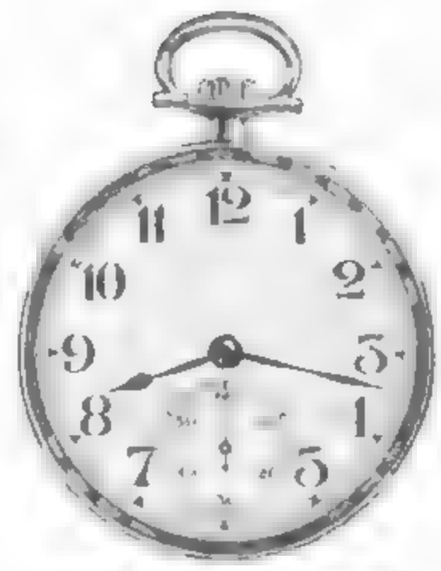
"Let's go find out about your train, Howard," said Patricia.

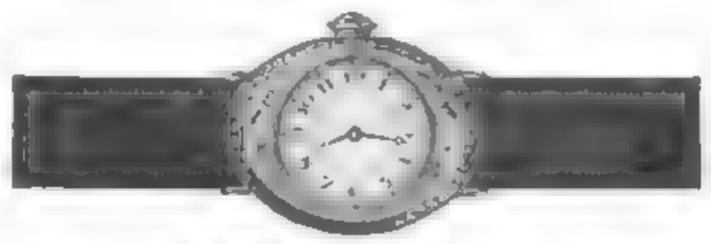
They went out on the gallery, from which they could look directly down upon the office floor, which was four stories beneath.

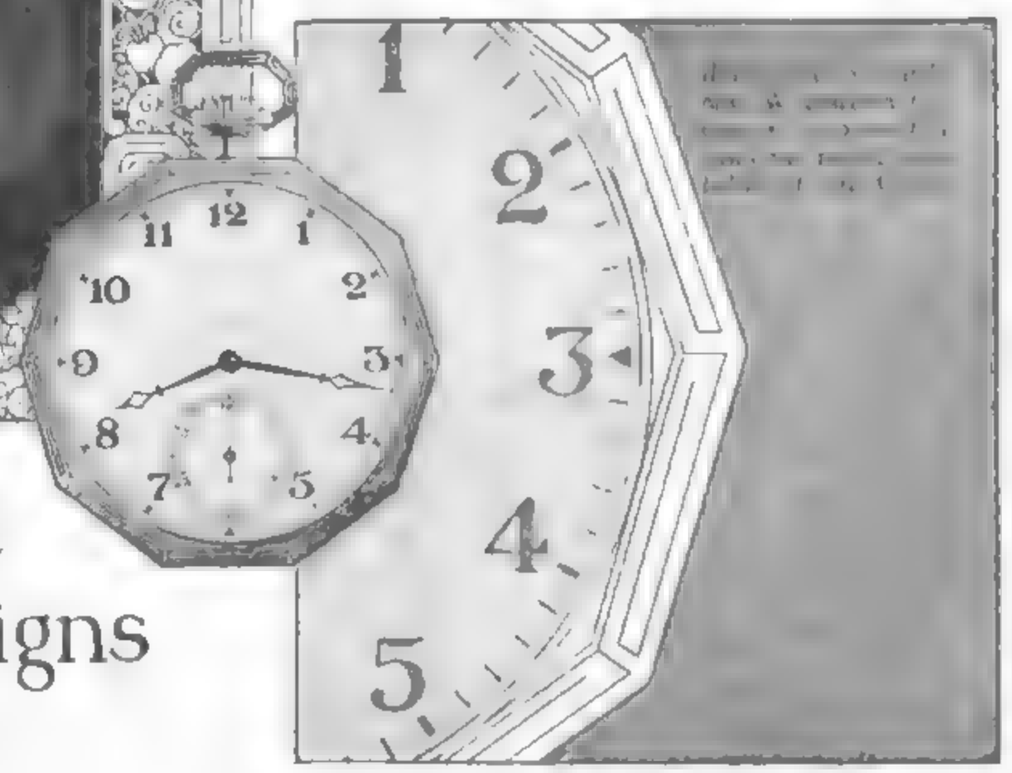
"Listen," said she in the tone of a schoolgirl proposing some elfish prank. "Poor Léontine has quite lost her nerve. We shall have to leave her out of this. She'll forgive us when we come to settle our accounts."

(TO BE CONTINUED)









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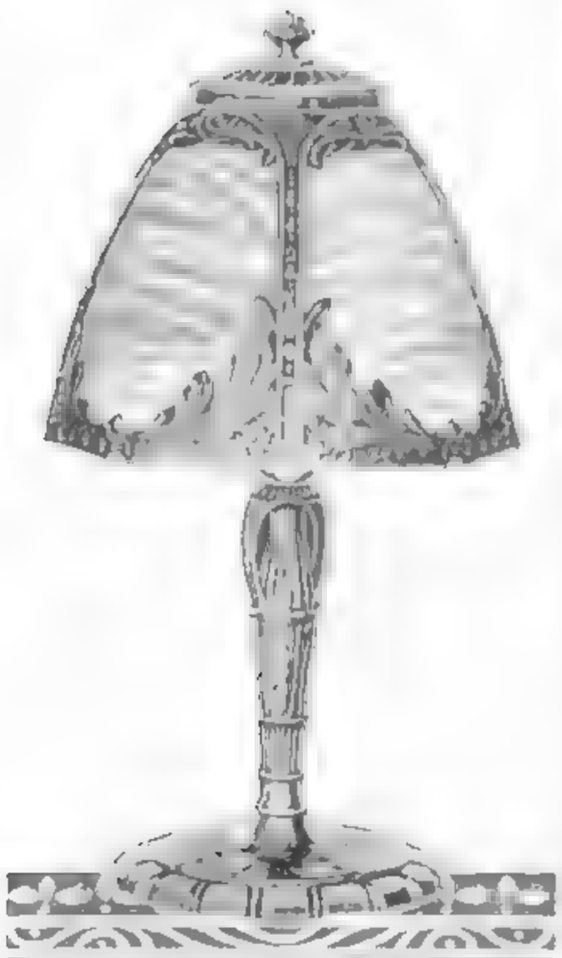

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PORT ECONOMY IS A GOOD PORT

(Continued from Page 4)

and it demands not only economy in its real sense but drastic readjustment.

It is the opinion of men who have made a long study of the matter, and whose opportunities for observation and bases of conclusion are first-hand, working, intimate acquaintance with governmental operations and finance, that the actual operating expenses of the United States should not be more than $1,500,000,000 a year. By that is meant the amount of money required actually to run the Government as a going concern, but exclusive of interest and sinking-fund charges. These will total, in round numbers, another $1,500,000,000 a year, or an aggregate of $3,000,000,000, instead of the $5,000,000,000 and more needed in 1921 and the more than $4,000,000,000 that will be required in 1922.

These figures are based on actual requirements and on real economy. They entail the elimination of commercial business from governmental activities and the adoption of commercial business methods in governmental affairs. This last stipulation of course is relative, because governmental business is complicated by a series of rules, regulations and laws that have multiplied to vast proportions since the Congress began to make laws and the executives to issue orders. Cutting red tape is a favorite devotion of new officials of the Government, but only while they are new. Men who seek to cut red tape soon find that red tape is practically not to be severed, and for this reason: Red tape is regulatory law or official order with the force of law. So long as the laws remain on the books and the orders are operative there is no way to get around or through or over them save by congressional abrogation or executive direction. A new cabinet member may have most excellent ideas about conducting his department along real business lines, but when he comes to try it he is confronted on every side by laws, regulations and orders that restrict his activities to formulated lines and extinguish his enthusiasms for departmental reforms.

However, governmental business is done with appropriated moneys, and moneys are appropriated by Congress. Therefore if Congress limits the appropriations to actual needs the red tape of the disposition of those moneys will not be so harassing, because there will be less of it, and the economies will bring about better business methods, because of the necessity for stricter handling of funds and the limitation of nonbusiness activities. Furthermore, the methods of expenditures of government money are not only closely prescribed and subject to extreme audit but they are of secondary importance in a general scheme of business method and economy. If the departments do not get money the departments cannot spend money. The essential responsibility rests with Congress, and so does the initiative.

A Chance to Save a Billion

At that, there are ways of spending more money than is appropriated. The deficiency is always with us. In each session of Congress there appear deficiency bills put in to provide for moneys expended by various departments in excess of their appropriations. These often run into large sums. Early in May, for example, Senator Warren, chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, wrote to President Harding and told him that fifteen days after the present Congress assembled he had received thirty-six deficiency bills aggregating $215,000,000. That is, departments, even with more than their enormous share of $5,000,000,000 to spend, did not have enough. Senator Warren pointed out in his letter to the President that some of the deficiency demands are for new work and have no place in deficiency bills, which is a most illuminating light on governmental business methods. They not only spend all money authorized, but more.

That can be stopped. If the departments understand that none but legal and necessary deficiencies will be appropriated for, the spending of unappropriated money on a chance of having it made up in deficiency bills will cease. That is a detail. The place where economy must originate is in Congress. The department head and the various bureau chiefs under him naturally try to get all the money they can for their operations, and invariably spend all they get. Naturally, also, they think their necessities greater than those of any other seeker after funds. It all comes down to the old Indian axiom: No got—how can?

Congress has the say. If Congress really desires to be economical Congress must do two things: The first is to limit appropriations rigidly. The second is to take the Government out of commercial business.

I have stated that it is the conviction of men who have intimate knowledge of the financial affairs and real necessities of the Government that our national business can be conducted for $1,500,000,000 a year, plus $1,000,000,000 a year for interest charges and $500,000,000 for sinking-fund purposes. This is a total of $3,000,000,000 and is $1,000,000,000 less than the lowest estimates of the amount required for the fiscal year now under provision by the present Congress. It isn't so long ago that the entire expenses of the Government were $1,000,000,000. The totals began to grow several years ago, and jumped to staggering heights during the war. The war is over. The interest charges of $1,000,000,000 a year are a legitimate aftermath, also the $500,000,000 for sinking-fund charges. The continuation of appropriations on even one-tenth of a war basis is indefensible, and taxes never can be reduced until that fact is not only assimilated but acted upon by Congress.

There are three major measures of economy that might be adopted. The first is the drastic cutting down of army and navy expenses. The second is a readjustment between the Government and the railroad business. The third is the retirement of the Government from the shipping business.

Jingoistic Activities

Secretary Mellon pointed out in his letter to Chairman Fordney that the expenditures for the War Department in the fiscal year of 1921 will be about $850,000,000 and the expenditures for the Navy Department about $500,000,000, a total of $1,350,000,000. The armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, and the army and navy appropriations for the third year thereafter total more than the entire running expenses of the Government a few years before the war began.

There have been many computations showing the cost per capita of the defense arms of the Government, and these are the strong arguments in favor of the policy of disarmament. There is no need of going into these in detail. The facts that we will spend $1,350,000,000 for the Army and Navy in the fiscal year of 1921 and that $1,100,000,000 is asked for the two services for 1922 are all that are needed to prove the contention that unless Congress does act in this particular the hope of tax reduction will vanish.

There is vast argument and agitation on this subject of disarmament, and every military bogy from the yellow peril to a war with England is brought into use to urge a bigger Army than we ever maintained in peace and a continuation of a great naval building program. These leave the average American cold. These leave the average American taxpayer doubly cold—frozen, indeed. The thought that is in the minds of the men and women who voted the Republican Party into office is this: "We have just shown our prowess in war. We can do again, if necessary, what we did before. The war and danger scares are largely bugaboos. There is no logic in these vast expenditures, no incitement but a jingoism that costs the taxpayers everything and the jingoes nothing, no hope of relief from the intolerable tax burdens of the present if this persists."

The average American, who is loaded down with income taxes and business taxes and all sorts of other taxes until he finds himself badly crippled in his business operations and restricted in his enjoyment of life by those imposts, fails to see the necessity for all this expenditure for army and navy purposes for the convincing reason that he knows the arguments in favor of the continuance of these expenditures are class

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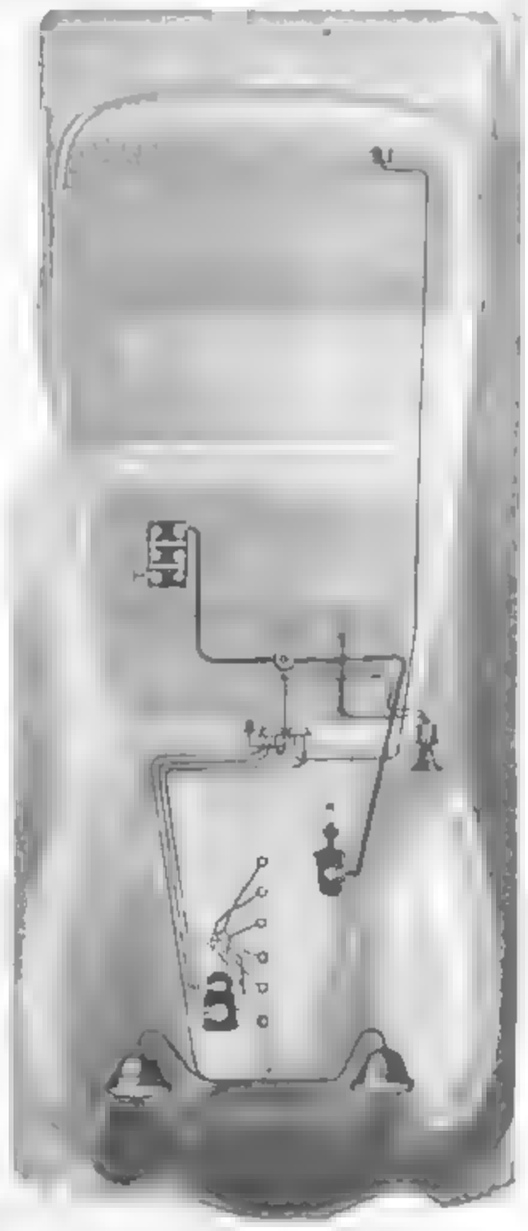

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arguments made by the interests especially concerned and not put forth by the persons who must pay the taxes to support the theories or assuage the fears of those special interests. The question of disarmament is a broad one, and fruitful of much discussion. The question of tax reduction is a specific one and hits home at all Americans. It does not comprehend the abandonment of a rational defense program.

A great step towards the economy that will make for tax reduction can be taken by a drastic reduction in appropriations for the Army and the Navy. Unless that step is taken, and if the more than $1,000,000,000 asked is even approximated in the appropriations made for the year 1922, there can be no reduction. There may be the subterfuge of tax shifting, but the taxes will be there just the same, and the men and women on whom they fall with the greatest force will do the paying—the men and women who fought the war and the men and women who paid for it, not those who spent both the men and the money so lavishly in the work.

Now, the army and navy appropriations are not the only ones where economy can be applied usefully and beneficially. There are ten executive departments, and all of them spend too much. Further, there are many other avenues through which the money of the taxpayer is marched to the extravagant government expenditure, including the pork measures for rivers and harbors and public buildings and other political vote-getting and vote-preserving enterprises. If Congress really wants to be economical, Congress can operate on these appropriations with great benefit to all concerned except the politicians and the enthusiasts in the departments who visualize nothing but their own plans.

Furthermore, the sooner the Government retires from commercial business the sooner the tax burdens of the people will be lightened. Secretary Mellon says that the railroads will cost the people $600,000,000 this year, cash raised by taxation and paid out of the Treasury, in addition to the vast amounts taken by means of transportation taxes and higher rates. The railroads seem to be in the plight of the willipus-wallapus, which was a fabled monster that couldn't live on the land and died in the water. Their owners cannot run them save at a loss. The Government can't run them at a profit. Nobody seems to be able to run them. The Esch-Townsend Bill doesn't work. High rates are not effective. Low rates are ruinous. And with it all, they will cost the taxpayers $600,000,000 in the fiscal year of 1921, and nobody knows how much in 1922 if the same conditions continue.

The Railroad Muddle

The principle of governmental supervision and control of interstate commerce is well established and essential, but governmental supervision and control must be progressive and not reactionary, must be businesslike and not academic and theoretical, if the railroads are to cease to be a taxable expense and are to come back to their former status. Admitting all just contentions as to abuses and derelictions in railroad management in the past, the fact remains that, as the railroads could not operate at a profit for themselves or for the Government, there is something wrong in the system. That wrong, in the judgment of men qualified to speak, is not in a supervision of the roads, but in a supervision that is legal and not commercial. Railroads are business enterprises as constituted in this country. If they become governmental enterprises the question of their conduct takes another phase. But if they are half commercial and half governmental their position is impossible, and that is shown by the large amounts the taxpayers have been mulcted for their support in the past few years.

For example, the time to do business is when business is being done. If a raise in railroad rates was justifiable it was justifiable during the great business boom in 1919 and the first half of 1920. Then there were goods to move. Then there was business for the railroads. The railroads were not allowed to raise their rates sufficiently to take profitable advantage of the business boom. The reason given was that a raise of rates would increase prices. When the period of depression came, after the boom had gone and when there was a vast decrease in work for the railroads, the rates were raised by and with the consent of the Government, on the theory, perhaps, that a raise then would decrease prices. The bars were taken down after the fields were empty.

That is an illustration of the Government in commercial business. That is why every man who has given attention to the matter insists that the Government must get out of commercial business. If higher rates were justified when the roads finally did get them they were justified when they would have been profitable instead of restrictive.

The real solution of the question and the real way to relieve the taxpayers of this railroad burden is to grant to the railroads the ordinary flexibility of business operation that the private business enterprise has. It is not argued that the Government should abandon supervision of rates, but it is held that the railroads should have the opportunity that any business man has of adjusting his prices to conditions as the conditions arise instead of being compelled to wait for six months or a year for the action of a governmental body. If the railroads had a flexibility of operation they would be in far better case, and the rates they might make could be subject to review and rebate if excessive. The point is, as held by students of the question, that the roads are strangled now by the restrictions upon them which preclude their taking advantage of business conditions as they arise instead of waiting until those conditions have passed.

The thing seems reasonable. A great deal of the prosperity of the country depends on the prosperity of the railroads. As the situation is at present, relief must be given or the Government must take over the railroads again to prevent paralysis of transportation. Taxpayers who have even a remote idea of what the recent government experiment with the railroads cost them—the taxpayers—will shudder at the prospect of this.

Take Losses and End Deficits

Also, those same taxpayers, hearing that the deficit of the Shipping Board is now $1,000,000 a day, would look with equanimity on congressional action taking the Government out of the shipping business. We went into this shipping adventure because of the emergency of war, and we built ships all over the place. Now that the war is over we are remaining in the shipping business at a cost of $1,000,000 a day to the taxpayers. The reason advanced most often is that it is due to the national pride, position and resources of the United States that we shall build and maintain a great merchant marine.

What has always militated against this idea, except during the war, and what always will militate against it, is the fact that the Americans are not a seagoing people. There is so much opportunity on the land between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts that going down to the sea in ships does not appeal. We went to sea in the early days because we were a coastwise people, and all coastwise people are seafarers. Now, with more than 3000 miles of known, developed and fruitful territory between our coasts, we turn from the rigors of the sea to the greater opportunities of the land.

One of the first principles obtaining in the business world is to take a loss and end a deficit. There is little hope that taxes will not be onerous for years to come, but there is a chance to make them somewhat less onerous than they are now. Congress could help along those lines by taking the nation out of the shipping business. It may be desirable to prove that we are a seagoing people and that we should support a great merchant marine, but why do it at the expense of all the people, at the heavy burden of the taxpayer? Why not let the individuals who feel so keenly about it demonstrate that fact rather than demonstrate it at a crushing cost to the bulk of the American public?

It will be months before Congress takes definite action on these tax and other similar problems, and great controversy will ensue on every step taken and every suggestion proposed. There seems to be no doubt that, as recommended by Secretary Mellon, there will be a revision of the income tax in the way of reducing the higher surtaxes, because these taxes are nonproductive. The reason these taxes are nonproductive is because the people who normally would be affected by the higher

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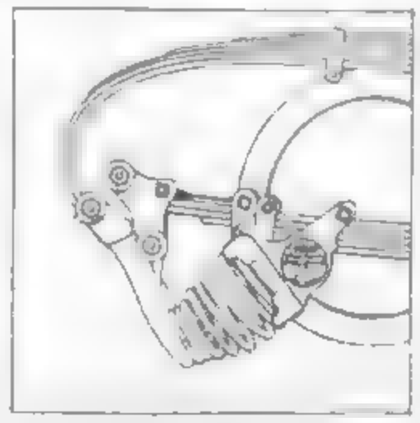

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surtaxes have shifted their investments into nontaxable securities. This is bringing about a situation that is of moment to every producer in the United States, because it clearly points to a transfer of the income taxes from the income of investment to the income of production. That is, with the great mass of nontaxable securities issued and issuing, the man of fortune can so arrange his investments as to be immune to a large extent from income taxes, while the producer, the worker, whose income comes from effort, skill, knowledge and business enterprise, must suffer taxation to the full limit of his capability to pay, and often to beyond that.

With the exception of the 3.5 per cent Liberty Bonds, the 3.75 Victory Notes and in comparatively small sums of prescribed exemptions, the obligations of the United States are subject to surtaxes. However, there are enormous issues of municipal and other similar securities that are fully exempt from income tax. The principle established by the United States Supreme Court that the states cannot tax national revenues applies with equal constitutional force to state and municipal securities. Neither can the nation tax those. Hence the states and municipalities issue their bonds as free from Federal taxation, and hence avenues for escape are offered from that taxation.

The reason the 3.5 per cent Liberty Bonds are now more than eleven dollars below par is because of the great flood of municipal and similar securities, income-tax free, that are available for investment by the men with great investing sums These bonds pay higher interest and are more attractive, and the great original holdings of the tax-exempt Liberties is being shifted to securities of this class. That is business—good business for the investors and poor business for the United States.

The task of Congress is not only to reduce taxation but to shift the burden of what remains to shoulders that can carry it with least oppression. Therefore it is the idea of men who know the tax situation and who can see but little relief unless Congress does economize in a real rather than a political sense that a constitutional amendment should be proposed and adopted making these securities thereafter amenable to the surtaxes just as are all the United States obligations save those specified.

Secretary Mellon, in speaking of this subject, said: "I suggest for the consideration of Congress that it may also be advisable to take action by statute or by constitutional amendment, where necessary, to restrict further issues of tax-exempt securities. It is now the policy of the Federal Government not to issue its own obligations with exemptions from Federal surtaxes and profits taxes, but states and municipalities are issuing fully tax-exempt securities in great volume. It is estimated that there are outstanding perhaps $10,000,000,000 of fully tax-exempt securities. The existence of this mass of exempt securities constitutes an economic evil of the first magnitude. The continued issue of tax-exempt securities encourages the growth of public indebtedness and tends to divert capital from productive enterprise. Even though the exemptions of outstanding securities cannot be disturbed, it is important that future issues be controlled or prohibited by mutual consent of the state and Federal governments."

The secretary's estimate of the amount of these obligations outstanding is held to be too low. The head of one of the greatest banks in New York told me that that bank's estimate of the amount of them is $19,000,000,000 rather than $10,000,000,000. And numerous financiers, as well as the leaders of Congress, fail to see how mutual consent of state and Federal governments can be secured. It is held that the only bar to this opportunity for tax evasion is a constitutional amendment.

Coming down to the bare bones of the situation, the only remedy for the existing situation, with its prospective expenditures of billions and its consequent tax burdens of equal or greater amounts, is economy, the application of some plain business sense to the appropriations, the taking of the Government out of commercial business and a determination to make our tax legislation and our tariff legislation economic rather than political.

The first port into which the ship of state must put is the Port of Economy. The captain says he will sail for that port. The crew say they will take his orders. Therefore, as the voyage is only in its beginnings, the people will wait for a time to note its progress. If within a reasonable period the ship does not arrive at the Port of Economy, or if the chart does not show the captain is steering and the crew working the ship toward that port, there will be a change of crew, and that change will be made in November, 1922, when the next congressional elections are held. Meantime they have started with fair words and a fair wind and deserve a chance to show their seamanship.

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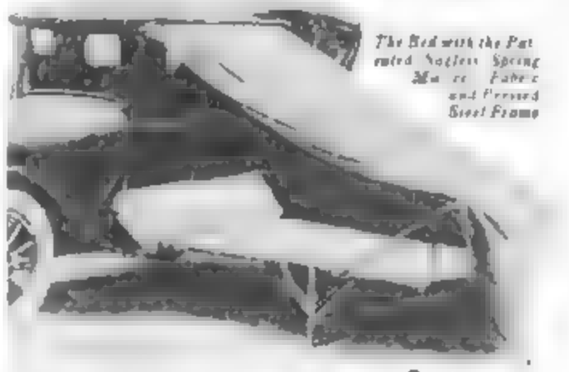

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Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

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Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

HOW FAR CAN INDUSTRY AFFORD TO RELY ON TRADITION AND HABIT?

IN every industry traditions become established—habits get firmly rooted. During prosperous times they go unchecked.

But when a period of stress and keen competition brings men back to earth, the alert business man checks up on the traditions and habits in his establishment.

The great economies in production and the more careful utilization of materials come when necessity forces them.

Just now the minds of all leaders in industry are searching for new standards of quality and economy.

Col. W. B. Greeley, United States Forester, recently said: "The United States contains manufacturing industries which use wood exceeding in volume of product and in variety all the rest of the world put together. About 22 to 25 billion feet of lumber every year go into our manufactures."

From matches to motor cars, this vast quantity of lumber goes into countless articles of every day use. One way or another it reaches every man, woman and child in the land.

Yet less attention has been given to the proper use of wood than almost any other commodity.

Factors control the selection of lumber which would not be tolerated in the purchase of steel or rubber or other materials. Appearance, price, traditions, habits—almost anything but the characteristics that make a wood especially adapted for a specific purpose.

Through experiment and experience great progress has been made in the last decade in the scientific knowledge about the characteristics and adaptabilities of the various species of wood—their strength, their durability, how they will act under given conditions of service. Close study has been made of what grade of lumber will function most economically.

In terms of the manufacturer's product this means higher quality, longer service, greater economy of manufacture. Exact knowledge rather than habit, guesswork or tradition.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood and the right grade in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

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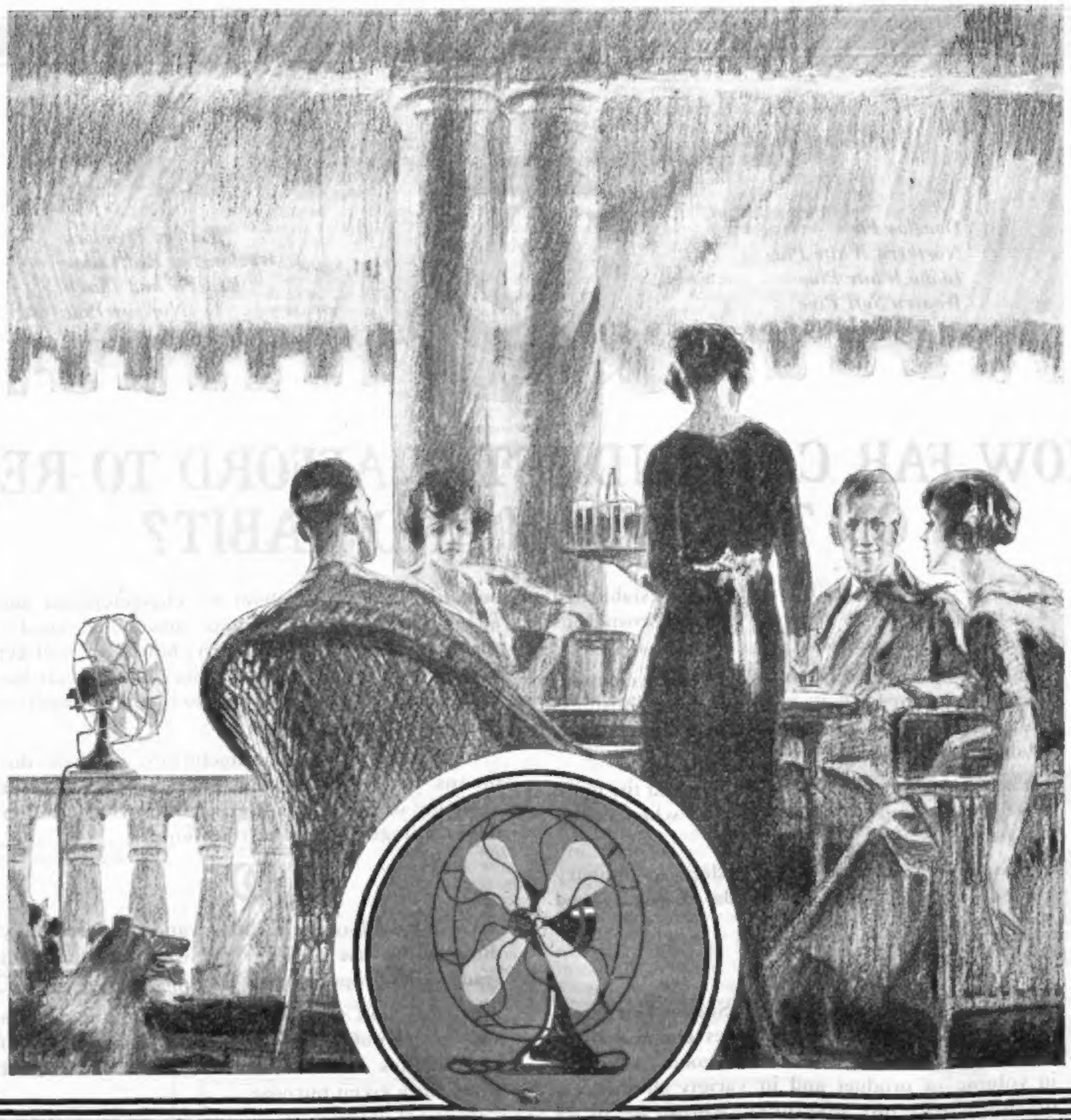
Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.



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